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July 28, 1928

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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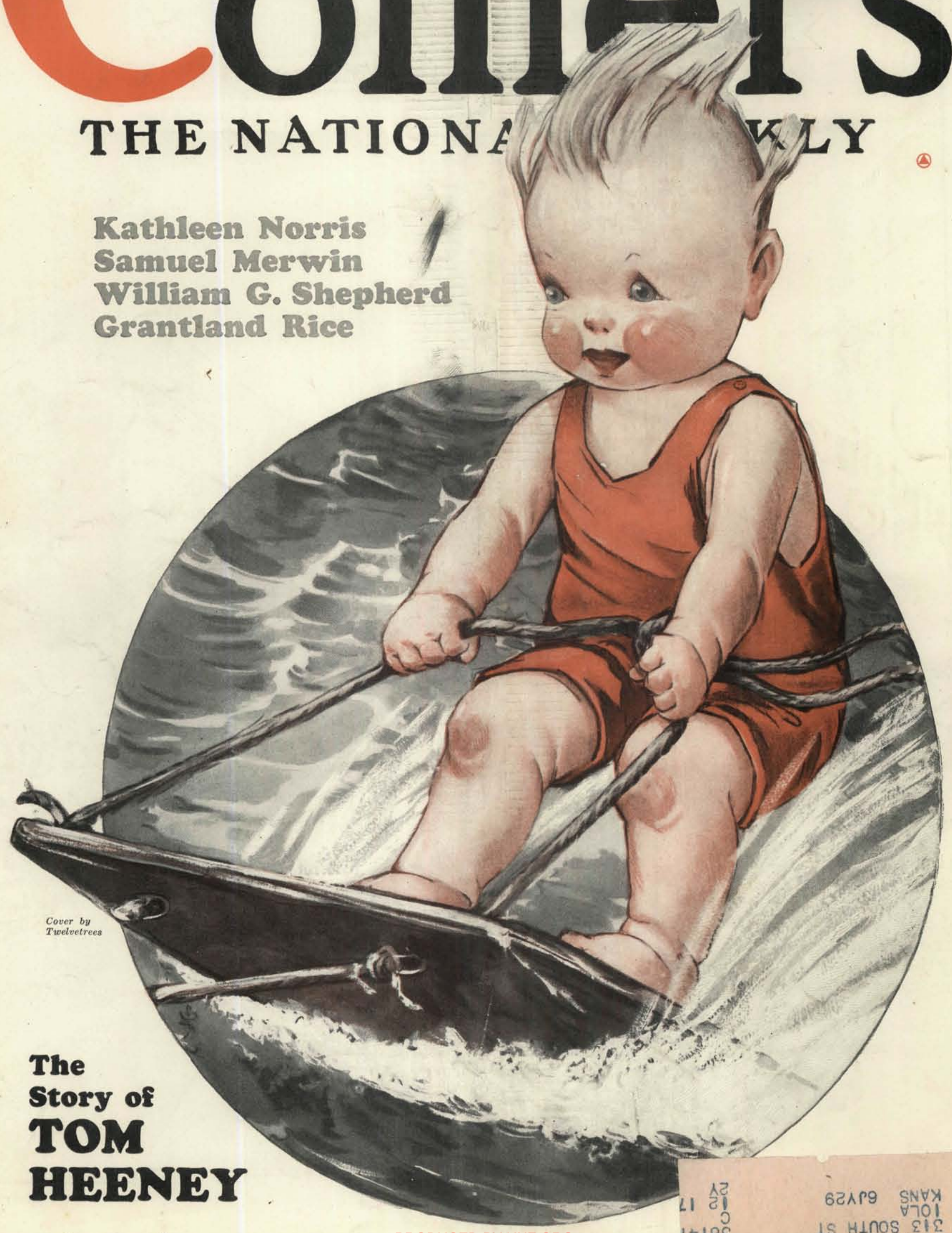

Cover by Twelvetrees

The Story of TOM HEENEY

JOHN DUNCAN
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JULY 28 1928

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Imagine it!

ICE CREAM and CAKE *for a Nickel*

Here's a treat "worth writing home about." A heaping portion of your favorite ice cream in a McLaren Real Cake Cone! Match it against any other nickel's worth in America—it can't be beat!

Why? Because McLaren Cones are *real cake*. As wholesome and delicious as your own home-made cookies, containing only the purest cane sugar, creamy shortening, fine wheat flour and vanilla flavoring. Add to this the luscious, healthful ingredients of the ice cream—rich milk and cream, choice flavoring or fresh fruit juices—and you have a feast of delights fit for a queen! The kiddies can eat their fill.

The McLaren Cōnidor
keeps the cones oven-fresh and crisp and seals in every bit of the *real cake* goodness.

Treat the whole family today to the wonderful goodness of ice cream in McLaren Real Cake Cones and watch everybody enjoy them down to the last crisp crumb. You can get them in your neighborhood. Remember—"McLaren" on a cone means a "Real Cake" cone.

Dealers: Your jobber or ice cream manufacturer can always supply you promptly with McLaren Real Cake Cones. Ask him about the valuable McLaren Cōnidor shown on this page or write us. McLAREN-CONSOLIDATED CONE CORPORATION, Dayton, Ohio. Bakeries or warehouses in over 50 cities.

McLAREN
Real Cake CONES

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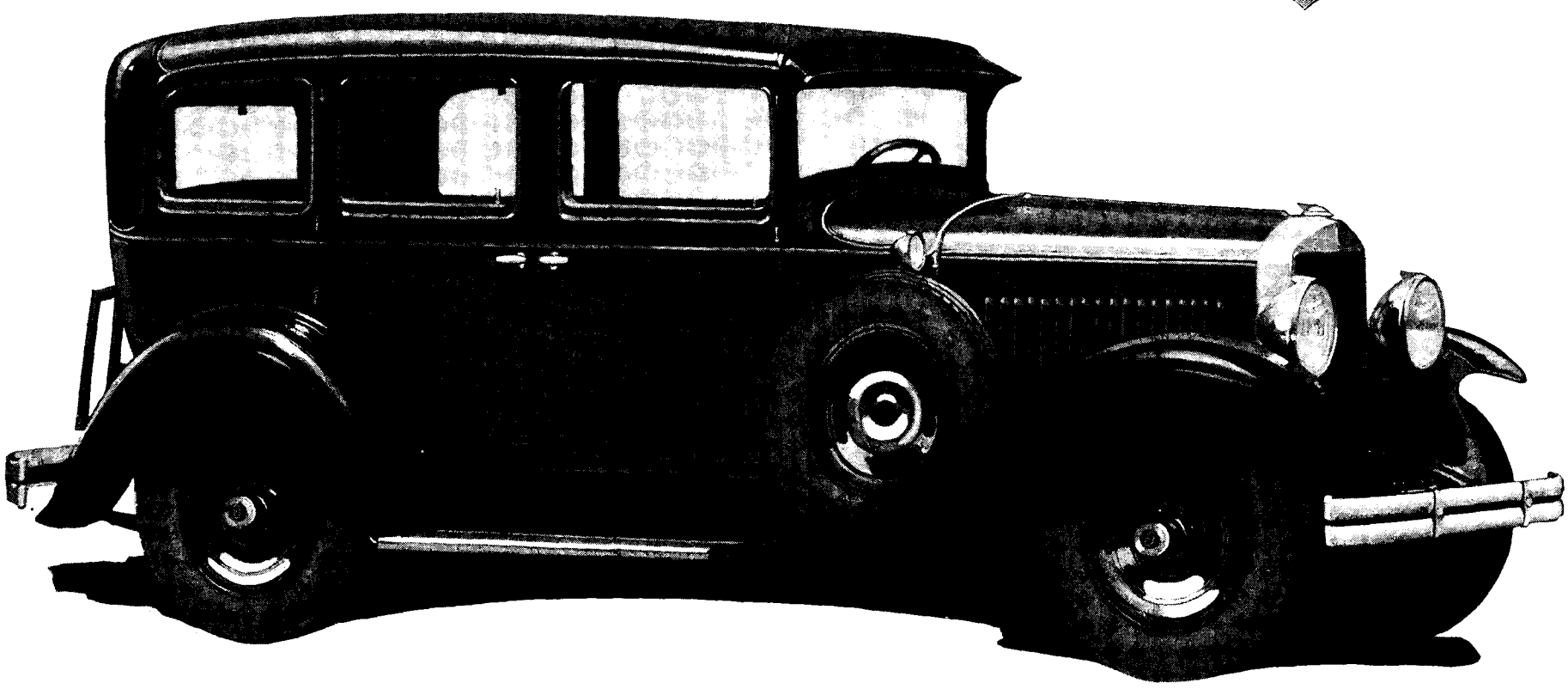
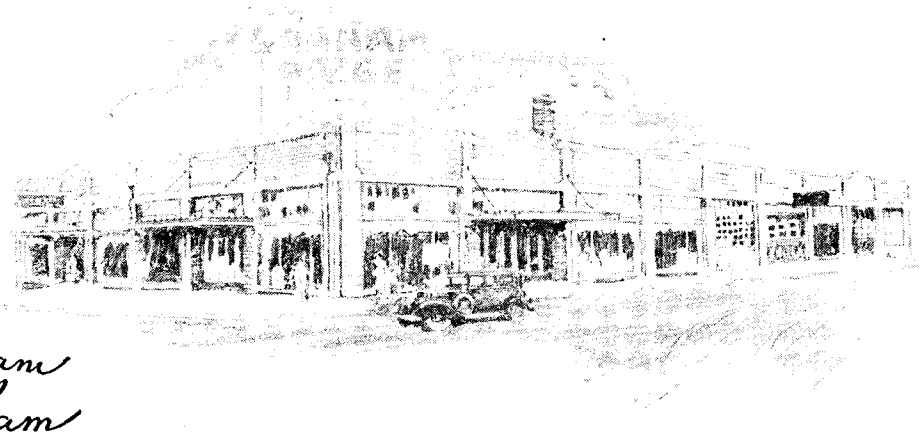
A Motor Car of Unusual Merit



YOU will appreciate the beauty, comfort and quick response of the 614 as unusual in a car so moderately priced. Any Graham-Paige dealer will gladly place one of these cars (with four speeds forward, standard gear shift) at your disposal.

Graham-Paige owners are served by distributors and dealers who possess the fundamental three "C's"—Character, Capability, Capital. Illustrated is the establishment of L. H. Pennington, Inc., Distributors, Birmingham, Alabama.



Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 614, 5-passenger Sedan, with 4-speed transmission, $1295, (special equipment extra). All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM-PAIGE

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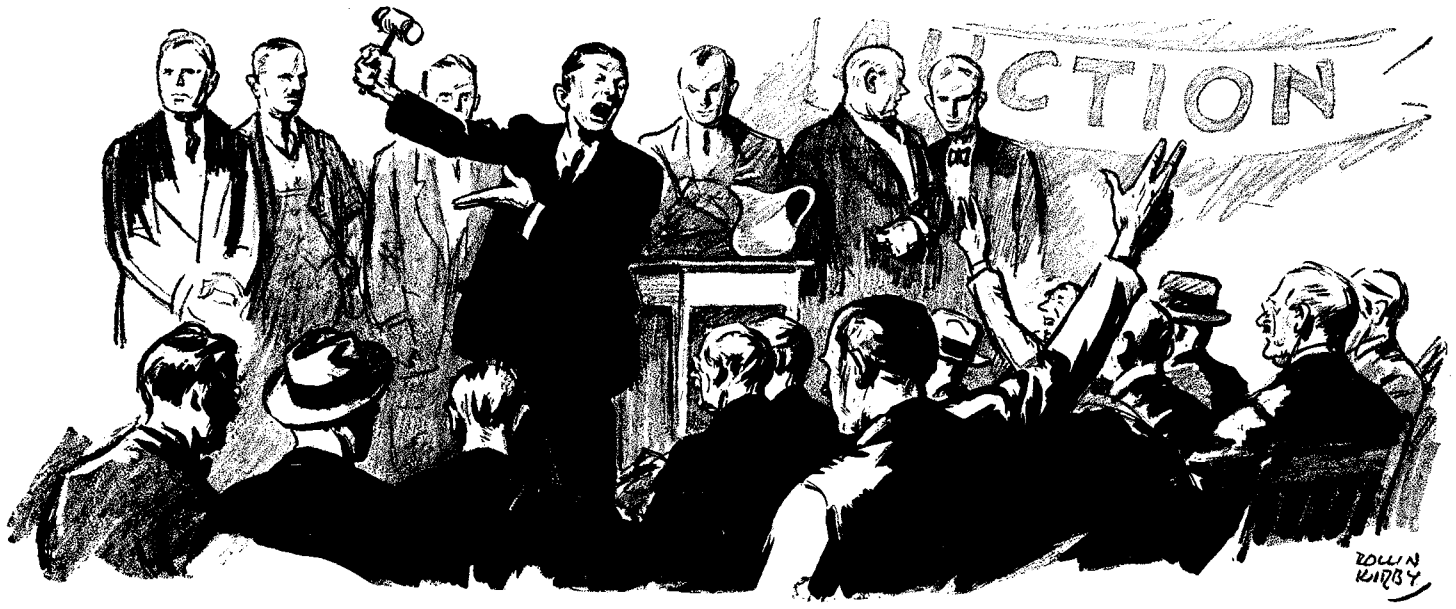

Customers for sale at public auction

There will be a special offering of prosperous customers this week. They will be sold to business men anxious for their trade. Purchasing capacity high. Credit A1. Selection from best families in all localities. No reasonable bid overlooked.

Customers of stores, or customers of a line of branded goods, are not obtained free. They do not just happen. They are not the result of chance. You paid *something* for every customer you have.

Some you bought by your reputation. Others you bought by the very location of your business. Still others you acquired in exchange for special service, sound policies, a better price, a better quality, or better advertising.

But those customers were bought and paid for, and now each one has an actual value in cold cash.

Suppose, for instance, that your net income is twenty thousand dollars a year and that you have a thousand customers. Each is worth twenty dollars to you. When one of those customers walks away, twenty dollars has walked off the books . . . forever.

The question before you is this—will you invest a small part of that twenty dollars to hold your good trade? How much will you put up against a competitor's offer?

Thousands of customers will gladly put themselves on sale this week. All over America, they will listen to bids for their attention. Somebody will buy them at bargain prices. Will you?

Send them a leaflet each month telling things about your business they may not know. Mail them a folder when new merchandise is added to your line. Let the postman carry a booklet or a mailing piece in place of the personal visit you always plan to pay . . . but seldom get around to. Pay them the printed attention they expect and deserve.

There are customers for sale this week—new customers that printing will help you buy, old customers that printing will surely help you hold.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost through your printer. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

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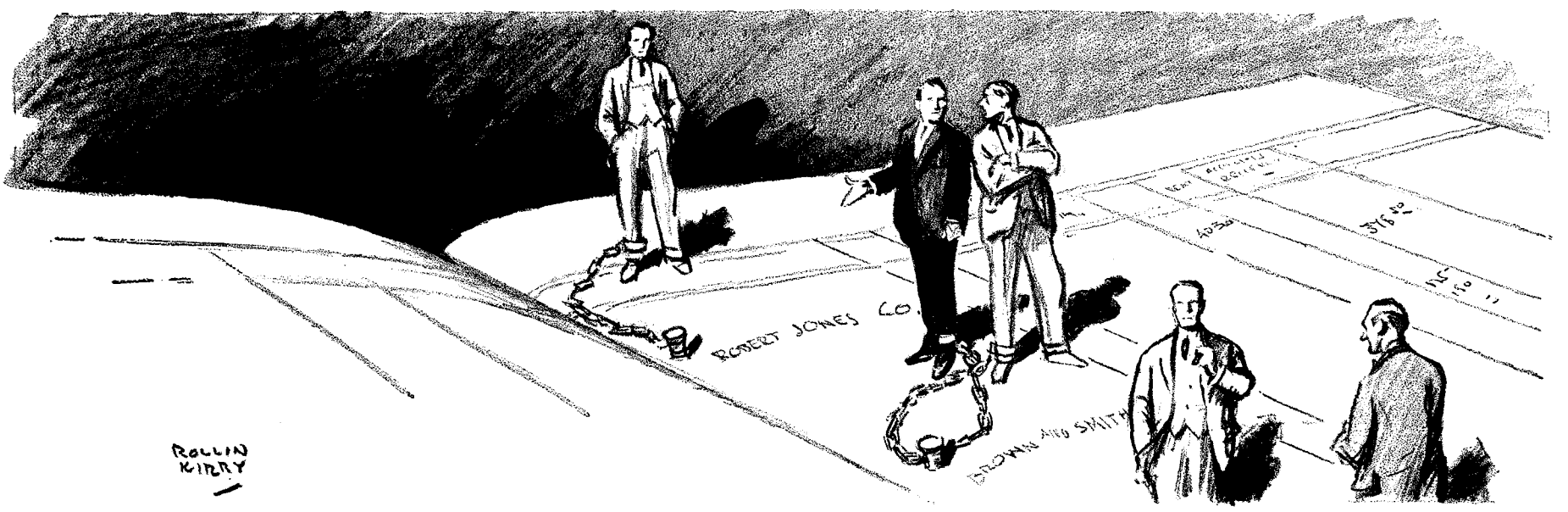
This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

When you buy a customer—keep him bought!



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July 28, 1928

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And So To Bedlam

By SAMUEL MERWIN

K. & A. play their game of intrigue and bluff, finding weak spots and attacking through them

Illustrated by CHARLES LASSELL

SOMETIMES plays are produced in New York in a quiet, business-like manner. More often they are not. Most of the numerous K. & A. productions fell naturally into the latter category. Nearly always there were delays and wranglings over contracts. Scenery and costumes were never ready on time. Casts were broken up and shifted about at the last moment.

Indignant, wistful, bitter playwrights lined the wall of the K. & A. reception-room, waiting hours, days, weeks, while the elusive Sam Karber and Ben Andrews slipped in and out by a private stairway from the floor below. Song writers fought raucously over their royalties from lobby sales. Beautiful actresses staged hysterical scenes. Play directors tore their hair and wept.

AND through the apparent chaos the suave, shrewd Mr. Kerstow, whose position in the concern was and would remain a mystery, moved with the precision and the silence of a shuttle weaving a bright fabric out of a thousand insensible strings. He was the one you saw, mostly, if the office boy ever let you inside the locked gate.

The Messrs. Sam and Ben, as well, knew their way through the maze. So keenly they understood that a worn-out suitor will make a dull bargain. And it was better, as they instinctively sensed the business, that no one of the hundreds who flitted in and out of their employ should know too much. Keep them in the bewilderment of war among themselves, and you could handle them. If the chaos overwhelmed them, there were always others at the door.

The thing was a game of barter and intrigue and bluff, of evasion and delay, of finding weak spots and attacking through them, of thinking money and taking all you could get your quick fingers on. Whenever a battle grew serious, Isidore Green, the wily little lawyer down the corridor who drew all their contracts and drew them tight, slipped into the case and muddied it up like a cuttlefish. K. & A. were in and out of the courts all the time. But they

He was acting like a man in love. Incredible! And tinglingly delightful. "My word!" said she. "It's like love at first sight"

didn't mind that. They didn't mind any of it, really. Two guttersnipes who had risen to power, never forgetting that they, Sam and Ben, kept important, even famous persons waiting every day! There was a thrill in it. They moved in a mysterious way. Sometimes they appeared to be beaten. But they usually contrived to turn up at the end of the game with the winning trick in their hands. Sam and Ben, all said and done, had a wonderful time.

One of the best money earners at this period was Miriam Joy. There was no more popular actress in New York. She'd even made a go of Shakespeare. She was a slender, exquisite person. A beauty, of course, with great haunting, blue-black eyes. Many a broker had gone temporarily mad over those eyes. Joy knew her business. Seasoned by years of stock and road work (in the days when there still was a road) she had fought her way to a legitimate stardom. She'd owned a quarter to a half of her last four or five productions. She'd made money. Too much, thought Ben, as he sat alone in a dim auditorium, watching the first of a series of dress rehearsals! He'd been there hours and hours. Near the back, where they wouldn't bother him, and a

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couple of seats in from the aisle. Watching and thinking and keeping very still. They were fussing a lot with the lights. Nothing was right. Pretty soon it would be evening, and they'd have to pay overtime to that crew of twenty-seven crap-shooting loafers.

The trouble was, she'd begun to feel her oats as a business woman. And she hadn't a business hair in her pretty head. Spent money as if you could pick it off bushes whenever you needed more. Took it for granted her popularity'd go swimming on forever. It wouldn't, of course. Before long she'd be old. And then where'd they be, all of them? She'd tour the college towns, perhaps, doing Greek plays for poor pay. Ben, his soft hat pulled down, chewing a dry cigar, almost groaned aloud as scene after scene unfolded slowly, confusedly, before his troubled eyes.

She'd given that designer rope enough to ruin U. S. Steel. No reason at all why she couldn't have planned it in two or three simple sets. And the costumes! Real stuff. Dollars and dollars a yard! Gosh! . . . In a way, it mightn't work out so badly to let her go plumb broke. Then you could tell her where she got off, or where she got on again.

As it stood, right now, you couldn't talk to her. You see, she'd written the play. And that was a blunder. All her eggs in one basket—money, reputation, everything. The Lady of the Island, she called it. Punk title, that, to lure customers in with. Queer mythological stuff too. About some Greek bird, thousands of years back, who was chasing something or somebody around in a comic tipped-up ship. And of course she'd had to have the ship built. A big thing, coming in on rollers at the back.

TWENTY-EIGHT hundred dollars right there. . . . Oh, she could talk you to death with proofs that the customers were falling over themselves to see this old history stuff written with a modern squint.

"Take The Road to Rome," she'd say. "Hannibal and Fabius and all. You'd say nobody's interested in them. But do you know the business Jane Cowl did last year?" Then she'd tell you. Seemed to imagine you didn't know. That nobody knew anything but herself. Damn these women! You couldn't reason with 'em. She had a lot more data at her tongue's end—oh, Adam and Eve, and Helen of Troy and all. Well, what of it? What if the little run on this stuff was about over! Catch it wrong, on the ebb, and where would the customers be? Ben pulled his hat brim down a little nearer his brows.

She'd had a collaborator on this piece, of course. She'd have to. Nobody ever said she was a writer. But she'd forgotten him. In a way, they all had. He was booked to draw half the author's royalties, but owned no share in the production. So you didn't have to bother with him. There he was, sitting down front, second row, with his hat off. As if he was in somebody's house. Shiny bald head, that caught the light from the stage.

The director sat on the other side of the auditorium, leaning grimly forward on a seat-back. Having his troubles, that bird. Joy didn't quite know he was there either. She was all over the place, directing the cast, arguing with stage manager, carpenter, property man and electrician, buzzing in a corner with that money-eating designer, jumping in to play a scene. So strung up she couldn't stand still a minute. Just going it. High-pressure stuff. And acting her head off every minute except in her scenes.

BEN heard a quick, heavy step in the foyer behind him. Clumping flat feet. Sam, eh? What'd he be after here? Ben didn't turn.

Sam found him. Squeezed his plump body in beside his partner. He was rather out of breath. And his stub of cigar bobbed about between the corners of his mouth.

"You didn't come to the office this noon"—Sam, in guarded tones.

Ben didn't answer. Words weren't much good.

"You know what this ——" I hesitate to write the word which Sam, in the racy vernacular that was natural to him, used by way of characterizing the exquisite, the really famous, Miss Joy . . . perhaps the paler but more acceptable "woman" will have to serve as a synonym. . . . "You know what this woman does to us, Ben?"

Ben, who hadn't heard anything in particular, indulged in an interrogatory grunt.

"She writes a new scene. Last night she does this. Today she orders a new set."

"Another set?"

"Sure! This she does. And to the casting department she telephones that she must have Mortimer Dewey also in the cast. By Jiminy, does she think we are the mint?"

"Another actor, eh?"

"Sure! And this as well—already she tells this Dewey that she must have him."

Ben whistled softly. You couldn't do business that way. Not with actors. "Why doesn't she ask for the office furniture and be done with it? Dewey'll want three hundred a week."

Wonderful, this glow of power. She could sway men as well as crowds

"Three hundred and a half. Laugh that off!"

Ben sat motionless.

"You have looked at the cost sheets, maybe, Ben?"

"I've looked at 'em."

"But still you do nothing?"

"Nothing? What do you suppose I'm here for, anyway?"

MISS JOY'S voice rang out abruptly. The scene stopped short. The director leaped to his feet; looked helplessly up at the excited, voluble star; restrained himself; sat again.

"Here," cried the actress, "we introduce the new scene. There will be a dark change. Clear, please!"

Now it was the bald collaborator who leaped up. But nobody noticed him.

A new figure appeared on the stage. "Gosh!" muttered Ben. "There's Dewey! She's shoving him right in!"

"Sure! Sure!" Sam groaned softly. "I think we go broke."

"We can only go half broke, Sam. She sinks too. Better go back and tell Kerstow to charge all he can get away with of our own stuff to this piece."

"You will tell me, perhaps, how we can charge off our half interest."

"You wait a while! I'm working on this."

Sam, in utter misery, grunted; sat a moment chewing his cigar; then squeezed out into the aisle and clumped away.

The bald collaborator had by this time so forgotten his manners as to put on his hat. He came marching up the aisle, beating his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "Mr. Andrews," he remarked shakily, huskily.

Ben nodded without looking. Said, "How are you."

"I have a contract with Miss Joy as co-author of this play. Under that contract she has no right to alter the text without my consent in writing."

BEN'S quick mind turned the situation over, viewing it from every angle, and swiftly shaped a course. He looked up, and an expression of guarded sympathy crept over his usually unresponsive face.

"That don't seem right," he said.

"Right? My Lord, the woman's impossible!"

Ben nodded, but didn't commit himself in words.

"You may tell her, if you choose, that I shall stop this if I have to get out an injunction. I am going straight to my lawyer's."

"Why not?" queried Ben encouragingly. "That's only fair." . . .

Helen Hatfield played bits in all the Joy pieces. She was a lissom, pretty girl (Miss Joy couldn't abide ugliness about her) most of whose energies went into caring for the great personage; answering her mail and telephoning and performing a thousand personal services. She went to her now, while the crew cleared.

"Please, Miriam, won't you come and lie down?"

"I can't be bothered now, Helen."

"You've had no sleep. Your nerves are on edge. You'll be a wreck if this keeps up."

It was sense. Miss Joy yielded. She found it pleasant to be watched over. But, once in the dressing-room, with the door closed, she bent down before the glaringly lighted mirror.

"My Lord, Helen. I look ninety."

"Oh, no! A (*Continued on page 30*)

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Tom, Tom, The Plumber's Son

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

TOM HEENEY of New Zealand inherited substantial footing from his Irish ancestors. He's been on his back but once from a blow. And that from a mule's heels. And might a man that's survived the kick of a mule have more than a grin for the fists of Gene Tunney?

APART from whatever prospect there may be of a good, bad or indifferent contest, the night of July 26th will witness what the almanacs call a phenomenon. Multitudes assembled in a certain spot at so much—probably too much—per seat are destined to behold the first noncollapsible British heavyweight since the days of Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons. Tom Heeney, the iron bender of New Zealand, will attempt to take back the heavyweight championship to the oversized empire that is the cradle of boxing.

And Tom Heeney would not be a party to this business transaction with our own Mr. Tunney if it hadn't been for a blacksmith, a shark (with fins), and a New York taxicab accident.

Heeney's parents hailed from Waterford, which is a place in Ireland renowned for its contribution to police departments the world over. They went to New Zealand as settlers, landing in the pleasant coast town of Gisborne on the North Island. This is near the spot where Captain Cook landed in 1769 and gave the locality the unflattering name of Poverty Bay.

As soon as such matters can occur in the course of nature there were ten Heeney children, eight boys and two girls. The senior Heeney was addicted to plumbing, but Tom knew he'd never like that profession.

It's reported that he was commissioned to fix the outlet pipes of a swimming tank where they played water polo. A game was in progress when he arrived—too soon. That didn't stop him—pretty soon water gushed all over. And very soon there was uproar from above. Tom swam out of the cellar to find the players no more than waist deep in water—which is no way to play polo.

Tom calmly suggested that they switch to basketball, and went his way.

Not exactly to success in plumbing.

"I guess," said Tom, in the burry, semi-cockney lingo he carries about, flavored with pointed Americanisms picked up in a year's residence among us, "that I was a fighter from the start. Anyhow, I like sports.

"My older brother, Jim, got to be middleweight champion of New Zealand when he was twenty, and that accustomed me to boxing gloves. Although I was younger than Jim, I was heavier, and he used me as a back-yard target for practice bouts."

Home Rule Versus War

WHILE Jim was touring the islands seeking foemen, and journeying to Australia and Tasmania to make the name Heeney known among Down-Under sports, Tom—the failure at plumbing—was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

"Driving work," says Tom of blacksmithing. He overlooks the fact that hammering and bending horse footwear with a hammer on an anvil gave him the thick, fur-lined arms and enormous shoulders that carry him forward, a human plow pushing through furrows of fists, when he battles in the ring.

The war was on, then, although Tom was too young to worry much about it, until his older brother was killed fighting with the Anzacs at the far-off Dardanelles.

"It was Christmas week when the news came," Tom recounts. "A sweltering hot day. I'd been swimming in the surf. You know, we run our seasons backward Down Under.

"I wanted to join up right away, but my father wouldn't hear of it. When I asked him to let me enlist with the New Zealand Rifles, he took me in the back yard and gave me the worst licking I've ever had. He was the old Irish sort which believes in at least one sound walloping for each of the children before the kid grows too old to stand for it.

Swims Into the Headlines

"I WAS under age, and the New Zealand Government wouldn't recruit minors unless the father gave written consent, or the mother or guardian if they had no father.

"Next time I asked to join my mother gave me a licking. And she could hit as well as cook.

"The horses that came to be shod that day had a rough time with me at the smithy."

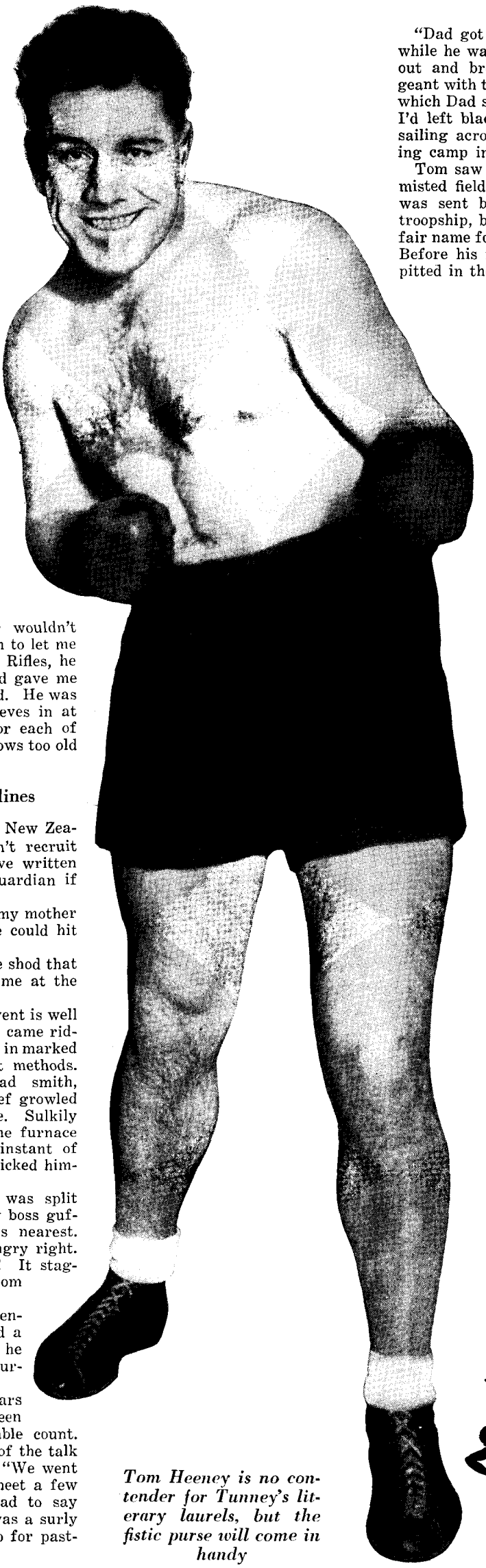
A Maori chief came—the event is well remembered in Gisborne. He came riding a mule. The mule moaned in marked disapproval of Tom's abrupt methods. His boss, the brawny head smith, warned him. The Maori chief growled reproof in a guttural tongue. Sulkily Tom plunged an iron into the furnace and plied it. Followed an instant of rapid transit. Dazed, Tom picked himself up.

The Maori's bronze face was split in a grin, and Tom's brawny boss guffawed. But the Maori was nearest. Tom dropped him with an angry right. Then he swung at the mule! It staggered, then bristled, and Tom moved discreetly.

His net glory from the encounter is not that he rocked a mule with a punch, but that he received a mule kick and survived.

It's the only time in years of fighting that Tom has been knocked down for a noticeable count.

"My Dad was a bit proud of the talk all this caused," says Tom. "We went into town so that he could meet a few pals and hear what they had to say about it. This Maori chief was a surly lad, and I was a sort of hero for pasting him.



Tom Heeney is no contender for Tunney's literary laurels, but the fistic purse will come in handy

"Dad got into a convivial mood, and while he was genially inclined I nipped out and brought in a recruiting sergeant with the necessary release papers, which Dad signed. And within a month I'd left blacksmithing behind and was sailing across the equator for a training camp in England."

Tom saw nothing of trenches or gas-misted fields. The war ended, and he was sent back to New Zealand in a troopship, but not until he had made a fair name for himself as an army boxer. Before his nineteenth birthday he was pitted in the ring for some sort of sectional championship of the imperial forces.

"Against a huge man," John Mortimer, Tom's English manager, supplied "a Curly Tarrant, who weighed at least twenty-one stone."

The stone is fourteen pounds, which makes Curly 294 pounds, which seems unreasonable. But Mr. Mortimer swears to it; and he is a man who has suffered much, having been exiled from England for what they call *yerrs* and *yerrs* because of his fatal discovery of Joe Beckett, the prone marvel of fistiana.

Heeney flattened Mr. Tarrant and won some sort of title, which he bore back to New Zealand as a minor business asset. Very minor. He couldn't get a fight. Most of New Zealand's 1,408,000 population are too busy to fight, and ballyhoo is almost unknown and certainly despised.

One summer day, however, he was swimming with others in the surf off Gisborne—and his managers tell you he does altogether too much swimming for a man in boxing, as swimming overdevelops arm strength as against leverage.

A shout arose of "Shark!" and those who could sprinted for the beach. But two girls had ventured far from the shore and soon were in distress. Tom swam toward them, regardless of the shark. One girl appeared to be far spent. He towed her in, then swam out and reached the other just in time. And by that time the first girl was dead.

The Humane Society of New Zealand awarded him its bronze life saver's medal for this deed. He got headlined as a hero in the Antipodes, and this gave him the publicity lift he needed.

"I went," he says, "into Sydney and tackled Colin Bell, (*Continued on page 28*)

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The Fiery Double-Cross "Col."

WHEN the dreamer clashes with "practical" men, he usually comes off second best. "Col." William Joseph Simmons, founder of the modern Ku Klux Klan, was no exception. He built up his hooded order to a point where $35,000 was being collected every day. Then, suddenly, he found himself on the outside looking in. This article, the third and last in Mr. Shepherd's series, tells how the Klan changed hands.

Masked members of the Dixie Protestant Women's Political League

A playful group at the Great Klonvocation. Standing are D. C. Stephenson, W. J. Simmons, H. W. Evans, Huffington, aide to Stephenson. Simmons is pulling the ear of Judge Orbison of Indiana

A TEXAS dentist, an Indiana coal dealer and a New York waterfront strikebreaker took the Ku Klux Klan away from "Col." William Joseph Simmons just when Simmons first began to see great quantities of money pouring into his treasury.

Simmons had only eleven months of experience with "big money" in the Klan; before that he had gone through six years of hard labor putting his organization on its feet.

He created a honey-pot containing over one million dollars; he created a field in which almost 2,000,000 Americans were annually yielding gold for this pot; and the field was ever widening; the flow of golden-sweets ever growing.

This prize, practically lying loose in America, was bound to be snatched up by "practical men." And it was. Simmons was helpless before the crew that unseated him.

Dreamers ever amaze us, especially when their dreams come true. If there ever was a dreamer it was this William Joseph Simmons, founder of the Ku Klux Klan. In days of conversation with Simmons I could not discover one single practical idea in his mind; he was as surprised as anyone that his Klan grew as it did.

The turns it took toward assassination and murder were probably the nightmare portion of his dream, for he went on planning in the midst of actual terror.

One day he figured for me with a lead pencil how he had planned to collect $58,000,000 during one year from about 1,000,000 Klansmen. He was going to build a university and hospitals and perform other beneficent acts with much of this money.

Patriotism Was Worth $10

BUT even while he was laying these plans Simmons' Klansmen in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Georgia and other parts were frightening, whipping and even slaying fellow citizens. Simmons took small action against such things; he was too busy trying to stir up prejudice against "aliens," and to protect "white folks" from Negroes.

Wherever you go investigating throughout the towns of the South, you will discover that there have been two Klans: No. 1, the Klan of Dreamer Simmons, usually made up of only the leading male citizens of a town; No. 2, the Klan of the practical men who took the order away from Simmons, turned it into a money-making machine.

Simmons gave *his* Klansmen, locally, the chance to investigate local candidates for Klan lodges. Evans put into practice what Klansmen called the "Western Method."

By the "Western Method" a Klan candidate needed only the recommendation of one Klansman to secure membership. An instance of how Evans' "Western Method" was employed was shown at Stamford, Connecticut. There a go-getting, commission-collecting organizer, as busy as a young life insurance agent, began to fill up the local Klan with members on whose desirability the local Klan had not passed. The entire Stamford Klan disbanded, declaring that the "new organizer wanted only the $10 for each new member."

This was the spirit of leaders and organizers after Simmons had lost his control. It was only a one-night job to get the Klan out of Simmons' hands. The story has never before been told. Reporters were barred by hooded detectives while the deed was done.

Hiram Wesley Evans is the name of the dentist from Texas, to whom I have already referred. Today he is still the head of the Ku Klux Klan. The coa dealer of Indiana is D. C. Stephenson, a life convict in Michigan City penitentiary for the murder of a ravished girl. The New York strikebreaker is Fred L. Savage, once the head of the Klan secret service. He, like Stephenson, is out of the Klan; they tell you at the Klan headquarters that they do not even know his whereabouts. Evans alone, of the three, remains in power.

"The Klan was spreading like wildfire at the time," "Col." Simmons told me. "Congress had started an investigation of the Klan in November, 1921, and had dropped it. That gave us our big push. Before that time the Klan had grown only in the South. But, as soon as the congressional investigation ended, the South was left behind.

"I had been managing the thing myself, practically alone. Now I was literally swamped. Within the next year after the Washington investigations we took in 1,100,000 new members. They were putting money into the Klan at the rate of about $35,000 a day. Much of this went into local organizations of course, but at least $8,000 a day was coming into the Atlanta headquarters.

"I needed help. I was both Emperor and Imperial Wizard. I needed time for planning, but I was submerged in details. The mails brought in thousands of dollars hourly. Delegations came daily to my office from every corner of the country.

"The Klan was seven years old on Thanksgiving Day, 1922. I had never called a national convention of Klansmen, but I decided that the time had come to have a national gathering, or a 'Klonvocation.'

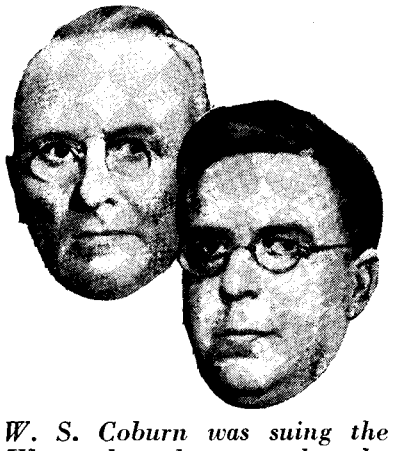
"I fixed the date for Monday, November 27th, the Thanksgiving season."

Secrecy is a Two-Edged Sword

SIMMONS' preparations for the Klonvocation were on the grand scale. He had purchased the famous old Peachtree Creek Battlefield, with its Civil War trench still visible, and had built a huge frame auditorium, straddling the creek. He had fenced in the battlefield.

"Of course the sessions were to be executive, secret," says Simmons. "I ordered Fred L. Savage, head of the secret service, not to permit a reporter within the enclosure. He trained a strong force of Klan guards and ushers."

Entire floors were reserved in Atlanta hotels for the incoming Klan delegates. Pullman cars deposited loads of Klansmen in the railroad yards, whence they marched, in their costumes, under flags and banners, behind blaring bands, to their assigned hotels. D. C. Stephenson, who by this time had gathered in a quarter of a million new members of the Klan in Ohio and Indiana—thus collecting over one million dollars for his own pocket, at the rate of $4 a head—came to the scene in a private Pullman car. His delegates



W. S. Coburn was suing the Klan when he was shot by Philip E. Fox (right)

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WILLIAM JOSEPH SIMMONS *tells his story to* WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

The same women, unmasked and even more awe-inspiring. Their lodge was modeled after the Ku Klux Klan

were the most conspicuous of the gayly bedecked lot; they wore wide red silk ribbons tied around their necks, cowboy fashion.

What happened in this convention was hidden from the public; Savage's detectives were keeping reporters at a distance. "The guards were faithful," continued "Col." Simmons. As a matter of fact, if there had been less secrecy the chances are that Simmons might have known what was really going on and might have been able to save himself.

"All I could think of doing was praying," continued "Col." Simmons.

"'Klansmen!' I said, 'let every man kneel while we pray.'

"They all knelt. I was told afterward that tears streamed down many faces as we prayed. Why, six men were converted right then and there that day as if it had been a Billy Sunday meeting.

"We sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' some of the men still weeping with emotion. Then I delivered my address.

F. Watt Daniel (above) and Thos. F. Richard were killed by hooded men in Louisiana

"Doubtless the angels themselves," he cried, "as they peer over the battlements of the eternal city, hold a kind of envy of you, in your position and in the work you have to do . . . if that work is done well there will be joy in the presence of the angels on high . . . this order is not and never will be in politics . . . the white men of the American nation were awaiting the proclamation of the principles of the Ku Klux Klan. On all sides the sons of the white man's breed were feeling the tremendous pressure that threatened to crush out the Anglo-Saxon civilization. They saw the peril but there was no relief in sight. . . . The original sixteen members of the Klan lifted the fiery cross, announced the everlasting principles of white supremacy. . . ."

The Double-Cross

FINE prayers, no doubt! A good old hymn, as well! And hifalutin oratory!

But if the angels had turned their gaze 400 miles to the southwest, over the black lake of La Fourche, in the swamps of Louisiana, they might have seen, lying in the depths, the terribly mutilated bodies of two American boys—Watt Daniel and Thomas Richard, of the town of Mer Rouge. When last seen alive these two kidnapped young men were tied hand and foot. And some of the kidnappers wore the same robes which adorned these men whom Simmons had so thrillingly addressed.

At the conclusion of his talk Simmons went back to his "imperial" cottage specially erected for his seclusion on a knoll some distance from the convention hall, while the convention settled down to business.

"You must understand," Simmons tells you now, "that I had never been elected 'Emperor' or 'Imperial Wizard' of the Klan. I had been placed in these positions by the incorporators when I formed the order. We had only a provisional constitution. I could have done as I chose with the money that was pouring in. There was nothing to keep me from putting it all in my pocket, but I didn't. I owned the Ku Klux Klan like I own my hat or my car. I wanted this Klonvocation, or convention, to put its seal of approval on what I had done and to adopt laws and a permanent constitution."

That night, in the hotels of Atlanta, where the Klansmen were gathered, strange doings were afoot that the smartest of reporters gathered from the entire South could not have perceived.

"Evans and Stephenson and Savage sent men around to the rooms of Klansmen delegates, poisoning their minds against me," Simmons told me. "They awakened many sleeping delegates.

"'Tomorrow morning,' they would say, 'comes the election of Imperial Wizard. Emperor Simmons has so much work to do that he has asked us to select a wizard as an assistant for him. Simmons holds two offices—Emperor and Imperial Wizard. We think it will be best to elect Hiram Wesley Evans to be Imperial Wizard, and leave the greater powers of Emperor to Col. Simmons. Will you promise to vote for Evans in the election tomorrow?'

"Of course they secured hundreds of promises during the night because they were told that this was my request."

About four o'clock in the morning two men drove up to "Col." Simmons' home—"Klancrest," in old Peachtree Road. They were D. C. Stephenson, the Indiana coal dealer, and Fred L. Savage, the waterfront strikebreaker from New York City, two rough-and-ready men, of vast experience in the weaknesses of human nature.

"I got up and let them in," continued "Col." Simmons. "First they told me that they were out for an early morning drive and couldn't sleep with all the excitement. Finally they got around to talking about the coming election.

"Steve mentioned it gingerly at first. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him, nothing. I supposed the convention would confirm me in the two offices I held, without any opposition. Of course I didn't know what their gang had done among the delegates during the earlier part of the night.

"Finally Savage said to me, 'Well, Colonel, we both just dropped around to tell you that, whatever happens on the convention floor tomorrow, there will be armed men stationed round on the floor to protect your honor.'

"'Protect my honor!' I said. 'What do you mean?'

"'Why,' said one of them, 'there is a certain crowd of men here who say if you are nominated for the office of Imperial Wizard tomorrow they will get up on the floor and attack your character. And we've just come to tell you that the first man who insults your name will be killed by a sharpshooter right on the spot as he speaks. There'll be enough of us with firearms to take care of the whole convention, if necessary.'

"Before they went away, however, they told me that we could avoid bloodshed if I would agree to have Hiram Wesley Evans elected Imperial Wizard. I didn't know what kind of men these two fellows were, or I wouldn't have believed them. (*Continued on page 47*)

"He who traversed The Realm of The Unknown, wrested The Solemn Secret from The Grasp of Night and became Imperial Master of The Great Lost Mystery"—thus was Simmons described in a Klan pamphlet

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Too Well Remembered

By CARRINGTON PHELPS

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

A secret-service man does a difficult job a little too well

WITH folded hands over his fat little paunch G. M. sat back and gave the commandant a bright smile. "Go on," said G. M.

The commandant scowled. "That's all. We can't get anywhere. And seven months have gone by." He waved a heavy fist. "Nothing but the skeleton. No motive. His purse wasn't touched. We don't know how to begin. And yet it's murder, right enough."

"Yes," said G. M. "The photographs alone prove that. The gun must have been smack against the back of his head." He got up, brisk and ruddy-faced, exuding health and an optimistic humor. "No use despairing. What d'you know about the dead man? Have trouble with anyone? Any women?"

"No. Hakes was a first-rate soldier. We couldn't understand it when he disappeared. Thought, of course, he'd deserted. And he didn't drink. Didn't chase women."

G. M. rubbed his chin. His eyes crinkled. "Not much to go on, is there?"

"There's nothing to go on. It's hopeless. We've done everything that can be done. I wouldn't have sent for you except I didn't want to leave a stone unturned, so to speak."

"Let's take a look at those woods," said G. M.

The woods yielded nothing, quite as G. M. had expected. He stood looking down at the spot where boys had found the moldering bones. The spongy earth was scuffed for hundreds of feet where they had searched for clues. There was nothing here. No use wasting time. G. M. walked back to the edge of the woods flanking the big range, and paused to visualize the scene on that hot August afternoon, seven months before.

Here four hundred men had been at rifle and machine-gun practice. Here in the cool of the shade some had loafed and rested between periods. And two had gone back into the undergrowth and one had killed the other. Shot him from behind. Blown out the front of his head. The shot hadn't been noticed because it had blended with the noise of the practice. And then the killer had eased himself back among his fellows—was mingling with them today, free and unmolested, safe—perhaps. He might have been one of those on guard when G. M. had passed the gate of the big camp—might be the orderly standing there a few paces to the rear.

The commandant tugged at his mustache. "Make anything of it, Mr. Morse?"

G. M. was thoughtful. "I'd like a chat with some of Hakes' buddies."

"Of course we've already done that," said the commandant. "However—"

The chats revealed nothing, for a time. The dead man had been one of the quiet kind. He didn't gamble. No quarrels with his fellows. Nothing. But G. M. persisted in his mechanically dogged fashion. Interrogating this man and that. Dogged and garrulous. Until eventually he found a lead.

"Didn't he ever *go* anywhere?" asked G. M.

"Oh, yes. Sometimes he'd go along with the boys to a dance hall . . . yes, there was a girl he was sweet on—come to think—name of Rita."

On such a tenuous thread G. M. sought out the dance hall. A quiet, unobtrusive little hole in the wall not far from the river where they sold soft drinks and where a mechanical piano hammered relentlessly for those who danced. There were girls here, working for the house, getting a commission on the drinks. G. M. sized them up, confirmed his intuitive recognition of Rita and invited her to join him. Something stirred inside him as she smiled lazily and dropped into the chair.

G. M. began in idle chatter, feeling his way. Soon he was touching on two subjects, murder and soldiers

She wasn't twenty, he thought. Spanish blood here. Slender, dark, with flashing teeth and smoldering eyes. Arrestingly beautiful. Suave yet volatile: one whose colder moments baffled analysis. Out of place here. Designed for dramatic backgrounds; for splendid, swift emotions. Accustomed to handling men, to playing them lightly. One whose personal interest might prove devastating.

G. M. began in idle chatter, feeling his way. Soon he was touching on two subjects, murder and soldiers. Touch and away. Casual, suggestive, swift. Circling about like a gull for a morsel, yet always checking and cross-checking, always totaling up the circumstantial, aligning the possible and probable. Until he knew that Rita recoiled from the idea of murder: especially with a firearm! Also she seemed afraid of something. Covertly she watched the door. She waited, as if for one, G. M. thought, destined never to come.

Apropos of a khaki-clad figure across the room, G. M. said: "Funny about finding that skeleton. You know. Over at camp the other day. Didn't you see it in the newspapers?"

"No," she said. "I never saw it." He liked her slow, halting speech. Was she lying? She seemed rather studiedly casual. After all, she had known the murdered man. Seven months, however, would be a long time in this one's life.

G. M. waited until she reached for a fresh cigarette. Then, instead of holding the match, he passed her the box. At her first puff: "Whoever killed him was a smart guy," said G. M.

She nodded. Her fingers were steady. She blew out the match, dropped it in the tray, met his eye without a tremor. And yet she had betrayed herself as definitely as if she had screamed. For at his words some inner tumult had sent a pallor to her cheeks. Leaving splotches of rouge hanging an instant unsupported against blanched flesh! Informing him with entire conviction that she was the key to the situation!

G. M. did not pursue the subject. He talked of trivial things for a time, flipped a gold piece across the slippery table, and left her in a mood of gracious astonishment at the generosity of this gents' furnishings clerk out for an hour of devilish amusement.

G. M. went back to the pals of Hakes, the murdered man, seeking for some clue to another man, to a triangle, to any motive or situation which might promise murder. He worked five days for nothing. Rita, they said, knew many but played no favorites. And G. M. realized that only an accident had given the pal of George Hakes that reminiscent click on the girl.

So G. M. went back to the only other source of information open to him. He decided to play the game most familiar to her and hence disarming: the game of love-making. Every night for a week he was with her. He threw himself into character, tossing away inhibitions, boldly declaring his tender passion, while she laughed at him and while his calculating analytical other self sat back and watched them both. Until that self informed him, to his dismay, that he was deeply in love! A fine predicament, he reflected, for an icy-hearted man hunter!

The hunter overcame, after some confusion, the lover. G. M., aware of her

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many admirers, registered jealousy, twitted and accused her, employing his carefully built emotional edifice as a base of attack. For a long time she fenced, evasive and inscrutable. Finally, with defiant pride, she admitted she loved another.

"Who is he?" demanded G. M.

"None of your business," said Rita.

HE KNEW she wasn't in love with the dead man; he couldn't escape the conviction that there was some mysterious connection between Thomas Hakes and her lover. G. M. continued to wheedle. Seeking a name. And she mocked him.

"You will never know," she said. "He is out of my life, although I live always wishing him back. I will not see him again. It is a vow. It is finished."

G. M. sat back, baffled yet thrilled. For here was everything, and here was nothing. He pulled out the sympathetic stop. He knew, he said, that she loved another. His own case was hopeless, but he cared enough to forget that and to want to help her. A subtle maneuver, he knew, especially with an emotionally preoccupied woman. And finally she talked lightly, with a faint incoherence but very guardedly.

She had met this man who filled her heart, and a flame had burst forth which had almost consumed them both. Until, with blundering, stupid obstinacy, another man had intervened. Or tried to. And something had happened. "Something terrible."

G. M., aware of impending success, probed artfully for details. "No," she said, "I have told you all I will ever tell. But now I feel better."

Her refusal almost gladdened him, for he found his heart aching curiously at thought of how discovery of the killer would hurt her. For here was no light affair on her part but a great passion for which she seemed eager to sacrifice herself. But again the man-hunting instinct triumphed, and G. M. steeled himself for the final effort.

He went with her to her apartment, that night, and threw off the mask. For fifteen hours, throughout the rest of the night and the next day, G. M. became the cool, detached inquisitor. Ultimately, exhausted in body and mind, she collapsed. But her spirit spoke through pallid lips: "I know everything. I will tell nothing. Not if you kill me. Because I do not care much if I live or die. And if harm comes to him I will kill myself, anyhow. You see?"

G. M. did not go home. He walked the streets all that night, a fat little man with lines in his face of baffled effort and grim determination. For already he had the case cold. Ready to hang on the murderer—once he could identify him. A crazy situation, reversing the usual order of first spotting your man and next building up your case. For how could he spot this one? How pick him from four hundred who had been on duty one day seven months ago?

At dawn G. M. entered a blowzy restaurant to brood over black coffee, frustrated and desperate.

Chin in hands, he meditated. Suddenly he roused to bang on the table and rush out in search of a cab.

She seemed afraid. She waited as if for one destined never to come

The commandant was unable to conceal his astonishment when G. M. burst in with his strange request. "But, Mr. Morse, we've already questioned the men we thought might know something. You've done it yourself, for that matter."

G. M.'s face seemed to freeze. "Did you give me carte blanche or didn't you?" asked G. M.

The commandant shrugged and snapped out an order. All that day and half the following night G. M. sat in an office and interviewed, one by one, those of the four hundred who had been out on the range that day when George Hakes had been murdered. His questions were simple and innocent, such as a child might ask, as to what had occurred that day. Neither suspicious nor threatening, and uttered by one weary from three sleepless nights of effort, and heartsick, but carrying on. Questions rousing open contempt among those of the staff who listened from time to time and who had expected "some real investigation!"

IT WAS after the three hundred and thirty-fourth man had retired that G. M. turned to the commandant. "That was Private Vidal? Yes. That's the man who killed George Hakes. Have him brought back—and don't interrupt in any way."

The commandant stared. He had noted nothing unusual in the questioning of Private Vidal. It had been a trifle prolonged, perhaps, but nothing more.

"Damned nonsense! Vidal is one of the best men in E Company. Why have you picked *him?*"

G. M. raised haggard eyes, flushed slightly. "Have him brought back."

The door swung open, and Private Vidal reëntered the room. He was young, handsome, with dark eyes, like Rita's. G. M. could understand why she loved him—would die rather than betray him. Vidal seemed utterly at ease, waiting, serene and confident, for G. M. to speak. And G. M. hesitated. He was remembering what Rita had said. If this man was broken, as G. M. hoped to break him, then she would know that she had caused his downfall. And she would die. Probably by a knife.

G. M. straightened up with a little shiver, drew from his pocket a photograph she had given him at the beginning, slapped it down on the table before him as one who plays an ace.

"I've just come from Rita," said G. M. "She talked too much, Vidal."

Private Vidal's eyes widened, staring down at the picture of the woman he loved. First in a species of surprise, then in terror! He touched his throat. He was white. He seemed to have ceased breathing.

"So you and she were crazy about each other," said G. M. slowly. "And when George Hakes tried to step in between you, you killed him."

Private Vidal swayed back a step. Like a drunken man! Then: "Rita talked—she told you—" He tipped up his chin and laughed hysterically. For a moment G. M. thought he had gone out of his mind. Then he saw that his face was like a dead man's. Unearthly!

"Yes," said G. M. "She talked." And leaned back. Waiting.

Private Vidal looked about him slowly. Turned lusterless eyes on G. M. Squared his shoulders. "Tell her I'm much obliged," he said. "Tell her I might have known she'd double-cross me. Sure, I killed Hakes. He wouldn't listen to reason." His voice was steady now, his bearing undaunted. He was a man again. And, G. M. reflected wistfully, he would die game.

"Sure, I killed him," said Private Vidal. "Tell her I'm much obliged, and be damned to her." He came mechanically to attention. . . .

"How did you come to pick out Vidal—why?" asked the commandant.

There was the old queer pain again in G. M.'s heart. "Oh, that. Because Vidal was the only one of all of them who could remember every detail of that day—seven months ago. He remembered too well—" And then he muttered something the commandant could never quite understand.

"I wish to God he hadn't," said G. M.

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Two Down Front

Gilbert and Sullivan delighted their own times and hold their place today

(Top) The termination of the Crimean War was fatal to Sir William Schwenk (there's one you didn't know) Gilbert's project of competing for a commission in the Royal Artillery. Which was just as well, for then he pursued the really important career of becoming half of a famous team. His associate, Sir Arthur Sullivan, was the only really popular English composer of his time

Right: There were lily-gilders even in those days. But at least for their burlesque of "Patience" they got Lillian Russell to justify it

Albert Davis Collection

Left: DeWolf Hopper's name is associated with the Gilbert and Sullivan pieces almost as inevitably as with that of Mr. Casey, the noted batsman. Here he is as Jack Point in The Yeomen of the Guard

Culver Service

Florence Vandamm

A couple of modish peers from ever-delightful Iolanthe

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Left: Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., whose praise Great Britain loudly chants and so, you must remember, do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. Here portrayed by Thomas Whiffen, late husband of the grand old lady of the stage

Albert Davis Collection

Not even the wiles of three little maids from school can melt the iron dignity of one who carries so many cares and responsibilities as Pooh-Bah. A familiar group from The Mikado

White

De Mirjian Studios

Fay Templeton, called Little Buttercup, sweet Little Buttercup, though she can never tell why, casts a supercilious glance at William Danforth, a not so fearsome Dick Deadeye

White

Just one of those blissful moments from Ruddigore with someone about to burst into song

White

Right: Three of the lads and a lassie who helped to bring it about that a policeman's lot is not a happy one. Pirates of Penzance all working hard at it

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A Blow for Freedom

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Illustrated by NANCY FAY

Jim wanted Sally to live on a budget—she who used her check-book stubs for telephone numbers!

It was on Sunday morning that she thought all these things out

THERE was no one to tell Sally Calhoun, coming into her house still wet and dripping from her swim, still shaking and shivering from the icy water of early June, that she was crazy to risk pneumonia that way. There wasn't a soul to tell her anything, as she rubbed herself into a warm glow, and dressed, and thought of the coffee, already started, and the omelette she was going to make in the pan she'd set on the oil stove to warm as she passed through the kitchen. For the first time in her life she knew the glory and the peace of solitude, to be alone and not be lonely.

Freedom. That was what she had. And the gorgeous luck it was to have it! Luck. That was all. Luck, and laziness, indolence, the inertia people were always telling her was her curse. She hadn't been free, even here, at first. Not while Louisa was still with her. She never would have been free if Louisa hadn't had to go, at a day's notice, to take care of her sister's swarm of children.

She'd never known what freedom could be. How should she have known it? Not once, not for a day, not for an hour, all her life long, had she tasted the glorious feast of liberty.

This hadn't been planned. She'd promised Louisa she wouldn't stay alone, or Louisa wouldn't have gone. But, as usual, she'd just let things go. She'd waited to telephone until it was too late to get anyone. And overnight the revelation had come.

The luck, the shining, incredible luck of it! She fed upon her memories of that first day, as well as upon the omelette she'd taught herself, out of a book, to make. What an—an adventure chance had made of life. To know that she, Sally Page Calhoun, could stand alone. Cook an omelette. Broil a steak. Could improve on the French dressing in the book, out of her own head!

She came out of the kitchen and drew a long breath as she looked about the big living-room. This place was sweet. She might buy it, perhaps, if Mrs. Blake ever wanted to sell. It was just what she wanted. The one big living-room, that made a perfect studio, with its long north window, the two tiny bedrooms! The roses climbing all over the walls outside! What people could do with a Connecticut barn if only they knew how!

It was all in a mess and a litter, now, the living-room. But it was a nice mess, a friendly, cheerful litter. She'd made it herself, and she'd clear it away when it was time and she felt like it. She hated tidiness when she was in the middle of a job of work. She liked abandoned sketches to be around. She liked the feeling of things half done. It urged her on, drove her, as no special delivery letters or telegrams or telephone calls could ever do.

Sally stretched her arms, luxuriously, and made a face at the half-finished canvas on the easel. Silly, it looked. A girl, quite a lovely girl, and a sort of ghostly outline of a young man. Dancing, they were supposed to be, but she couldn't do another thing about it till the model she'd hired the day before by telephone came. She wondered how he'd like pretending to dance with the dressmaker's dummy Louisa used for sewing while she painted him. Not that she really cared. She just wished he'd come.

SHE went to the door, and flung the top half open, and looked out. A man was coming across the field. The model. About time too. She saw him vaguely. White flannels. A model would, of course. He'd probably have stuff on his hair too, to make it stay down. The blond hair she'd specified. Well, he could wash his hair, whether he liked it or not. She turned back, to make sure everything was ready. She wanted to get this outrage finished and out of the way and paid for. Her eyes strayed, guiltily, to a pile of copper plates that gleamed in the cool, fresh northern light. You did etchings, with a guilty feeling about your creditors, after you'd finished a job. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" she said.

The young man came in. The most beautiful young man, she saw at once. But—black hair—black as the ace of spades; brown eyes; lean and tanned and fit. Nice hair. Ruffled by the wind. Nothing ever had been put on it to make it stay down, she'd swear. White, gleaming teeth. Gorgeous, capable-looking hands.

"Oh, but this is too bad!" she said, crossly. "Did you think, by any chance, that I'd be color blind? You said you were a blond!"

He stood and stared at her. His mouth fell open.

"You won't do at all," she said, shrewishly. "You're not the type. I'm sorry you've come all this way for nothing, but it's your own fault. I told you I had to have yellow hair and blue eyes."

"But I—I mean—look here—" He came to life. "Who do you—what do you think I am?"

It was her turn to stare. Funny little chills began running up and down her spine. He—he wasn't the model. And that scared her. Because, she didn't care how attractive a model was,

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but if a young man as beautiful and as nice as this were going to be around who wasn't a model, who was real, there was going to be trouble. She felt it in her bones.

"Why—" she said. "I—aren't you the model I talked to last night?"

"Model?" He looked outraged. He was, she could see, a little vague about what a model might be, but he thought he'd been insulted. "I—of course I'm not! I'm—my name's Drummond—I'm—you took this house from my sister—"

"Oh!" she said, weakly. This was bad. And likely to be worse. Unless she was very firm. And she had grave doubts about whether she would be. "I'm terribly sorry. I—you see, I just took it for granted that—I don't know anyone here—I couldn't imagine who'd be coming except this model I'd engaged."

"Oh, well, that's all right," he said. He'd been looking at her in a way she'd come to know, and didn't, just now, this lovely, free June, want to be looked at by any young man. "I mean—I can see why you'd think so, of course. I—" He didn't look happy. "Is Mr. Calhoun around? I wanted to see him—my sister asked me—I—I've got a sort of a message for him—"

"Mr. Calhoun?" said Sally. And laughed. "Oh, but that makes us even—nearly even, anyway! There isn't any Mr. Calhoun. I'm Page Calhoun, though, if I'll do."

She didn't see at all why that upset him, as it seemed to.

"You—you're—you say— Look here!" he said, stormily. "Did my sister know? That you were—that Page Calhoun wasn't a man?"

"Of course!" she said. She was surprised. "Why?"

"Nothing," he mumbled. And something else she couldn't hear. Something about getting even. When he looked at her she saw that his eyes were wretched.

"You better give me her message, hadn't you?" she suggested.

"I—well—I—" He stood there, boggling it. "I mean—it's the silliest rot, sending me over—but I—I sort of promised—the fact is—I mean—my sister wonders if your check for the rent didn't get lost in the mail or something—"

"Oh, Heavens!" she said. "I—I never sent that check! I'm perfectly frightful about things like that. I'm terribly sorry. And it's sweet of you to pretend it got lost, but I just didn't send it. Sit down, and I'll give it to you this minute."

SHE went to the big table in a rush, and started looking for her check book.

"That check book's here somewhere—I know it is!" she said. "Tell your sister I'm mortified to death, will you? I've been so busy I just haven't come up for air, that's all. Not that it's any excuse. Oh—here it is—"

Then she started to look for a pen, but he had one, and he gave it to her. He hadn't said a word; he'd just made unhappy noises. She wrote the check, and gave it to him, and he took it as if it would bite.

"There!" she said. "That's right for two months, isn't it?"

"Oh, sure!" he said. "Thanks—ever so much—I— Are you all set here? You want to let me—my sister—know if there's anything you want done—"

"It's perfect," she said. "I love the place."

"That—that's good," he said. "I thought—all right—thanks—I'd better be going—"

She hadn't given him the shadow of an excuse for even suggesting he'd like to come again, had she? She ought to get some credit for that.

Then all at once she remembered something else. A letter she hadn't opened.

"Wait a minute!" she cried. "Heavens—I just thought of something. Wait a minute."

She did let herself have one swift glimpse of the way his face was lighted up as he turned back. Then she was rummaging in the litter on the big table again. It was there, that letter. And in time she found it. It was from the bank. She opened it, while he stared at her perplexed.

"Oo-ooh!" she said. "I knew it! I knew I remembered seeing that envelope. Just the other day. Wouldn't you know it? I'm overdrawn again. Look."

She gave him the notice to read.

"Aren't they funny and sweet, the way they put it?" she said. "'Your account appears to be overdrawn: if we are in error please—' As if the bank ever made a mistake! And as if I'd know it if they did!"

She'd never seen anyone look so appalled.

"Know it?" he repeated. "But the stubs in your check book would show—"

"Oh, would they?" she said, scornfully. "Look!"

She showed him the stubs. As naked as the day they were printed, every one of them, except for a telephone number or two.

"DO YOU mean to say you don't fill them out?" he said, aghast.

"No," she said, firmly, "I don't. I used to, but it just makes trouble. Because, when I did, and the bank said I was overdrawn, I'd be sure I wasn't, and I'd go in and make a horrid scene, and they'd show me where I'd added up wrong, and it was extremely humiliating. So now I just ask them, every few days, how much my balance is, and it's much simpler. Only, living in the country like this, of course, I don't get in very often—

"Now, let me see," she said. "I've got to do something, haven't I? They're really quite nice at that bank, but they'll get terribly annoyed if I draw any more checks after they've sent me word that I'm overdrawn. So—"

"Look here," he said, masterfully, "you're not to worry. I won't have you—"

"Wait," she said, "I've got an idea."

Once more she began to dig in the débris on the table. It took time, but finally she found the letter she was looking for—unopened. It was from a department store, and she'd thought it was a bill, and she'd only just remembered that it might be a check, instead, and it was, and it had been lying there for two weeks.

"There!" she said, triumphantly. "I'll mail this check to the bank, you see, and then my account will be all right," she said. "I'll do it right now."

She sat down, and took his pen again, and indorsed the check, and put it in an envelope and addressed it:

"You'd better mail it, please," she said. "I'd just forget it."

"But—" he said. "I—look here—you can't go on like that! Not knowing how much money you've got in the bank! And it's so simple to keep a check book straight. I could show you in ten minutes—"

"I haven't time," she said, mutinously. Heavens and earth—just as she was free of Louisa here he had to come trying to look after her! Things always come out all right.

"I know," he said. "But—" His manner changed. "I don't know where I get off, lecturing you!" he said. "I—look here—you said you didn't know anyone here. I wonder—there's—there's a dance at the club tonight. Wouldn't you like to have dinner there with my sister and her husband and me—and—dance—?"

"I—I came up here just because I didn't know anyone—" she said. She couldn't bear the way he looked at her.

"But—oh, I'd love to!" she cried. "I haven't been to a dance in months." . . .

She had a perfectly heavenly time. Jim, it turned out, was just the right sort of dancer, good enough to be exciting, not so good that you thought about how good he was. She adored his sister, and Roger Blake was nice too, in his married way. And she was a great success; Jim was furious about the way men kept cutting in.

She knew perfectly well, of course, that the glorious feast of liberty was all over. She didn't care. She'd enjoyed it while it lasted, and it couldn't have gone on indefinitely, anyway. The whole idea of liberty as a permanent state was just for poets, probably, she decided.

IT WAS on Sunday morning that she thought all these things out, as she lay luxuriously in bed, with the sun coming through the window and birds singing. It was just as well, she thought, that Jim had to go to town in the morning, and stay there all week, and never get out again till Friday night, anyway, and sometimes not till Saturday, about noon.

He sold cars, it appeared, which seemed odd to Sally, because she'd been sure it would be bonds.

She did like him, and she kept on liking him. Jim knew less about art, she decided, than almost any young man she'd ever talked with, but she was rather glad, because, after all, she knew enough about it for two.

She adored Jim, just as she'd known, the first minute she saw him, that she would, if she didn't look out. But the taste of liberty was still on her tongue, and she wanted more, and Jim did get in the way of having more.

Louisa was still away, which was something, but Jim was almost as bad as Louisa.

"You're a cluck to turn down orders

In Connecticut she hadn't known anyone, and here in New York, it seemed, she knew practically everyone who wasn't in jail

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so you can make etchings," he said, one night. "You're risking all the good will you've built up. You don't know—these etchings may be a flop commercially. I think they're swell, of course, but how do you know you can sell them? The way to get ahead is to find out your best selling line and concentrate on it. You ought to—"

"You're sweet," she said, and threw a cushion at him.

"But I mean it," he said. "You ought to—"

"Stop it!" she said. This was in September, and they were sitting on the big couch in her living-room, in front of a log fire, with a cold wind sighing in from the Sound, and the summer all but gone. She reached down for a book that had fallen on the floor and pushed it at him. "Read aloud to me," she ordered. "I don't know why, but you read poetry better than anyone in the world."

His face was red, in the firelight.

"I never read it to anyone but you—" he said. He opened the book and began, shamefaced at first, and halting, until the rhythm of it caught him up:

"And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying.
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea gulls crying."

"All he asks!" Sally stopped him. "All he asks, indeed!"

He was looking at her. He let the book fall, and she was frightened.

"It's not all I ask—" he said. "Oh, Sally—Sally darling—"

FOR a moment in his arms, as they closed about her, she clung to him. Then she drew back.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Jim darling, no! It wouldn't do at all—oh, honestly and truly no, my dear!"

"But why?" he said.

"I adore you, I truly do. But—oh—I—I've such an inferiority complex with you—"

"What?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"You—you take care of me too much," she said. "How can you expect me to be romantically in love with a man who scolds me for forgetting I've drawn a check for five dollars and tries to make me live on a budget?"

"Well, but you ought to," he said. "You can laugh but it's the only way you'll ever get anywhere—"

"Oh, Jim—you lamb!" she said. "But can't you see? You even stop in the middle of proposing to me to argue about a budget!"

"I didn't stop," he said. "You turned me down, didn't you? I'm going to propose to you again, but I finished doing it this time, all right. And you're the one brought up this budget thing, not I. You marry me and you won't have to think about it—I'll take care of all that."

"But that's just it!" she said. "That's just the trouble. You're not a lover, Jim darling; you're a sort of cross between one's father and the man at the bank who tells you they'll have to charge you three dollars a month for having an account there unless you always have five hundred dollars in—"

"Well, but that's fair enough," he said. "They can't make any money out of your account if you don't keep a balance—"

"I'm not going to marry you anyway!" she said. "I won't marry any man who makes me feel the way I did when I was a brat and ran up a bill at the drug store and didn't dare tell the family!"

"Well—" he said, dismally. "But—Sally—you do like me, don't you? I can still come to see you—?"

"Like you? Don't I tell you all the time I adore you? I'm mad about you. I'm almost mad enough to take a chance and marry you. And if you don't come to see me I'll send the police after you!"

She leaned over, quickly, and kissed him. He felt better and he felt worse, and he didn't know what it was all about, and told her so.

"I know—you think I'm crazy," she said. "But—oh—some day you'd be cross because I'd hidden a bill instead of opening it, and I'd just walk out on you. I know."

He looked at her helplessly, and got up.

"Well—all right," he said. "But, Sally, you might—there's a chance you might change your mind, isn't there?"

She went to him, in a swift, contrite rush, and kissed him again.

"Oh, Jim!" she said. "You break my heart, you're so sweet! Make me change it—you can."

He hadn't understood, though. He hadn't come anywhere near to understanding. She soon came to see that, after she got back to town. All he did was to keep on being sweet, and doing all sorts of things for her. As if that were what she wanted!

Things were difficult, of course. And different. It was all very well to say they weren't, but they were. You couldn't pretend nothing had happened when something so very definitely had. And they were never alone together, either, the way they had been so much in the country. Up in Connecticut she hadn't known anyone, and here in New York, it sometimes seemed to her, she knew practically everyone who wasn't in jail, and they all came to see her every day, and twice on Sundays.

JIM got sensitive and unhappy. He got an idea, she knew—and was helpless to do anything about it, though she tried—that she was ashamed of him with her arty friends. That was absurd, because she loathed people who talked about art, and she loved the nice, honest way Jim looked at pictures and said exactly what he thought about them—which was, it happened, nearly always just the right thing too.

Besides, Sally was working frightfully hard. So he stopped coming to see her, practically, and she was more wretched about it than she'd ever been about anything. But she fought against sending for him, because she was still sure it wouldn't do. Not till he understood, if he ever did. She wasn't going to marry him and have something lovely spoiled by silly, petty grievances and quarrels. She knew he was unhappy and low in his mind, too, and she hated that, but what could she do?

She did call him up when Hemphill, the dealer, was going to bring out her first etching. Because she was terribly scared. It would be dreadful if it didn't go, and she had an awful nerve, she thought, having an etching brought out, when she thought of McBey and Muirhead Bone and all the rest. Jim was sweet, and told her not to worry, but he didn't come to see her; just talked to her on the telephone. She cried for hours, that night.

But the astonishing success of the etching—it really was quite a lovely thing, though Hemphill had said, of course, that that wouldn't help much, with an unknown artist, and that it would take a long time to create a demand for her proofs—drove everything else from her mind.

Hemphill said it was the most extraordinary thing in his whole experience, the way the proofs of that first Page Calhoun vanished. Because it wasn't collectors who bought the proofs.

The whole edition was gone in two days. It made a sensation. Collectors heard about it, and tried to buy proofs from Hemphill, and called him names when he said, quite truthfully, that he had none and didn't know who had. Sally was ecstatically happy and, for a while, thought very little about Jim.

But then, all at once, she had to think about him. He still stayed away, but she began hearing disquieting things about him. That he was in trouble about money! It shocked her. It was the last thing she'd ever dreamed of as happening to him. But it seemed to be true. A man she knew, a friend of Jim's too, told her.

Sally called him up, of course, the minute the man who'd told her had gone. It was late, but she didn't care.

"I've got to see you, Jim," she said. "Right away. I'm in trouble."

He came around at once. And he looked dreadful. Thin, and pale.

"Hello!" he said, cheerfully. "What's the matter, Sally?"

"You—" she said. And forgot that she had said she was in trouble, and blurted out what she'd heard.

"You don't want to believe all you hear," he said. "I'm all right, Sally. Don't you worry about me. Everyone in business gets into a little jam now and then. I'll snap out of it, all right."

"YOU just forget I'm a girl and let me help. I've got ever and ever so much money—truly I have. And the new etching's coming out in a week or two—"

He looked terrible. Worse than ever.

"The—the new—etching—" he said. "Oh, Sally—you—I—I've got to tell you—oh, I am the prize boob of the world!"

"Jim!" He frightened her. "What do you mean?"

"You—Sally—you mustn't count on the etchings. I—I'm afraid it won't go the way the first one did—"

"Why—Jim—what do you mean? Of course it will—better! Why shouldn't it?"

"Because — because — oh, it won't, that's all! I—you see—I—oh, Sally, I knew what it meant to you. And I—I got some chaps I knew to go in and buy those proofs for me. And—and—this time—I won't be able to—"

"Jim—" Sally said. "You—oh, you darling! Do you mean to say—is that why you're in such trouble?"

"No—no—that didn't matter—I had plenty of money then—lots—"

"Liar!" she said. "Jim—you mean you—you did that for me—and I—I just thought—Jim! How many of those proofs have you got?"

"Fifty—fifty-five—" he said.

"Have you any idea of what they're worth?"

"Well, I paid sixty dollars apiece for them, but if I tried to sell them, of course, I couldn't expect to get—"

"Wait!" she said. She went to the telephone, and called a number very few people knew. "Mr. Hemphill? Page Calhoun. Can you come around right away? It's most frightfully important. Oh—thanks—"

"Sally!" said Jim. "You mustn't bother—it's perfectly all right. I only told you so you wouldn't count—"

The bell rang almost at once. Sally went to let Hemphill in. And she told him, right by the door. He threw up his hands.

"You want them, don't you?" she said. "All of them? How much? I know you'll have to let them out gradually. But how much—right away—cash?"

"Two hundred apiece," he said, promptly. He met her eye. "Well—say fifteen thousand, for the lot."

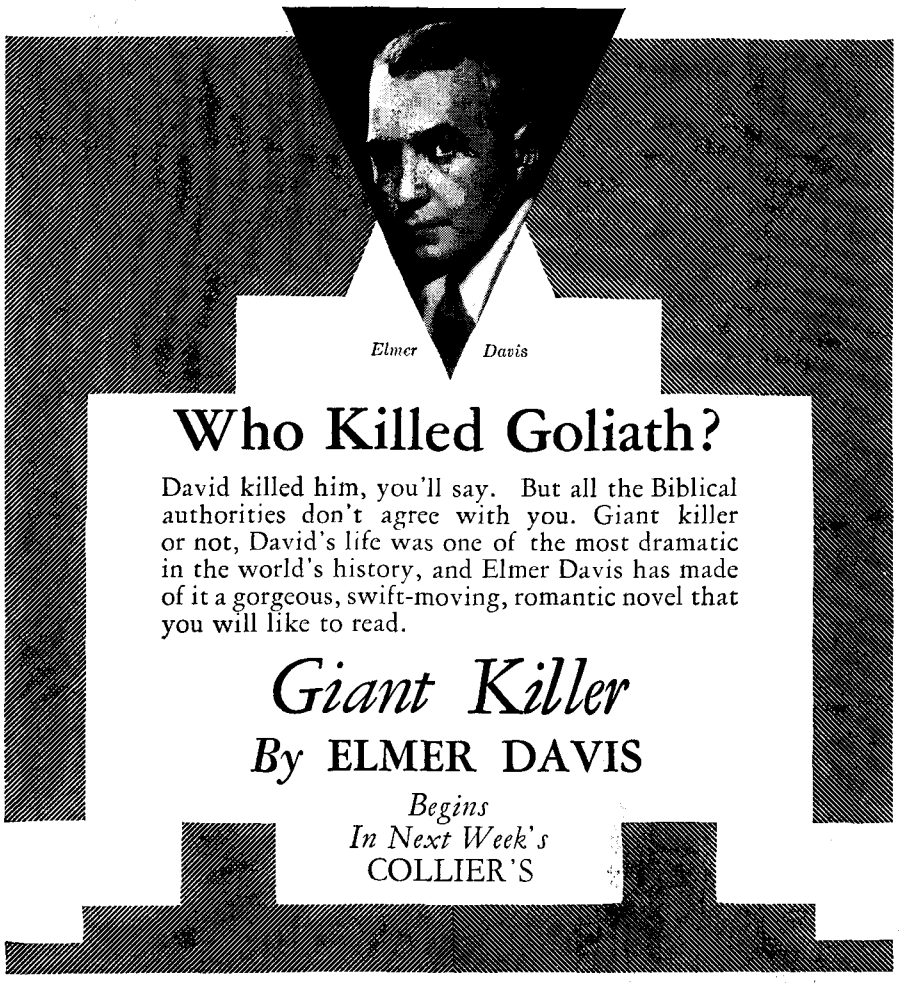
She took him in, then, and, in words of one syllable, tried to explain to Jim.

"You see—you cornered the market," she said. "Just because people couldn't buy Page Calhouns they went crazy over them. You made them worth as much overnight as they might have got to be in five years, if I'd been lucky. Now—you take those proofs to Mr. Hemphill in the morning and get your check. Do you hear?"

"Fifteen thousand—fifteen thousand dollars!" said Jim, feebly. "But—but—I only paid about thirty-three hundred—and—they're second-hand, now, aren't they?"

Hemphill managed to convince him that it was all right. Then he went. Sally went to Jim. She took him by the shoulder, with both hands, and shook him.

"You lamb!" she said. "You woolly lamb! You babe in the woods! You—oh, Jim—you darling—"



Who Killed Goliath?

David killed him, you'll say. But all the Biblical authorities don't agree with you. Giant killer or not, David's life was one of the most dramatic in the world's history, and Elmer Davis has made of it a gorgeous, swift-moving, romantic novel that you will like to read.

Giant Killer

By ELMER DAVIS

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The Make-Believe Wife

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

The Story Thus Far:

BEATRICE ST. JOHN, her sister, Marcia, and their mother live in a small apartment in North Underhill. Beatrice is twenty, tall, slim and lovely. She is a clerk in an architectural firm. Her sister, twenty-nine, plain and almost pathetic, has been for ten years secretary to the president of the same firm, Houston Challoner, who falls in love with Beatrice.

Mr. Challoner's first wife died some years before and he has a son a few years older than Beatrice.

At first she doesn't even consider the idea as a possibility. Then Marcia becomes very ill. They are too poor to give her the care she needs and slowly it dawns upon Beatrice that marriage with Houston Challoner would mean happiness for her mother and sister and probably happiness for herself. She has never really been in love and believes herself incapable of it.

Beatrice, therefore, tells Houston that she will marry him and very soon finds herself loving him deeply even if the "grand passion" is lacking.

Marcia and her mother are packed off to California for Marcia's health—after the wedding.

The wedding is a simple and lovely affair. But just at the end Houston's son arrives unexpectedly, greets his father and when he is introduced to his young stepmother he looks straight into her eyes and says, "So this is Beatrice. Well, that's that, isn't it?"

It would not do to form a habit of going to places like the Belfry with one's stepson

II

IMMEDIATELY he began to greet the other members of his family, and after that Beatrice and Hugh went away. The girl tucked her scalloped ruffles tightly about her, seating herself in the luxurious low-slung roadster, and Hugh took the wheel. It was a hot day, the leaves in the gardens of Tory Hill all hung motionless in the sunshine; even the shadows seemed to vibrate with heat, and the roads were almost empty.

The new country club was not opened yet, but one of the smaller cabins there was in order, and many of the servants were already at work. Hugh, as president of the club, had, of course, been able to arrange that he and Beatrice should have it all to themselves for ten days, except for the negligible presence of decorators and painters and gardeners. The girl had not seen it before; she was ecstatic about the little cottage, its open fireplaces and casement windows that gave upon golf greens and flower beds.

She and Hugh were there at four o'clock; there was plenty of time to freshen up and wander about the whole wonderful place before Harrison, the steward, served them a delicious supper on their own cabin porch. They looked at the stables and the lockers and the plunge, walked all over the golf course, and met McCandlish, the "pro," who said that indeed he'd take Mrs. Challoner in hand.

There was a natural pond, where Hugh said a hundred dollars' worth of golf balls were lost every year. There were eighteen new greens being added to the course already finished, and much digging and sodding and watering going on in the lovely autumn sunset. There were some mild Alderneys grazing, and Hugh said that the clubhouse had its own milk and cream and would have fruit and vegetables too some day.

Her lovely white wedding shoes got mud on them, but that didn't matter—they'd clean as good as new, Hugh said.

"Sun bother you, dear?"

"No. My hat just shades my eyes."

"It's adorable," Hugh said, in a voice that made her feel prickly and uncomfortable, somehow.

"Weren't we lucky to get it?"

"Ah, if you're talking about *luck*—!"

She smiled at him, gallantly enough. But a queer little feeling that the advantage of the situation, for the rest of this day, lay very decidedly with him, was making conversation rather hard for her. Beatrice wished that she had been married for a year.

It had all seemed natural and right enough, even as short a time past as yesterday. But now, walking over the grounds of the new Wawataysee Club, talking pleasantly of unessential things with Mr. Houston Challoner, she felt strangely constrained and remote; as if he were—well, just Mr. Houston Challoner again and she just the humblest of his office employees. It all seemed funny, that nice old Scotchman calling her "Mrs. Challoner," and the beauty and silence of the big, sweet countryside, and the loneliness of it when the sun sank, now that the laborers had gone home.

FOR a third time—it was really more like a tenth, but she counted it as three—she remembered that big, laughing, deep-voiced boy. Her stepson! He had held her hands—so queerly, growing sober and puzzled, all at once. He had looked at her. And he had said, in a gentle, abstracted sort of tone, "Well, that's that, isn't it?"—that's the little clerk who has managed to capture Dad, he meant.

"What brings him—your son—back?" she asked, at supper.

"Bert?"

"Yes. Has he finished his course—whatever it was—at the Beaux Arts?"

"Finished nothing. He finishes nothing, that lad. He's a clever fellow too—I want you to like him, Beatrice. No, he's not finished. He just got tired and came home. He hadn't time for many details, but he said his intentions were honorable," said his father, smiling. "Probably he'll take a little vacation up at my mother's place and then go into the business."

"Will he be any use to you, Hugh?"

"Not a particle," the man said cheerfully.

"But why not send him back to Paris?" She wanted him to go back to Paris. He—he belonged in Paris.

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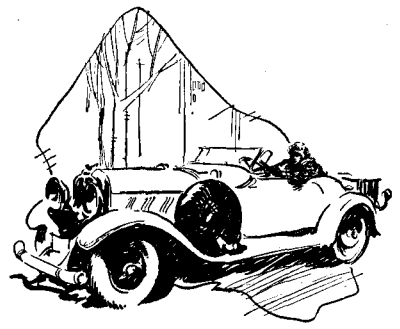

"Oh, he's had enough of Paris!" his father said carelessly.

Suddenly she knew what she had felt, what she had resented, in young Bert Challoner's masterful, strange look this morning. He had thought that she was marrying his father just for money, that without money no man Hugh's age could win so young a wife. He had treated his father badly himself, trying to get money from Hugh, wasting his own time and disappointing those who loved him. And he had thought—young Bert had thought, "Here's another of us, working the old man!"

Beatrice told herself that she had read that in Bert's first appraising look. Well, he had been entirely wrong. Not that what he thought or didn't think signified in the least, as far as she was concerned.

She sighed, her slim young body resting against Hugh's shoulder. And Hugh bent his head down, in the soft, dusky summer darkness, and asked her if she was tired.

THE days, under the circumstances, raced past Beatrice Challoner like leaves in an autumn wind. Everything was different from what her imagination had made it, and among all the changes and surprises and bewilderments of the new life she sometimes felt as if she had quite lost herself.

There was somebody in her place, truly, a fine, happy, busy, well-dressed woman named Beatrice Challoner, but she seemed to have little in common with Beatrice St. John.

This woman had no past, no relatives, no old home. There were occasional letters from a mother and sister in southern California, to be sure, but even these seemed unreal and entirely cut away from the old days and ways. As for the little apartment in a gritty, gray, commonplace block down toward Mill Street, Beatrice never saw it again after her wedding day—she saw the outside of the building once, by chance, when her car happened to pass it, but there were strange cheap curtains at the fourth-floor windows, a new apartment house had gone up on the lot next door, and nothing about it seemed familiar.

For the rest, she lived in a beautiful big, comfortable, somewhat old-fashioned mansion on Tory Hill. It was not old enough to be picturesque and not new enough to be thrilling. Experienced old servants managed it perfectly and saved her the trouble of hanging up her gowns or answering the telephone unnecessarily.

She wrote letters to her mother and Marcia, and called upon Hugh's sisters and aunts and cousins and mother, and drove herself downtown every afternoon at four o'clock to wait for him: pretty young Mrs. Challoner, whose story was so intensely romantic, bundled up in squirrel furs, with a cap of gray squirrel pulled down over her coppery hair, waiting for her husband.

Hugh, coming down to the street with his secretary beside him, would see her there, subsided, behind the wheel, perhaps reading the latest novel or idly watching the street that was softly brilliant in autumn sunshine or gray under a threatening winter sky. She would look up—his beautiful, gentle, devoted young wife—and the wide mouth would smile and show a flash of big, even white teeth, and Beatrice would bend out to kiss him and wriggle to her own side of the car.

Late in February, Noon, the old chauffeur, was driving Hugh and Beatrice home over slippery snow that had frozen and thawed and frozen again many times, when they had a mild collision with another car. At the time it seemed as if no one was hurt, but afterward it developed that Beatrice had been badly shaken; she had a time of bitter disappointment to bear, and for six weeks was kept very quiet, on one floor.

Hugh appreciated, even his mother and sisters appreciated, the fact that another woman might have made a great deal of this. But Beatrice bore it with her new dignity and made her illness even more touching and lovely than her health and spirits had been.

EVERY night when Hugh came home she was alone; he loved to send her violets and primroses, and there were always bowls of them about the big, white-paneled upstairs sitting-room where she waited for him. A wood fire would be burning in the white-tiled fireplace, behind the brass and irons, and Beatrice had half a dozen costumes with which to please him—the blue and orchid quilted silk robe that stood out all about her like the robe of an infant Spanish princess on a Velasquez canvas; the white one that was all ribbons and scented ruffles; the gray and green one whose collar lay like an Elizabethan ruff about her long, rounded white throat.

When they two were shut into this upstairs room, with the fire burning lazily, and it was cold and dark and stormy outside, Hugh would sometimes feel as if his heart would burst with sheer felicity. There was a mechanical piano in the shadow, and sometimes Beatrice would go to it, and he would sit back in his big leather chair, with his half-closed eyes fixed upon the slender figure in the gloom, under whose fingers the melodies were so softly creeping.

Then, fragrant, rounded, deliciously serious and young, she would come back to her chair, perhaps stopping to kiss the top of his head as she passed it, and in the tempered lamplight her green-gray eyes would find his and she would question him about his day.

It was during these stormy March nights, when Beatrice's illness had made her even sweeter, gentler, more dependent than ever, that they first talked of the Kreutzmann Memorial.

Bert was with them. He had taken a sudden fancy to his own home of late, and while usually leaving his father and Beatrice to their tête-à-tête dinner, and for an hour or two of happy solitude afterward, he had formed the habit of joining them at about nine o'clock, for an hour of talk before bedtime.

"Dad, going after that Kreutzmann thing?" the son asked. Beatrice looked hopefully at her husband, from the luxurious couch where she was deep in pillows. Any subject or interest that those two could find in common she found herself seizing with fervor and hope in these days. Bert's attitude was distressing his father deeply; every day, every hour, of his cheerful idling and wasting was exasperating to the older man, and until the boy established himself somewhere, doing something, his presence was always a possible source of friction and consequently a cause of anxiety to Beatrice.

"The boys in the office will make a try for it," Hugh answered, lowering his book, glancing over at his son, from his deep red leather chair by the fire, and arresting his book, on the way back, for a smile at Beatrice.

"And you too, Hugh!" she said quickly and jealously.

He laughed at her tone.

"What would I want of fifty thousand dollars?" he asked mildly.

"OH, IT isn't the money, Hugh!" Beatrice exclaimed, with her characteristic eager animation. "But the fun of winning! And then we'd have to go to California, wouldn't we?"

"You can go to California any time that you want to, Bee," he said.

"Yes, I know. But this would be such fun!"

"How much money did the old geezer leave, Dad?" Bert asked.

"Oh, millions. Twenty-two, twenty-three, I've forgotten. But the prize for the plans is fifty thousand. Old Philo Applewhite was telling me today that French and Austrian architects will compete—they expect two or three hundred plans. Applewhite's on the board; he's all wrought up over it."

"Was Kreutzmann an architect, Hugh?"

"No, he was a miner first, and then

Hugh would sometimes feel as if his heart would burst with sheer felicity

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in railroads and things. I used to see him walking down-town—fine old fellow. He owned this immense tract out in California, somewhere in the mountains north of Los Angeles, I gather, and he wanted to leave a permanent memorial there; the Kreutzmann Memorial College. Clara and Adolph Kreutzmann—those are the names."

"Hugh, why don't you try for it individually?"

He smiled across at her, narrowing his eyes.

"Look at her, leading me on!"

"No," said Beatrice, subsiding, "but it would be such fun to have you win it!"

"I'll try for it," Bert suggested, "and take you along if I win, Bee!"

"I wish you would—no, not take me along," she said, laughing, "but really try for it."

And she looked across at his father for sympathy. But Hugh was looking into the fire, with an odd expression on his face, and did not meet her eyes. There was affection enough, but there seemed to be little sympathy between father and son.

When Bert had gone to bed, still connecting Hugh's serious look with the boy, she spoke of him somewhat uncertainly:

"He *is* lazy, Hugh, and he doesn't seem to have settled down yet. But his mother's death, coming just—he was telling me yesterday—just when he was beginning to discover how much he loved her, and then those years in Europe—demoralizing for any boy!—all have helped keep him—well, irresponsible."

"He's some years older than you are, remember," Hugh observed dryly, as if he spoke against his will.

"Oh, I know, but boys are always much younger! Besides," argued Beatrice, "I'm married. That makes a difference."

"ALICE—his mother—had a brother who was just like Bert," Hugh said. "I keep seeing Carter Merritt in him."

"Carter Merritt!" Beatrice echoed animatedly. "I remember him! Oh, he was a heart-breaker. I remember, when I was about fourteen, thinking that Mr. Carter Merritt was perfectly wonderful."

"Where'd you ever see him?" Hugh asked, surprised, faintly frowning.

"I used to go to Miss Roberts' School; Mummy taught music there for years, and Marcia used to help with the upper grades before she graduated. The riding academy was right next door, and I used to see Carter Merritt riding around the ring and jumping. And then afterward I'd see him in that bright yellow car—"

"He drank," Hugh contributed briefly, as she paused.

"Yes, I know he did," Beatrice felt puzzled and chilled. For some reason Hugh seemed displeased. "Was he—had he been drinking when he was killed?" she ventured.

"Coming home from the old country club," Hugh assented with a nod.

"Was he married, Hugh?"

"Married, and had two children. A perfectly irresponsible wife, of course."

"And who takes care of them?"

"I take care of the youngsters. Lorette—the wife—has married again."

Beatrice spoke forgivingly.

"But he *was* fascinating, Hugh. One of those men who make friends everywhere! He had the most wonderful smile, I remember—well, it was just Bert's smile."

"Yes, he was like Bert." Hugh said it shortly, unemotionally.

"And Bert makes friends everywhere, too," Beatrice went on, enthusiastically. "After all, we oughtn't to judge a nature like that, Hugh. Wherever he goes he's spoiled and adored and made much of—your mother just worships him."

"Did he take you to the lecture this morning?" Hugh asked abruptly after a while.

"Who, Bert?" Beatrice countered surprisedly. For from his absent expression she had supposed his thoughts to have wandered far away from his son.

"Bert."

"Oh, yes. Didn't I tell you at dinner? He drove me in the closed car, and I came straight back to bed, and he was just like a girl—" Beatrice broke off to laugh. "Just like a girl about helping me," she resumed. "He hung up my coat and put my hat away, and when Nelly came in he was trying to fold up the big cover to my bed. I wasn't one bit tired; I don't know when I have ever laughed so much in my life. It was a silly sort of lecture about Indian dialects, and Bert began to make up a dialect of his own, on the side, and of course, you know, when you *can't* laugh"—Beatrice explained, with her ruffled satiny head dropped on one side, and her eyes full of laughter at the mere memory of it—"of course it's perfectly *terrible!*" she ended.

Youth, beauty, softness, gayety, sweetness. He looked across at them all, embodied in the red-headed, white-skinned girl who was opposite him, deep in pillows, and smiled a constrained sort of smile that vaguely puzzled her, even though she smiled gallantly back. Did Hugh think she was criticizing Bert? Hugh's mother had told her more than once that his heart was wrapped up in the boy, that bitterer even than Alice's death, to Hugh, was the constant disappointment and gall of his son's irresponsibility and aimlessness.

"HUGH," she said, resolutely changing the subject, or, rather, reverting to a former one, "do you remember telling me that you'd like to build a whole Spanish village some time? I don't mean just detached Spanish houses, but a monastery and a church and a castle, and masses of quarters, all grouped together on a hillside—"

"I don't remember saying that I thought I could do it," he amended, as she paused. "But I think I said that it seemed to me surprising that nobody else does it—that some one of those Western architects doesn't design the thing on a grand scale. Roofs, you know," continued Hugh, warming to the subject as he went along—"roofs all massed together, on a hillside, above the sea, jagged little streets, eucalyptus trees: they grow like weeds—"

"Would it be horribly expensive, Hugh?"

"Oh, yes, it would be expensive. None of this five hundred down and sixty-seven-fifty a month!" he said, with his pleasant smile.

"I was wondering how a college like that would be, Hugh?"

"A college, eh?" he asked, not following her.

"Well, yes. Like the Kreutzmann Memorial?"

"Oh, I see!" he said, widening his eyes as he looked at her, and returning his gaze to the fire. "I see—" he said musingly, fitting his finger tips together in a fashion that always indicated he was really thinking.

"What about your auditoriums and assembly-rooms, Bee?" he asked presently. Beatrice roused herself from the idle turning of magazine pages and laughed, and frowned in a businesslike manner as she concentrated.

"Oh, well. Oh, well—you'd have them like old village churches and big Spanish barns, and all that," she explained hopefully, timidly, after a moment's thought. "It isn't to be a very large college, is it, Hugh?"

"No, as it happens it's going to be a definitely restricted small college," he said.

"Well, then—" she offered, with an eloquent shrug.

Hugh's finger tips were together again; he was still considering it.

"It would be a freak experiment—" he mused aloud.

"But fun!" Beatrice urged.

"Oh, yes, fun. It would be lots of fun!" Hugh agreed.

"Could you do it in the office, Hugh?"

"No." He had evidently thought of that already. "No, I'd do it here. I'd take that table and keep the sketches—" His eyes traversed the room; Beatrice's bright green-gray eyes followed their course.

"You mean work on it here, evenings?" she asked.

"If you don't mind."

"Oh, mind! Oh, I'd love it. I'd help you," she said boldly.

"You help me? No, I'd be helping you. I'd be working out your suggestion, remember."

"Hugh Challoner! *You* were the one—months ago—" Beatrice began accusingly. But the delighted color was scarlet on white cheeks, and her eyes shone.

"No, I thought of a village. I never should have remembered it again or dreamed of applying it to this. If we did this, Bee," Hugh went on, with a most unusual animation in his dark, handsome face—"if we did this, dear, I'd insist upon your having your share of it. 'Plans by Beatrice and Houston Challoner, of the firm of Challoner, Fairfax & Flint, North Underhill'—that's the way it would read!"

"OH, HUGH, no! I don't know one thing about drains and cross-sections, of rear elevations and all the rest of it! I don't know even how doors ought to swing, on those little dotted fans you make!" she protested radiantly.

"You don't have to. It's ideas—ideas that count. How to manage doorways and steps, and how many rooms to put into dormitories—all that," he said.

"And where to put little Della Robbia Madonnas, Hugh, and red tiles and balconies!" Beatrice chanted exultantly.

"Well, exactly."

"Oh, Hugh, but oughtn't you have someone better—like Joe Flint?"

"Let Joe Flint make his own try, if he wants to."

He came over to her couch and knelt down and locked his arms about her slim waist, in the thin, white, fluffed dressing gown.

"Do you know how I love you, Bee?"

"I hope you do," she answered, smiling at close (*Continued on page 45*)

Pens and Putters

IF YOUR game's a trifle ragged and your nerves are shot and jagged and Colonel Bogey's waiting in the rough to holler "Boo!" sit you down with brain a-tingle and dash off a golfing jingle that will soothe your mind and maybe bring a lucky-piece to you. You can write 'em in the locker-room, the shivery, cold-shower shocker-room, to dash off jingles really isn't difficult or tough. And as soon as you have penned 'em, wrap them up and coyly send 'em to the most distinguished editor of Jingles in the Rough. It's not so hard—go to it, now. Drive off and follow through it, now. (At any rate you're going to have an awful lot of fun.) Don't be scared that you can't make it; here's your chance, hop to and take it. Give a look at what some other no more gifted lads have done:

With mechanical precision
Each attempted shot comes off
And your score needs no revision—
When you're playing mental golf.
F. C. SANDS, Independence, Kan.

I never made a hole in one,
I never hope to do it.
But if I should, my luck would be,
There'd be no witness to it.
STANLEY JACOBUS, Hutchinson, Kan.

Tread softly as you enter
And gently close the door;
For Papa's back from golfing—
And you can guess the score!
LEROY CLARK, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

He took up golf—a simple game.
He'd show them up; oh, what a shame!
Ten years have passed: eight in the rough.
"A simple game"—but oh, how tough!
R. M. REED, D. D. S., Faribault, Minn.

While my best drives are past the pin,
Across the rolling green;
For perfect putts, I use a tee—
If you know what I mean.
J. K. COPPIN, Spokane, Wash.

Send your jingles to Jingles in the Rough, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. If one of them is printed you'll receive an overpowering gold luck-piece with your initials on it. But don't forget to send your name and address. So many do. There's one golfer in Rochester, N. Y., right this minute who'd be sporting a luck-piece if we knew what his initials are!

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It's the Timidity

It is no worse to go into the water after eating than to go back to the office and continue a hard day's work

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M.D.

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH

DON'T be afraid of hot foods, of indulging that midsummer thirst, of frequent baths nor of getting soft by taking things easy during the hot dog days. Here are some suggestions for making summer more bearable.

IN SUMMER the average person is torn by conflicting desires: the desire to do what will make him feel cool and the desire of the intelligent man to do what is good for him. Most of the things we can do to attain at least the feeling of being cool most of us are convinced are bad for us. For instance:

We like to drink great quantities of fluid: water, ginger ale, lemonade.

We like what we drink to be cold, very cold, preferably clinking with ice.

We like to eat sparingly.

We like our food to be cold or at least cool.

We like unsubstantial foods, such as fruits and salads and vegetables.

We like to take baths, two or three a day if we have time for them.

We like to swim whenever possible, and stay in the water for a long time.

We like to take our lunch to the beach and go in the water before and after eating it.

We like to do as little work as possible.

We prefer to stay indoors out of the sun instead of playing golf or tennis.

BUT MOST OF US BELIEVE:

That a great deal of fluid is bad for the "system," or maybe the kidneys.

That cold drinks are bad for the stomach and that drinking ice water is the worst vice of the United States.

That, no matter what the weather or our inclinations, we should eat about the same amount of nourishing food every day.

That warm or hot food is more digestible than cold food.

That green food in excess in summer is likely to cause "summer complaint."

That many baths are "weakening."

That swimming is good only in small doses, and that staying in the water long is dangerous.

That swimming or bathing immediately after meals (less than two hours) "takes the blood away from the stomach," with dire results.

That if we don't work hard and exercise strenuously in summer we shall get soft.

That sunlight is good for us, and that we should expose ourselves to it daily to get the ultra-violet rays.

It is amazing when we think how well most of us get through the summer on a policy which is a mixture of kotowing to our prejudices and breaking the rules we believe we should obey. Behind the scenes sits the good old human body, wondering why we don't take a little more trouble to find out how it works in hot weather. It has, poor thing, a problem to meet in keeping cool in the summer, which is twice as hard to face as the problem of keeping warm in winter, and most of the time it gets very little coöperation from its habitant.

Cool or Hot: As You Like It

IN WINTER all the body has to do is to conserve its natural heat and to create extra heat by means of extra food combustion and muscular exertion. We help ourselves in this by putting on extra clothing, living in heated houses, eating much food with a good appetite and walking briskly, or exercising, or at the least shivering, when we are out of doors.

But, in order to lose heat in the summer, as the body *must* to keep its temperature at 98 6/10 degrees Fahrenheit, real work must be done: work in which the body needs considerable help from the outside, especially when the temperature of the outside world is at or near the temperature of the blood. If we do not meet our own refrigerating problem intelligently, we pay for our neglect with the well-known symptoms of lassitude and inanition which we call "feeling the heat."

Suppose we take a look at the amazing and not too well understood system our kind uses in keeping its heat balance. It will help us to help ourselves in the very hot weather.

At all times, irrespective of the temperature of the air, two things must go on in the body while there is life: first, heat must be produced, and, second, heat must be lost. The amount of heat produced depends on the amount and kind of food eaten and on the amount of muscular work done. The amount of heat lost is controlled by the body by means of an elaborate system of nervous and vascular elements. There is always an unavoidable heat loss in the excreta, in the expired air, and in the vaporization of water in the expired air. But the greatest sources of heat loss—the evaporation of sweat, and the radiation and conduction of heat from the skin—are largely controlled by what we call the autonomic or involuntary nervous system. When the body is losing heat as fast as it can, on a very hot day, 14 per cent of its heat is lost by evaporation of sweat, and 73 per cent is lost from radiation and conduction from the skin.

If we think a minute, these facts give us pretty obvious hints about our conduct in hot weather.

First: The temperature of our food doesn't matter much one way or the other: cool food may make us *feel* cool and hot food the reverse, but if we can lose only about 2 per cent of our total heat through our used-up food, it can't make much difference. The idea that the temperature of the food makes much difference in its digestibility is not held by physicians. Hot food is supposed to be more irritating to the stomach, and therefore for the sluggish appetite may stimulate the gastric secretion more than cold food. In conditions where the stomach is diseased and chronically irritated, iced food is served continuously as a part of the healing treatment. For the normal person I believe personal preference is as good a rule as any to go by.

Don't Work Yourself to Death

IF YOU like hot food better than cold, by all means eat it; and vice versa. By the same token, the temperature of fluids taken is an unimportant matter physiologically. Do as you like. If iced drinks make you feel cool, drink them. Don't let the horror of other nations, whose ice distribution isn't as good as ours, prejudice you.

Second: The great thirst that possesses us in summer has a firm physiological foundation. Indulge it. How can we lose our 14 per cent of heat by evaporation if we don't supply the body with water to evaporate? The stout person, whose problem of heat regulation is worse than that of the thin person, because the layer of fat in his skin prevents easy radiation and conduction of heat, is inclined to be prejudiced against water on general principles, thinking that it increases bulk and weight, and he needs it badly in hot weather, because his evaporating surface is relatively large. For all people two quarts of fluid daily is a summer minimum.

Third: The distaste for heavy foods, or large amounts of any food, which is so common in hot weather, is an instinctive response of the body to outside heat. As heat production depends partly on the amount and kind of food eaten, one way of regulating it is to eat sparingly. We need not be afraid of being undernourished if we eat our one egg, one small portion of meat, one potato and a pint of milk daily. After that much is eaten—provided, of course, we are not digging subways or loading steamships—the rest is velvet. We do need bulk, to be sure, but we can get it in low-calorie foods like lettuce and other greens and vegetables and fruits.

The fear of summer complaint from green things and uncooked fruits and vegetables is (*Continued on page 45*)

Indulge your thirst—it's perfectly natural—and if iced drinks make you feel cool, drink them

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Swift and Silent

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

LLOYD HAHN started out as a sprinter but developed into a distance man who's going to be hard to beat at Amsterdam. He's an ascetic with a wallop; shy in manner and sparing of speech and gesture—the trainer's delight.

Times Wide World

Hahn is better than his records—and he has beaten Ray, Wide and Peltzer. He kills loafers with his finish, and a hot pace from the gun just suits him

WHEN Lloyd Hahn went home after last winter's running campaign he took with him five world's indoor records at standard distances—half mile; 1,000 yards; 1,000 meters; three quarters of a mile; 1,500 meters. Two of these, the half mile and the 1,000 meters, are better than the outdoor records.

If records mean anything, Hahn at Amsterdam will be the fastest 800- and 1,500-meter runner ever to represent us in an Olympic meet. This statement may cause the casual reader to wonder if he is as good as his records. Hahn is better than his records.

He hails from Falls City, Neb., and his real ambition was to be a sprinter, not a distance man. He was a high-school boy who, having done with high school, seemed also to have done with running. But the flame had not died out by a good deal. One day a letter came to Hahn from an old chum:

"I always said you had it in you to be a great runner with proper coaching. I have become acquainted with the Boston College and Boston Athletic Association track coach, Jack Ryder, and I think he—" and so on.

Hahn came to Boston, got himself a job, reported to Ryder and told his story. He had been a local high-school champion, had once won the 50-, 100- and 220-yard dashes in a local interscholastic meet. He had done no running for three years, he was twenty-four, and he now wanted to train as a sprinter.

Ryder saw a young fellow of medium height, of rather stocky build and rugged features; not at all the traditional champion to look at. This, however, was not held against him by Ryder, who long ago had learned that champions come in all shapes and sizes. He had him turn to with the B. A. A. sprinting squad, then working out on the Boston College track.

After observing him for two weeks Ryder knew that Hahn would never make a great sprinter, but he was so earnest, so willing to learn, so eager to do everything he was told, that Ryder hated to break the news to him. He temporized by saying: "Did you ever run any longer distance than a 220-yard dash at high school?"

"Oh, yes. I ran two quarter-mile races one year. I won 'em."

This was surprising and most pleasing information to Ryder, who had been watching Hahn jog around the track after sprint practice and had noticed the good use he made of short, choppy strides. Ryder had never before seen a man use so short a stride—it was like a dog trot—and cover ground so fast.

"Look here," said Ryder, "why don't you drop your sprinting for a while and try a longer distance? The club could use a good miler to round out its team—what d'y' say to making a miler of yourself?"

Men brought up to be sprinters rarely hold any love for the rigorous grind of distance running, and Ryder expected no rejoicing reply; but back came Hahn with an instant and cheerful, "The mile? All right. Sure."

A Joy to Watch

THAT was in April five years ago. Late in May Ryder entered him in a quarter-mile race. He won it. Two weeks later he entered him in a half-mile race. He won. Ryder continued to extend his practice distances, and in September of that year entered him in the National A. A. U. Championship. He won the junior mile in 4:23, which is still the junior record. Next day, in the senior mile, he ran second to Joie Ray, holder then of our competitive mile record. To defeat Hahn, Ray had to run the fastest mile of that year.

To start in as a mediocre sprinter in April and develop into the second-best mile runner in the country by September is—well, I cannot recall another such case in track athletics.

Next year Hahn qualified in the Olympic try-outs, and ran in the 1,500 meters at Paris. Knowing Hahn and Ryder, and happening to be in Paris during the Olympics, I took special notice of Hahn's running. He did not run at all like himself; he was heavy-footed; had no life.

Hahn returned to Boston, ran indoors that winter, and did well. He then took a trip to New Zealand, failed again to run up to the mark, came back home and stayed there until some of us feared he was through with running.

After a long lay-off he came back to Ryder and went into training once more. His doings since have given the athletic fans something to talk about. He won thirty-three races in a row, lost the thirty-fourth after being fouled, to a man he had always beaten and did beat several times later; went on and won eight more races in a row. He then called it a season and went home, with a slateful of world's records and a bus load of the usual trophies—medals, cups, watches and the like.

I live close by the track where Hahn trains, and I have been watching him off and on since he first came there. He is a joy to watch. Jack Ryder's training system calls for frequent stiff workouts. The lads squirm a little sometimes, but not Hahn. He wears an ancient sweat shirt that he must be saving for good luck. He steps up to Ryder, saying, "What'll I do today, Jack?" Jack will tell him, and Lloyd will toss off the sweat shirt and step to the mark with never a sign that running himself to death isn't good fun.

Even if Hahn did not like the grind, he probably wouldn't admit it. Occasionally before a tough race Ryder asks a man how he feels. Sometimes he gets the answer, "Oh, I guess I'm all right, though I have felt better"—not intending to quit, or anything like that: merely sort of laying a little alibi trail for any possible licking. But nothing like that from Hahn. His answer always is, "Great!" or, "Fine!" or, "I never felt better in my life."

He Didn't Know How Good He Was

HE WILL take the toughest sort of grilling in a race and never speak of it. He is a stoic in several ways. When he returned to Boston after his New Zealand trip he came out to the track, slipped into his running gear, came down the hill to where Ryder was standing around. Hahn is fond of Ryder, and Ryder is fond of Hahn, and they had not seen each other for a year and a half. "Hello, Jack," said Lloyd; "I'm ready to start in again. What'll I do today?"

Hahn has superb confidence in his running power—he always did have. In that summer of five years ago, while he was still a crude runner and had yet to prove himself, he said to Ryder: "D'y' know, Jack, I ought to be able to lick most of these milers and half-milers. I can beat any of 'em sprinting, and I can stay up with any of 'em. I ought to be able to beat out any of 'em in a finish."

Hahn's next race was a mile handicap. Joie Ray, the champion, was on scratch. Hahn was on the 20-yard mark. When the gun was fired Ray went to the front as fast as he could get there and once there took things easy. Hahn was in second place and very well content to be there, it never occurring to him that anybody in the world could possibly beat the great Ray, once Ray got out in front.

Ryder was standing inside the track near the finish line. As Ray and Hahn came down the stretch for the final lap, Ryder stepped close up to Hahn and shouted in his ear, "Where's that finish you been telling me about?"

Hahn looked around, saw who it was—his trainer—shot him a scared look, snapped his head to the front and flew. He flew past Ray and kept on flying. Ray went after him, but he never had a chance. Hahn beat him home by 20 yards.

Hahn has since learned to gauge himself and his competitors more accurately. He was watching Wide, the Swedish champion, one night—this was two weeks (*Continued on page 44*)

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Alien

By VIOLA PARADISE

It is the same the world over—without love all life is not enough

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

NO USE. She could not turn her mind away from him. Whatever she chose to pin her thoughts upon—even casual things like the choppy roll of the boat, or the food at dinner—they all fell into some stream that flowed relentlessly toward her husband. Lumo—it meant *river*, his name, in his outlandish Albanian language. . . . She would think of something else, something impersonal, solid, far away—the golf links in Jackson Park at home, in Chicago. . . . But Chicago seemed unreal; it was too far away; she had been only sixteen when she had come away, with her father, to Vienna. . . . She would think of those early years in Vienna, before her father had died, when each evening, in their private sitting-room in Frau Staum's *pension*, he would ask her what she had done that day, and she would ask him what he had done in the laboratory.

Oh, there it was again; the laboratory meant only one thing to her now, Lumo. The thought of it dropped her once more with a thud against the need to decide. And what would she decide? To stay with him? Or, having seen that he was safe, to go back to Vienna? There it was again, the image of him, the veering of her whole self toward him, the struggling away, the pounding of her heart that would not beat in time with the throbbing of this chunky little boat which was bringing her toward him, toward her decision.

No use. She would stop struggling against her thoughts. He was a terrible—and oh, so precious—magnet! Let her thoughts go where they would. . . .

The laboratory in Vienna. After her father's death she had started sadly, rather drearily, to study medicine. She could not make herself go back to Chicago, for all her sweet, intimate memories of her father were fixed in Vienna; she had no near relatives back at home and no close friends there, after these absent foreign years. Her friends were now mostly Americans living in Vienna or Viennese girls she had got to know at school.

WELL, one must do something. Her father had been a doctor, she might as well study medicine. . . .

And then, at the very beginning, that graduate student, in with the beginners, because the crowded medical school had no other laboratory space. . . .

First it was his absorption in his experiments that fascinated her, his deftness, his quick, keen mind. An Albanian! Yet one had imagined that only barbarians came from Albania. Whereas he—he was so *contained*. So adult, rather. Grave, but with a rare, ungrudging laugh that seemed like a gift. Tall, too thin, perhaps, with thick light hair and deep gray eyes. . . . No, she must not think of his eyes. . . . Now she could not remember how it had felt not to be in love with him. The misery of his indifference she could remember and how she had tried to persuade herself she was glad of it. ("Of course I could never marry a foreigner. And as for an Albanian—!")

"Never doubt me; you are the breath of my soul. Good-by"

If only he would go away, so that she could free herself of him! But when he had told her he was going, "I must know him first, *must!*" she thought in panic.

"What is it like, your wild land?" she asked him, and could scarcely listen to his glowing dreams for the new, free Albania. "And the women of your country!" she interrupted, "are they very beautiful?"

HE PAUSED. Then he said, "You will think it strange, I do not know if our women are beautiful. I have no sisters, my mother is old. My sister-in-law is young and pleasing to look at."

"And your sweetheart?"

"You mean my betrothed?" He used the formal word. Elsa's heart sank. But he went on, "She died eighteen years ago, before even I saw her." Then, in answer to her puzzled incredulity, "you with an American woman's freedom—even with a European woman's freedom—could you understand, I wonder? My part of Albania is Moslem; women have no freedom, they live behind latticed windows; if they go into the streets, they are veiled. Our marriages are arranged when we are children; we do not meet until the ceremony."

"But surely such leap-in-the-dark marriages can scarcely be happy!"

"Ah, happiness, that is a separate thing."

(To imagine she had loved him! She would put him out of her mind. Why, a barbarian—)

But when he said, "Let us go where we can sit and talk," she nodded.

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The restaurant; the absurd, untouched cinnamon buns; the ornately framed picture of a fish hanging crooked on the wall; the too, too long silence. . . . Could he see her heart beating in her throat?

Without preface he said it: "Will you marry me?"

Her quick indrawn breath was like a sob. Her lips parted, but there were no words. She could only look into his eyes.

He went on: "First I must warn you. Life will be hard, crude, lonely. Our customs will irk you—though, of course, I will put no constraints upon you. It would be wise for you to refuse me. I have tried hard not to ask you. But I love you—beyond reason."

It seemed as if her whole life were heaving up and down upon her breath, as if—once she nodded her head—she would stop breathing. But that she would nod there was never a doubt. *Deciding* did not enter into it. She was helpless; she did not even struggle against the flood of her love.

"When do we go?" she asked in a low voice.

THAT last arrival. Blinding sun on the cobbled street. His brother Rok coming to meet them. Their Albanian talk—she could understand nothing, only Rok's awkward, friendly bubbling manner and the new glow in Lumo as he looked about the street so familiar to him, to her so alien. Not like a place to live. A stage scene, rather. Color, color that was almost sound! Red, green, cerise, purple, orange—mixed any-which-way in the peasant women's head swathings; sometimes in their ankle-length trousers! How absurdly they kept their faces wrapped up, only one eye peering out.

And the men—that one driving a flock of sheep—white trousers elaborately braided in black, black deep-fringed jacket with pomponned sleeves, and the whole rainbow in his high coarse socks! And such strange sandals. . . . Every little while men in European clothes, like Lumo, many of them his friends, stopping to greet him with ceremonial speeches. She must learn the language quickly. . . .

Strange that only peasant women were about. But look there in the long black garb, white flapping cloths shutting out every hint of their faces! "No, not an order," Lumo explained, "Our upper-class women. Do not start so, my dear; you need not dress like that. People will know you are foreign, will not think ill of you. In time, who knows? even our women—"

And she had imagined veils of gauze half hinting, half revealing hidden beauty, and lovely clinging robes such as are shown in cinema pictures of Turkish women.

Now they were turning a lane. Now they were home.

Home.

His mother, a tall, strong old woman, —"like a crag," thought Elsa, suddenly overpowered as if in the presence of some terrible force. Beside her stood Rok's wife, Djania, perhaps sixteen, shy with a childish shyness, despite the thick carmine paste on her lips and cheeks, despite the hennaed hair and finger nails.

The wide square room, with its low dais running along three sides, covered like the floor with bright rugs, was otherwise unfurnished, except for some silver-handled weapons hanging on the wall and some curiously wrought fire tongs against the fireplace. Elsa looked about for a chair. Lumo said, "Oh, chairs! We'll order some from Vienna. But you'll learn presently to find comfort on the floor." She sat down awkwardly, pulling her too narrow skirt about her knees. She tried to smile into the unsmiling, hard blue eyes of the old woman.

Then Lumo's mother said something —something unkind, for Lumo answered in a voice Elsa had never heard: sharp, peremptory. And his mother, this terrible, strong woman, bowed her head. Elsa was embarrassed, distressed—it was almost as if she had seen an old woman punished. She looked away, toward her sister-in-law, whose great baby eyes were gazing out of her cosmetic face with admiration at Elsa. Ah, that was better; Djania would be her friend.

Now, at the mother's command, Djania brought a long-spouted pitcher and basin, and while she held the basin under Lumo's hands the old woman sprinkled water upon them. Then they came to Elsa for the same gentle cleansing. A pleasant quaint ceremony, but oh, for a hot bath! . . . Absurd, she must not wish such critical wishes. New customs . . . this was to be her home . . . home! Now Djania was bringing a tray of refreshments.

First to Lumo. On the tray was a single bowl of preserves, a single empty dish, four tiny cups of Turkish coffee, four spoons, four glasses of water. Lumo took a spoonful of preserves, held it a moment, as if in deliberate avoidance of haste, then ate it, and laid the spoon in the empty dish. Next he drank a glass of water and, last, took the coffee from the tray. Djania then brought the tray to Rok, next to his mother, last to her! What rude precedence! Lumo would explain. . . . But no! It did not seem strange to him, then. . . .

They questioned him about his absent years; all their eyes were on him. Now and then he sent her a reassuring glance—less than a smile, but it warmed her in this—no, not hostile, but alien house. She must learn the language quickly; it was dreary to feel so shut out.

Now he must go to the prefecture for an hour. Of course it was silly—this pang of desolation at being left, but she felt so strange *alone*. And he would have gone without kissing her. And had he liked it, her kissing him in front of the others? His mother had muttered something. Could she ever make this old woman like her?

SHE went into their bedroom to unpack. How bare it was. Rugs, a chest of drawers, a stove, an iron bed with a coverlet of sheer silk, vermilion and white striped. The fineness of the coverlet emphasized the crudeness of the room. "He must be poor, my husband." She walked to the window. A lattice checkered the view into the sun-drenched lane. You had to put your eye quite close to see at all. And then your breath clouded the glass. Lumo would have the lattice removed; it was useless; one could easily hang a curtain.

She was to learn how the lattice checked and checkered the lives of Albanian women.

"It will get easier," Lumo comforted her that night. And close in his arms, she lost her fears!

(Lying here in the restless berth, her heart beat fast remembering the sound of his heart against hers. She must see him again, must know that he was safe. But if he held her close, could she go away? And if she stayed, would it not repeat itself—the dull ache of life there? No, it could not be endured. And yet, without him. . . .)

She remembered the second day in her husband's house. Lumo had gone out. Her mother-in-law spoke commandingly to Djania, and Djania brought a bowl of carmine paste, and, touching Elsa's cheeks and lips, communicated the old woman's wish. "Oh, no," Elsa had laughed lightly, gathering that they wished her to follow Djania's cosmetic fashion. Her mother-in-law needed no words to convey her anger and contempt.

She could go out for a walk. By a gesture she invited Djania to come with her. Djania, after getting permission from Lumo's mother, brought Elsa a piece of white cotton cloth. Elsa looked at it, and it was not till she saw Djania fastening a similar piece before her face that she recognized it as a face covering such as had startled her on her arrival yesterday. Smiling, she refused it. But now Djania might not go with her! Ridiculous! She went out alone, ignoring her mother-in-law's thunderous looks, but heavy at heart.

She wandered about, now losing herself in the strangeness and color, now thudding back to the thought, "I must get used to it—must!"

The house, on her return, seemed heavy with an ominous spirit. Djania's eyes were frightened, the mother's narrow with hate. And that night, as they sat about the (*Continued on page 37*)

She would stop struggling against her thoughts. He was a terrible—and oh, so precious—magnet!

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The Royal Rooter

The sword bearer jumped to his feet and started in to yell in his native tongue

By SINBAD

At the ball park, the Caliph discards dignity for the moment—but then didn't his peoples contribute much to the national game?

IT WAS the beginning of the third inning, and the Commander of the Faithful was in happy mood.

"One thing, Sinbad, that pleases me about your great national game," he said, "is to find that we from the other side of the world have contributed something to its development."

I turned to stare at him, though respectfully.

"Inimitable One," I said, "you mean that baseball is not really derived from one-old-cat? You suggest that the game originated in Central Asia about the year 450 B. C., like pretty nearly everything else except the Anti-Saloon League?"

He shook his head.

"That would be claiming too much," he said. "What I have in mind is our contribution to the vocabulary of the game. Naturally I have read up on the subject in your daily press. And it is astonishing how many references I encountered to the Sultan of Swat, the Maharajah of Maul, the Begum of Bing, and similar Oriental dignitaries. Imagine the thrill when I found one of your players—last year he batted .341—described as the Caliph of Concussion. That came very close to home, Sinbad."

At this moment the sword bearer Mesrour, who was sitting on one side of His Majesty, jumped to his feet and started in to yell in his native tongue. Zimmermann was at bat for the Blue Sox, and the count was two and three.

"Wahabi ibn saud fatima yemen mustapha aleppo il-Akhbar!" howled Mesrour.

The good fellow's fists were clenched and beating time. His mouth, at a reasonable estimate, was six inches agape. His eyes were half out of their sockets. Altogether he suggested an imminent case of cerebral hemorrhage. I turned to His Majesty for enlightenment.

The Successor smiled.

"Mesrour is beseeching the man with the club to murder the ball," explained the Caliph. "He is imploring him to smite the spheroid on the nose in the name of Allah. My good Mesrour's emotions are not always under perfect control."

With the moral backing of Mesrour and 19,000 other spectators similarly afflicted, Zimmermann met a straight one and drove it to deep center. When he was safe on second Mesrour expressed his gratitude to Allah with a climactic howl and a few excerpts from what appeared to be a Polynesian war dance.

"Your Majesty has favored us with a profound observation," said the gentleman on the Caliph's right. He was the associate editor of one of the intellectual weeklies from which words of less than six syllables are rigidly excluded. He was now engaged upon an intensive study of the recreations of the hoi polloi with special reference to herd morale and mob hysteria. Along that line he had already investigated the movies, the vaudeville stage, the comic strip and our leading jazz orchestras.

The editor continued.

"Your Majesty has no doubt observed," he said, "that an unconditioned emotional discharge such as your faithful sword bearer has just indulged in constitutes a characteristic sign of the imperfectly integrated reflex mechanism of the great masses of the populace. To those privileged to live on a higher plane of susceptibility reaction is possible only to stimuli of a finer—"

He did not finish his sentence. Zimmermann had slid feet foremost into third on an attempted steal, and the referee was calling him out. Behind me I heard a familiar voice raised in the native Mesopotamian dialect.

"Omar Kemal i wadi!" the voice shrieked. "Imam! Bismillah! Askari il hasdrubal!"

I turned to look. It was His Majesty, Harun-al-Rashid, Commander of the Faithful, Successor to the Prophet, Prince of the Oxus, Guardian of the Kaaba, and Defender of the Holy Trade Routes; and he was expressing himself with all the reticence of a Comanche with delirium tremens.

"What is he saying?" I inquired discreetly of the Counsel on Public Relations.

C. P. R. translated literally:

"The Exalted One is saying, 'Robber, Thief, Burglar!' He is saying, 'You big crook, get yourself a pair of binoculars!'"

The Caliph sank back into his seat out of breath and a trifle ashamed, I thought. He began to talk rapidly, addressing himself to the editor.

"There is much truth in what you say, Robinson Effendi," said the Caliph. "The emotional reflex in a game so uncertain as baseball— How hot the sun is getting to be!"

What Baseball Is

THE editor must have been searching for the proper psychoanalytic reply, for he remained silent, and it was the Counsel on Public Relations who intervened.

"Luminescence," said C. P. R., "not an uncertain game. If anything, the game of baseball represents the triumph of the higher mathematics. Nowhere else on earth are there so many men capable of demonstrating at the beginning of the season that if the Athletics win 140 out of their 154 games and the Senators lose 123 games out of 152 the Athletics will beat out the Senators for the flag, providing, of course, the Athletics' pitching staff can stand the pace. In the last two weeks of the season, Delightful One, there are millions of men in this country who carry about with them little slips of paper inscribed with such numbers as .00000456. This is the margin by which the Blue Sox will finish ahead of the Antelopes if the Blue Sox win all of their remaining 9 games while the Antelopes are taking 2 out of 11."

"Athletics, Senators, Blue Sox, Antelopes," murmured the Caliph and turned to the editor. "I find something extremely attractive in the picturesque appellations of your baseball teams; your Giants and your Reds and your Pirates and your Tigers and your Antelopes. It is fine to think of men battling and dying under their hereditary totems and for the altars of their sires, so to speak."

Dolan Does His Duty

"IT IS so," said the editor, but without enthusiasm. Plainly he found it hard to overlook the Successor's recent display of vulgar reflex action. I hastened to inject myself into the situation.

"Great One," I said, "if you will pardon me, altars of their sires is overstating it somewhat. Zimmermann, whose magnificent effort for the Blue Sox Your Majesty was just admiring, came to the team three weeks ago in a trade with the Antelopes. He was born in South Africa—"

The editor's face lit up.

"Your Highness," he said, "Sinbad has stumbled, doubtless unwittingly, on a truth of pregnant significance. It is a regrettable fact that our gladiators of the diamond are actuated by the instinct for service. That is why it is so difficult for anyone endowed with the finer æsthetic reactions to find a real thrill in—"

He did not finish. Dolan for the Antelopes had come to bat chewing violently. He stepped out to meet the first one pitched and sent it zooming, high and inside, for the right fence. The editor was on his feet and expressing himself in words of only one or two syllables.

"Wow!" he said. "Oh, baby! Watch it! Oh, what a bingo!"

Ultimately he sat down, together with approximately 19,000 other lunatics, and he tried to look as if he had been quoting from the Principles of Psychology, by William James. And there was no one there in the mood to make it hard for him. In this manner we sat quietly enough until the third man for the visitors was out in the seventh inning. The Caliph had not studied the sporting pages for nothing. He was among the first to get to his feet and stretch.

"But why not emotion, Robinson Effendi?" he said to the editor. "Emotion is the essence of religion, and is not this a religious act we are this moment engaged in? We are a congregation of 19,000 people. And all over your great country at this moment are similar congregations engaged in this impressive democratic seventh-inning rite. It is stupendous."

It was on the point of my tongue to remind His Majesty that he was overstating the case somewhat because while it was 4:15 P. M. where we were it was only 3:15 in Chicago, 2:15 in Denver and 1:15 in San Francisco. But it occurred to me that such a remark would come more appropriately from the editor of the intellectual weekly; and, besides, in substance the Commander of the Faithful was right.

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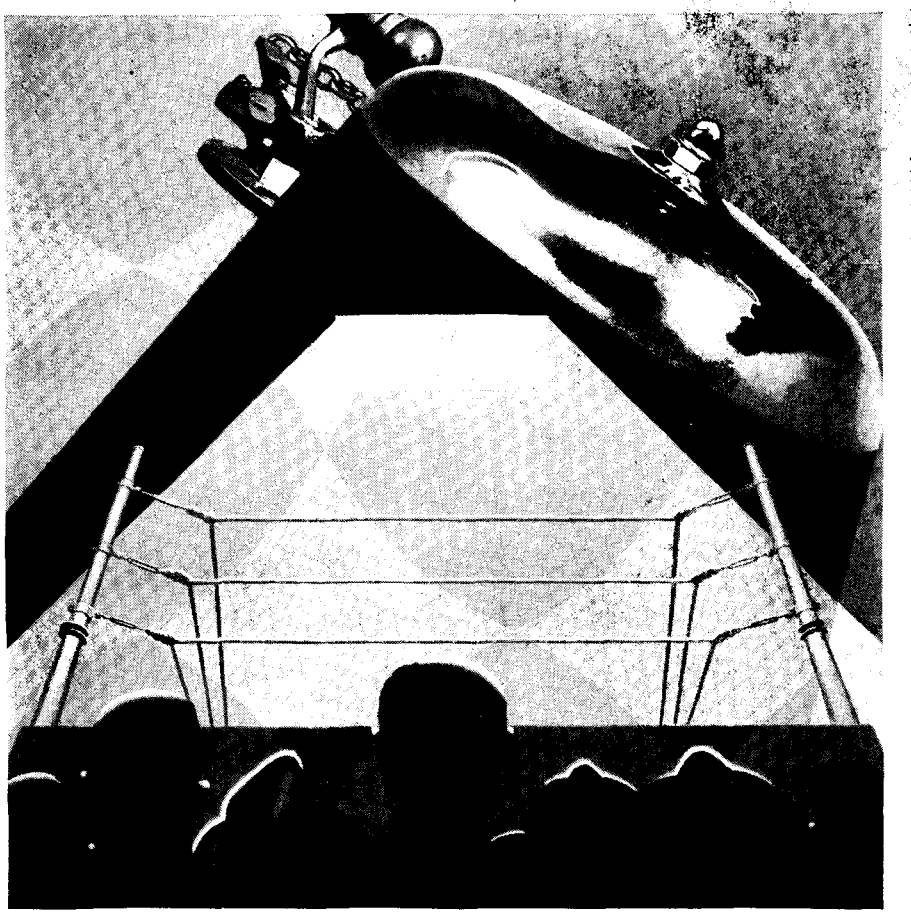
Waiting for the Gong

By GRANTLAND RICE

Anything can happen when two big heavyweights meet where a million dollars swings in the summer breeze



If a hurricane follows the gong, it will be a cheerful surprise

YES, it is true enough that John L. Sullivan was backed at 5 to 1 to beat Jim Corbett—and Corbett won.

It is also true that Corbett was favored by 3 to 1 to beat Fitzsimmons and the Freckled One knocked him out in fourteen rounds.

Shortly after that, big, awkward Jim Jeffries, with only eleven fights under his belt, was rated as a set-up for Fitz and the California Grizzly won with a knockout in eleven rounds.

The betting favored Jeffries to beat Jack Johnson, which he didn't do, and the odds on Dempsey to beat Tunney were 3 or 4 to 1.

Favoring odds apparently can travel in a number of wrong directions where the glamour of the champion obscures sound judgment and the glint from the regal coronet of pugilism shines in the observer's wavering eyes.

Once again the odds favor the champion as Gene Tunney steps out to defend his title as heavyweight king against Tom Heeney, the Hard Rock from Down Under.

It has been just thirty-one years since a British heavyweight worked his way into the challenger's seat for a shot at the main plum. In 1897 Bob Fitzsimmons, an Australian Cornishman or a Cornish Australian, lifted the crown from Jim Corbett's pompadour at Carson City.

Most of the British heavyweights since Fitz's day have been pushovers for the nearest fist, no matter who propelled it. Carpentier wrecked Bombardier Wells and Joe Beckett in a round or two, and Knute Hansen spilled Phil Scott at the first jump over here. Yet Scott out-pointed Heeney at their last meeting, and here Heeney is fighting for the title.

For all that it must be admitted here and now that there is nothing of the pushover connected with Heeney. He isn't the best and fastest boxer that ever lived, and no one can accuse him of being the world's heaviest hitter, but the New Zealand Irishman can take as much as Gibraltar. They have all hit him with one thing or another, but so far he has been harder to dent than a granite post.

Tunney and Heeney are now entering the final training zone for their approaching war, and when you sum up the evidence Tunney ought to be a sure thing.

He Has Made His Million

HE IS a better boxer than Heeney and a better puncher with both hands. He is just as game and just about as durable. He has just as much stamina and is somewhat smarter under fire.

But in the last two years and a half Tunney has fought just twenty rounds against a wide-open, rushing fighter who was made to order for the Tunney system. He has won and defended the title, he has made his million and he hasn't cared an awful lot for the pomp and ceremony of the crown. Tunney was at his best in Philadelphia in 1926—he was sliding at Chicago in 1927—and there is no set reason to believe he will be advancing upward again in New York.

The outward evidence is so strongly in Tunney's favor that he ought to be a 1 to 10 shot, but while Tunney has had two short fights in two and a half years, Heeney has faced nine fights in the last eighteen months and it is in action, under fire, that shock troops are made ready for assault. Heeney has faced two clever boxers in Sharkey and Delaney and two rough actors in Risko and Paulino and none of them has whipped him yet.

This evidence is not entered as any ballyhoo for another More-Than-a-Million gate. For the contest offers no advance sign of drama or excitement. Tunney has never been rated as any killing walloper, and in sixty or more rounds against Delaney, Sharkey, Paulino and Risko the current or fiscal challenger failed to leave a headache in his opponent's corner.

The only man he stopped abruptly was Jimmy Maloney, and it took no crowbar at that time to drop James. They have all been dropping him ever since Sharkey started the fad. Tunney is a jolting, damaging puncher who can cut and jar but he has never been any part of a Dempsey at the thumping act.

A Stolid Pair

HE KNOWS how to hit, but he works on the conservative side where self-defense is the first principle. He might have stopped Dempsey in the fourth round at Chicago, but he wasn't willing to trade an uppercut against the chance of a left hook, even when Dempsey looked as groggy as a half-drowned Airedale. Tunney cut up Dempsey's face badly in both fights with right and left chops and jabs that were backed up by a shoulder snap which the crowd missed. He was shooting his fists only ten or twelve inches for these face massages, but he was putting 190 pounds back of the impetus.

If Heeney can hit, he has been saving the Big Bertha stuff for this show. The New Zealand invader is game, tough, aggressive, hard to hurt and able to set a fast pace for fifteen rounds. He is just a pretty fair boxer who knows his leather goods. But anything can happen when two big heavyweights meet where a million dollars happens to be swinging in the summer breeze.

There has been no great amount of drama hooked to Tunney, and there has been even less attached to Heeney. So if a hurricane breaks out it will be a cheerful surprise and a bigger upset than if Heeney should win.

So far as temperament goes there have never been two fighters with nervous systems under such control. Tunney hopped into a plane and flew to his Philadelphia fight, nodding and smiling to his friends at the ringside as if he were at a literary lecture. At Chicago he read a book until called to take a motor for the ring in Soldiers' Field, and he was even more unconcerned there than he was at Philadelphia.

The old Hard Rock travels under even less tension. One fight has always been the same to him as any other. Where Jack Dempsey last summer was driving himself with a whirl of hard work and nervous energy to get ready, even after many months of hard training, Heeney announced that he had no intention of leaving his fight in any blinkin' gymnasium and that he could be ready to go with two weeks' work.

He has worked longer than that, but if his pulses have taken on an extra jump he has concealed the fluttering from any peering eye. He came over here expecting to look around and possibly pick up enough change to get on home. His first fight was velvet. So were the others. The Tunney engagement was velvet, win, lose or draw. So Heeney doesn't see anything to get excited about.

Whatever happens, he is still a long way ahead of what he ever dreamed might happen. In place of the loser's end in one fight he got nine fights and nobody beat him, although Paulino drew a decision against him.

When you begin to figure out a character of this sort you have to look beyond the visible signs. If you go to these, you can't give him a chance against Tunney. Even his style is more suited to the Tunney method than either Risko's or Sharkey's or Paulino's. But any son of destiny who can march along as Heeney has marched the last eighteen months is not to be regarded lightly.

Just Another Fight for Heeney

HEENEY has a way of setting a fairly fast, steady pace which he maintains to the finish. He sets his clip and holds it as Nurmi runs. There isn't any hanging back nor any spurting forward. He merely keeps his even stride. It may run into monotony at times but it's annoying to any opponent. There is no change of pace, no shifting of speed. In his other fights this method has had a depressing effect on his opponents after the first few rounds.

It might be noted that Heeney is a better boxer than Dempsey, harder to hit and just as hard to hurt. Jack Delaney might as well have left his right hand at home. He admitted that he couldn't get it by Heeney's guard. So while Tunney can outbox Heeney and outhit him, if the champion has lost any of the vital spark, any of the flame he felt against Dempsey, he will have his trouble getting through.

It is easy to figure why Tunney ought to win about twelve of the fifteen rounds, if he is the same Tunney, not only outwardly but inwardly. It isn't so easy to figure where Heeney might break through because his chance is in the psychological zone that isn't so easily explained.

The Tunney of Philadelphia could have won fifteen rounds from the Heeney who has been fighting around New York for a year. But no one ever saw the Dempsey of Toledo again, and Dempsey was then only twenty-four. Tunney is now thirty, rich, content and none too crazy about his trade. Heeney, on the other side, has done far better than he ever thought he could do and whatever happens it is all on the plus side in his ledger.

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The Prince of Escape

By CHARLES SAXBY

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

The Story Thus Far:

VALDEZ, really Mike Byrne, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., finds himself in the midst of important happenings in England, where he has been doing his escape and disappearing act at the Imperial Theatre.

He is engaged by the Cordato crowd, through Cordato's secretary, Niklaus, to obtain from Brenda Hope, daughter of the late Sir Mannister Hope, the radio secrets which her father left with her alone, refusing to make them public because his belief in Deep Sleep had been ridiculed. Brenda, against the wishes of Bernadot, her father's assistant, is giving public performances of Deep Sleep, during which she answers all questions except any she has willed herself not to, as in the case of questions about radio.

The Countess of Wallingford, in behalf of the prime minister, Blazebroke, is trying to get hold of the secrets. She has taken Brenda to Wallingford Castle.

Valdez disappears—he acts in disguise so that no one knows his real appearance. A reward is offered for his capture. He goes to a rooming house, is robbed, gets behind in his rent and is told by the housemaid, who turns out to be Quinta Pell, musical comedy actress down on her luck, that the landlady will get him in her power because of the rent. Together they escape and to make a little money go singing on the Thames.

They take refuge in a houseboat belonging to Professor Bernadot, ill with malaria. By now Valdez wants only to rescue Brenda. After two days Valdez slips away to Wallingford Castle, where he runs into a newspaper reporter who knows all about him—Ann Wrex, American. She seems not eager to give him away.

Later he is captured by Niklaus, who informs him that he must enter Wallingford Castle next day by means of a statue, presented by Cordato to Lady Wallingford. Valdez agrees. The statue is duly delivered and locked in a vault.

MIDNIGHT was long past, and the Long Gallery at Wallingford was dim with moonlight through stained-glass windows. The vaulted ceiling dripped pendent flowers of stone and tattered banners won in wars two hundred years forgotten. A gilded idol from some Indian temple stretched six arms above three heads. Mounted suits of armor stood like empty bronze shells of a past age.

At its end an alcove was a pool of pinkish light. Italian furniture held wine, fruits and the important personages of Lady Wallingford and her guests. Ann Wrex pulled furs about her against the chill which these English never seemed to feel. Swami Krishnaram, in purple robes, waved aside proffered wine. Lord Mallaby hung long legs over the arm of his chair, and drawled, "I say, Jane, did your Greek incubus turn up yet?"

Lady Wallingford, sipping orange juice and Vichy, nodded curtly. "Yes, it came. I gave orders for it to be locked up in the cell where Richard II imprisoned the mad earl."

" 'Distrust the Greeks, bringing gifts,' eh?" Mallaby laughed. "At all events, put 'em in an oubliette overnight. Did you think your friend Valdez might have hidden under one of the labels on it?"

"If it really is the statue," the countess said, "it won't hurt it at all. If it happens to be Valdez—well, I'd like to see even him get out of the Black Hole. We'll look and see in the morning."

"A bit hard on the poor beast, to have to spend the night in that ghastly trap."

"Then he shouldn't be trying to do things against me."

Mallaby's face of hacked stone cracked into a grin. "What a pity you weren't born in the Middle Ages, Jane; you'd have gone far in those days. Taking no chances, eh, on anybody getting near your little sleeping wren?"

"As to Miss Hope," Lady Wallingford shrugged, "she's not here at all. I sent her down to Shaugh Prior three days ago."

"So if it is Valdez down below, he's spending a pleasant night for nothing." Mallaby's laugh cackled startlingly out. "There are moments, my dear, when you are very precious to me. . . . By the way, got anything out of the gal yet?"

Lady Wallingford's jaw tightened. "Obstinate little fool—no."

Mallaby twitched a shoulder at Krishnaram, sitting silent, consciously hieratic, in his purple robes.

"Thought our friend here was going to get up some hocus-pocus."

"If Miss Hope," the swami pronounced, "really attains to the true Deep Sleep, then the masters alone can pass to that dimension.

"But I am convinced that this girl does not attain the real Deep Sleep, but that she merely becomes conscious on some intermediate plane—possibly even that of Karma Loka, the place of the Causes of Things. In that case she can be reached there. . . . Yes, we could do things to her in *that* world. . . ."

His words, his tone, brought a hint of things strange and forbidden. Outside an owl hooted over the lake, beyond the lamps a shape of empty armor seemed almost to stir in the opal dimness of the moonlight as the Hindu went on:

"Shells; those astral forms, beautiful or monstrous, the thoughts of our minds taking shape on that purgatorial plane. . . . Shells without life or feeling, but floating in a perpetual hunger for both! They can be fed to a temporary life. The blood of a sheep will do it.

"They would flock, if properly called, to inhale the psychic steam from it. And, under the stimulus of that temporary life they become obedient to the hand that feeds them.

"THEY could be instructed to follow Miss Hope's astral shape when she becomes conscious in that world. . . . Ah! . . ." Krishnaram's mouth closed so that unsuspected muscles stood out on his cheeks.

"I wouldn't care for such a consciousness myself, under those conditions. I think they would make her willing to tell anything, just to have them called off from her."

The silence seemed to thicken with things unspoken. Lady Wallingford stared at nothing, the rouge suddenly plain upon her face. Ann Wrex's eyes, mockingly clear, were fixed upon a suit of armor as if she saw in it one of those empty shapes, galvanized to a horrid similitude of life. Mallaby grunted uneasily, shifting his long legs.

"Sounds pretty cock-eyed to me. How about it, Jane?"

"I'll try anything. Something has to be done if Blazebroke is to stay in office."

"A pretty pass!" Mallaby grumbled. "The British Government going into the Witch of Endor business! This setting of private devils to prey on a really nice-looking gal— Well—when's it to be done?"

"Tomorrow night, at Shaugh Prior."

Mallaby uncoiled himself and rose. "Have it your own way. But, just for fun, let's go down and open up your Trojan Horse. . . . Want to come, Miss Wrex?"

Ann Wrex considered that with a gaze of blank enigma. "I think not, thanks. I'm hardly interested enough in Mr. Valdez to go poking after him in cold dungeons."

For many minutes she sat, listening to their footsteps retreating over marble flags. Then she rose and switched off the lamps, and the place was suddenly eerie with the moon splashing dim colors from the cathedral windows. Taking a flashlight from her bag, she sprayed it over the visor of a giant suit of inlaid armor, speaking the while in metallic mockery:

"You can come out now, Mr. Valdez."

That mockery held as the armor seemed to gasp. There was a faint creak of its bronze joints, a warmer blur upon the shadows as a figure melted out from behind it.

"I chose that one because it was so easy to get into—mostly all front. How did you know I was there?"

"I didn't," she coolly told him. "You're not the only one who has hunches. How did you ever get out of the Black Hole place?"

"Oh, as to that"—he shrugged in his stage fashion—"merely a physical trick, ladies and gentlemen, no mystery."

Quinta leaned over the rail. "Oh, I'm afraid I may spill the kettle!"

Then came a shot, "Say, was it you who sold me down the river to Niklaus last night?"

"I merely gave you a chance at the biggest thing that may ever come your way. If you can get in with the Cordato people—but I suppose you have, since you came with that statue. How much did you hear just now?"

"I got an (*Continued on page 40*)

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Requital— A Short Short Story

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrated by HARVE STEIN

Eunice's expression was cold and patronizing . . . she radiated luxury and selfishness

THE luxurious blond woman with the coldly beautiful face eyed her caller with open hostility. Her words came sharply as the snapping of icicles.

"Well," inquired Eunice, "what do you want?"

The visitor seemed rather out of place in the formally austere library. She was smaller than Eunice and a vivid brunette, where the latter was superbly pink and white. But the darker face was kindly; it had a sweetness which the blond utterly lacked.

Mary wore a simple ready-made dress of navy blue. A white collar and little white cuffs were the only trimmings. She looked precisely what she was—a proud, educated, self-respecting working woman of the better class.

Not so Eunice. Her expression was cold and patronizing. She radiated luxury and selfishness, and her supercilious stare held nothing of mercy.

Mary was troubled. She hesitated for a moment, then spoke timidly.

"Mrs. Wallace," she said, "you are about to divorce John, aren't you?"

"I am. But what business is it of yours?"

"Isn't it true that you intend to name me as corespondent in your divorce suit?"

"It is."

"Is it true, Mrs. Wallace, that you also intend to drag the name of my son into this affair?"

"John's brat!" she snapped. "I certainly am."

"You mustn't do that," said Mary.

"You don't deny the child is his?"

"No. I don't deny that."

"Then how dare you ask me to leave you out of my divorce proceedings? I'm glad enough to make John suffer. He has made me a laughingstock. He is worthless, unscrupulous, mean—"

"I know John, Mrs. Wallace—perhaps better than you do. He is, I agree, utterly worthless, but it isn't John I've come to talk about. He hasn't much manhood, and it is only right that he should be made to suffer. What I've come for is to beg of you to leave me out of this—not for my sake, but for the sake of the boy. He's John's son—yes." The trim little figure was militantly erect. "He is also my son, Mrs. Wallace. Can't you see what you are planning to do? You are going to ruin his entire life . . . and for no reason. You can divorce John without mentioning me or the boy. You can get the freedom you want—and without ruining two lives. Certainly my boy is entitled to consideration."

EUNICE was intensely annoyed: "Why should I show consideration? The divorce isn't all I want. I want to make John suffer, and, quite frankly, I want to make you suffer. Not that I ever loved John . . . but because you both tricked me."

Mary took a step forward.

"Haven't you any mercy—any sympathy—for an innocent child?"

"Not a particle. I have my position to consider. And, furthermore, I've stood entirely too much of your impertinence. I've never heard of such colossal effrontery . . . that you should come to me for mercy. I have no sympathy with women of your sort, or with children of the kind—"

"Stop!" Mary did not raise her voice, but her eyes were blazing. "I warn you, Mrs. Wallace—not to go any farther."

Eunice snapped her fingers. "You *warn* me! How cheaply theatrical!"

"Yes, I warn you. I have begged you—and now I order you—not to mention my name or that of my son in your divorce action. I've tried to be decent, Mrs. Wallace. I've come to you as a woman in trouble . . . begging a favor which really doesn't mean anything to you—"

"It means plenty to me. I'm tired of John and his whole tribe. The more he suffers, the better I like it. And as for you and that illegitimate brat of his—"

Mary's face was white. "You won't forget that I came to you decently, will you? You won't forget that I warned you?"

"Are you actually threatening me?"

"I am," answered Mary gravely. "Remember—you are fighting for selfish revenge on a worthless man. I am fighting for the future of my son."

Mary's quiet manner infuriated Eunice. Her temper burst its bounds and vitriolic words cascaded from those lips which could be so soft and gentle. She said many, many things . . . bitter, biting, cruel things. Mary heard her through. She stood at the door and regarded the woman pityingly.

"You really don't deserve mercy, Mrs. Wallace. Good-by."

She was gone. Eunice found herself on the threshold of a hysterical attack. The impertinence of the woman!

The following day her divorce petition was filed; the affair drew considerable notoriety in the newspapers and Eunice was satisfied.

EUNICE'S satisfaction lasted for precisely two days. On the morning of the third day she sat up in bed to drink her morning coffee. She casually glanced at the newspaper, and saw her own picture. There was a big headline and many smaller headlines. And then a story which caused Eunice to remember the calm, purposeful look in Mary's eyes!

"Developments of a sensational nature occurred yesterday in the society divorce action of Mrs. Eunice Wallace against John Wallace, when Mary Wallace, the so-called 'woman in the case,' issued a statement to the press in which she advances apparently incontrovertible proof that she has been married to John Wallace for seven years and that they have never been divorced. The most startling angle of the situation is that under these conditions Mrs. Eunice Wallace has never been John Wallace's legal wife."

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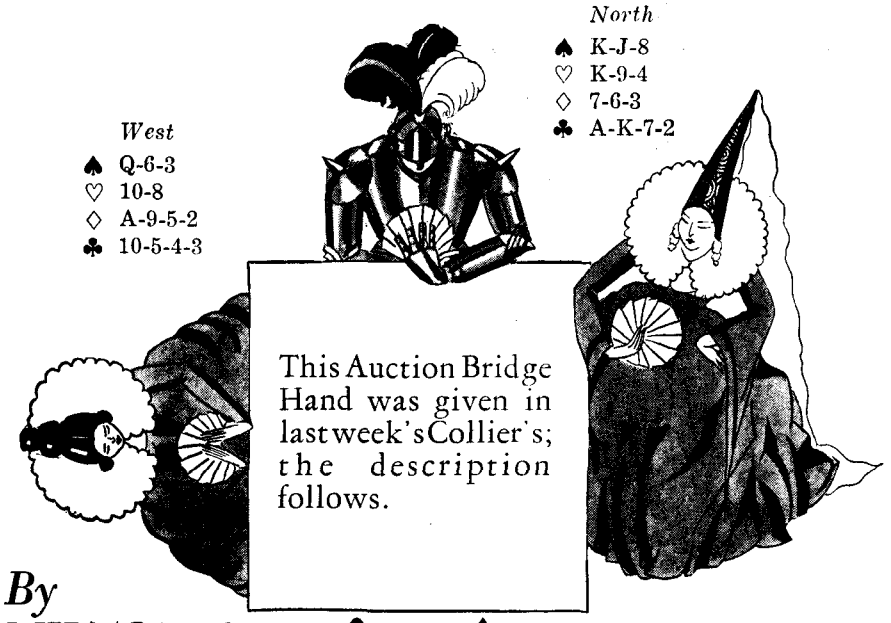
How would you play it?



By MILTON C. WORK

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

WHEN I saw this hand played at Duplicate, the bidding at all the tables was as follows:

South (Dealer) opened with one Heart. West passed. North also passed and East bid One Spade. On the second round South bid Two Hearts and West, with a good helping hand for East, raised her partner to Two Spades. North, with three Hearts headed by the King and help in Spades and Clubs, raised South to Three Hearts, which obtained the contract.

Whether it was the soundest bidding for North and South is a question; but no doubt North and South would have made game easily by a preëmptive bid.

Should South have bid one Heart or more?

Two Hearts would not be a sound declaration, for two reasons: First, it would show a combination (Ace-King-Queen and three others) that South did not hold; second, it would probably not be effective as a preëmptive bid. With South's hand a preëmptive bid of at least three was desirable on account of his worthless singleton. Had he the strength to start that high? He could count his hand as worth only five Heart tricks with a probable trick in Clubs and a trick in Diamonds unless West held the Ace. It rarely is wise to risk a bid of three unless the hand contains seven tricks with the declaration named the trump.

North's problem was whether to try to shut out a bid from East by bidding three Hearts, which he had ample strength to do, or pass and risk the effect of a bid which East readily might make over one Heart. The argument for the pass by North is twofold. First, that with a partner who could bid, North's hand was too strong to preempt; if adverse bidding went too far, it probably could be doubled profitably. The other reason is that many players use the convention that jumping partner's one of a Major to three necessarily shows length in the Major and not an oversupply of strength on the side.

The Play

AT ALL seven tables of Duplicate, when I saw this hand played, West led the Queen of Spades, the proper lead, East having bid that suit and the bidding having been overcalled with a suit contract. If South had overcalled East's Spade with a No Trump, West's correct lead would have been the lowest of her three Spades. Dummy's King-Jack was a fourchette over the Queen, and by covering the Queen the guarded Jack became an obvious winner. At every table except one Declarer unhesitatingly played the King of Spades from Dummy and East won with the Ace. East then appreciated that after the fall of the Nine from Closed Hand, the Jack-Eight had become a Major tenace in Dummy and that a continuation of the Spade up to it would be foolish. So East made the obvious lead of the Queen of Diamonds. This resulted in three Diamond tricks for East and West which, with the one Spade, saved the game.

At one table the Declarer realized that if he covered the Queen of Spades with the King, East almost certainly would win with the Ace and shift to Diamonds. If that happened, Declarer's game depended upon which adverse hand held the Ace of Diamonds; but he had game to a certainty if Dummy ducked the first trick and left the lead in the West hand. The scheme was effective. Dummy played the Eight of Spades; West won the trick and continued the Spade, hoping that East would win and lead toward West's Ace of Diamonds. But South trumped the second Spade, exhausted the adverse trumps, got a Diamond discard on Dummy's fourth Club and lost only three tricks, making game.

South was deservedly complimented for his clever play, but when East saw Dummy fail to cover with a fourchette, she should have seen the reason for so unusual a play. She had the opportunity to make a clever counterplay by winning her partner's Queen of Spades, making both Spades good in Dummy, but getting the lead while she could, so as to lead a Diamond up to Dummy's weakness and through a probable King held by South.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 7-5	S. A-K-Q-10-8-4
H. 9-7-5	H. A-J
D. 10-9-5-4	D. 7
C. 7-6-3-2	C. A-K-8-5
West	*South*
S. J-9	S. 6-3-2
H. 8-6-3-2	H. K-Q-10-4
D. A-J-8-6-3	D. K-Q-2
C. J-9	C. Q-10-4

Tom, Tom, the Plumber's Son

Continued from page 7

the champion of Australia. This was after I'd knocked out a Maori traveling under the name of Johnny Saunders. His real name was something you spelled in installments.

"My fight with Colin Bell was a rough-and-tumble affair. He outweighed me by twenty pounds, and my fighting weight is 198. With a big fellow like that leaning and pushing against you for twenty rounds—a solid hour of fighting—you get a pretty good test of your stamina."

Tom was adjudged champion of Australia, and to Old England went the news that Down Under had produced a heavyweight of consequence: a raw novice who could stand up against a veteran like Colin Bell and win.

Off to America

TOM received offers from British promoters. Aware of the supremacy of America in ring matters, they were also canny enough to realize that in a United States where rings were literally lined with gold the emergence of a Britisher as a challenger for the heavyweight title would produce international competition that would give zest and bring greater profits to the prize-fight business. Witness the enormity of the ballyhoo when Carpentier was matched with Jack Dempsey.

No more than half a dozen fights under his belt should make a young pugilist careful. Heeney wasn't. In England he tackled anybody who would fight him, and it was his break that the All-Blacks, a celebrated New Zealand Rugby team, should be touring England at the time he arrived. Tom had played what is known as lock-forward on New Zealand fifteens. They have fifteen men to a side in Rugby. The lock-forward has the job of stopping at least two men in the opposition front line at "scrummage."

So the All-Blacks met Tom in a body when he reached London. Three fights saw him as winner, and this at the National Sporting Club, where the highest excitement during a bout is registered by murmurs of "Hear, Hear!"

Rashly Tom figured that a fighter could fight every night. He took on old Tom Berry, the toughest boxer in captivity, whose face has the gnarled effect of an oak tree smitten by the wind. Heeney beat Berry. As he left the ring a promoter asked him if he'd fight Phil Scott, the champion of England, the following night, as a scheduled opponent had run out on the match.

Tom consented, rode down to Southampton the next morning and squared off against England's champion five hours after his arrival.

Scott got the decision. The All-Blacks, honoring their New Zealand compatriot by sitting at the ring-side en masse, called at the dressing-rooms to commiserate with Tom.

"You'd have won," said one huge full-back, "if you hadn't weakened at the end."

"Weakened!" bellowed Tom. "I'll fight you twenty rounds now for nothing."

Challenges are not lightly hurled at All-Black Rugby players. The full-back squared off, and for a merry half hour a select few were treated to a rousing fight, until the All-Black became temporarily unconscious.

This gave Tom a valuable bit of publicity, so that Bartley Madden, veteran Irish-American fighter strolling through the English provinces seeking whom he might devour, was pitted against Heeney. The bout brought Tom Heeney's name into American newspapers for the first time in his life: and that, remember, was little more than a year ago.

They fought in Ireland, on a spring afternoon. An Irish referee officiated. Mistaking the time of the engagement, he appeared in evening dress—as fight referees do at evening combats on the other side. In the middle of the bout, while Madden, as is his habit, was lecturing his opponent between blows, it began to rain. The referee's shirt front wilted, his tie streamed dye and his handle-bar mustache became exceedingly damp. For perhaps no other reason, he called the bout a draw in the nineteenth round. The crowd gave chase.

But Madden returned to America and declared to all the world that Tom Heeney of New Zealand was an extremely tough person.

Joe Beckett advised against going to America. Please recall Joe Beckett as the heavyweight champion of England who, with no more conquerors in sight, amazed the sporting world by the remarkable feat of knocking himself out in a gymnasium while shadow boxing.

"They don't treat a chap right over there," said Joe. "Look."

He produced rolls of newspaper clippings from the American press.

"It's all right for them to make fun of me," said Joe. "But when they start saying that there's a contest between the Prince of Wales and me as to whether 'Is Royal 'Ighness can fall off 'is 'orse more often than I can be knocked out, it's time to take it up with the bloomin' Foreign Office."

Tom, with his cheery unimaginativeness, declined gloomy Joe's advice. He came to America.

"That was winter—the end of the winter before last," says Tom. "Nobody paid the least attention to me. Doorkeepers barred me from meeting Rickard. I walked about with no money and little to eat until I came across a New York gymnasium. I paid twenty-five cents admission. There were three rings there, with Fidel La Barba sparring in one and some tough fellows using the others. One man knocked out his sparring partner and then asked any of the boys hanging around the place to box with him. I went into the ring. Laddie, this fellow was tough. He belted me all over and cracked my chin two dozen times. But I went back at him, and for ten rounds the boys against the ring saw as hot a fight for a quarter as anybody can buy for ten dollars.

"'Who are you, feller?' this chap asked me when we pulled off the gloves.

"I told him. Then he told me who he was: George Courtney, the Oklahoma cowboy—runner-up for the middleweight championship of the world."

The Best to Be Had

ANOTHER break for Tom. At about the same time that George Courtney was telling Rickard about this uncouth stranger who had traded clout for clout with him in a sparring exercise, a second-string heavyweight scheduled to fight within twenty-four hours in the Garden was being wrapped around an elevated pillar on Sixth Avenue after a mistake in identity by his taxi chauffeur, who thought the pillar was a pedestrian. Rickard told Courtney to get the name of the stubborn stranger.

So it happened that Rickard gave him a colored gentlemen named Anderson. Tom walked away with the verdict.

They gave him Paulino, and Paulino won. Why that was so is one of the latter-day mysteries of the ring. I saw the fight, and Heeney needed an adding machine to keep track of the socks he rained on Paulino. One after another he faced Maloney, K. O. in one round; Risko, won in ten; Paulino for the second time, draw; Sharkey, draw; Delaney, won in fifteen rounds.

These stalwarts of the elimination contest—which almost succeeded in eliminating Champion Tunney from any fight, so poor was the general exhibition until Heeney emerged—were the best to be had.

After the cigar and cigarette smoke cleared, Tunney exercised his prerogative as champion and picked the challenger who had battled his way to recognition.

"That scrap with Jack Delaney was the toughest I ever pulled through" says Tom. "I'd seen Delaney fight Jim Maloney in the Garden, and both of them

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Quality

First successful automobile engine lubricating oil—used by George B. Selden in his first car. 1877.

First automobile oil supplied in different grades to meet the varying needs of different types of engines. 1905.

First Lubrication Chart. The publication of the Mobiloil Chart made each dealer and motorist an expert in selecting the correct oil for any make or model of car. 1906.

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Fair retail price—30¢ a quart from bulk, except "B" and "BB" which are 35¢ a quart. (Prices higher in Southwest and Far West.)

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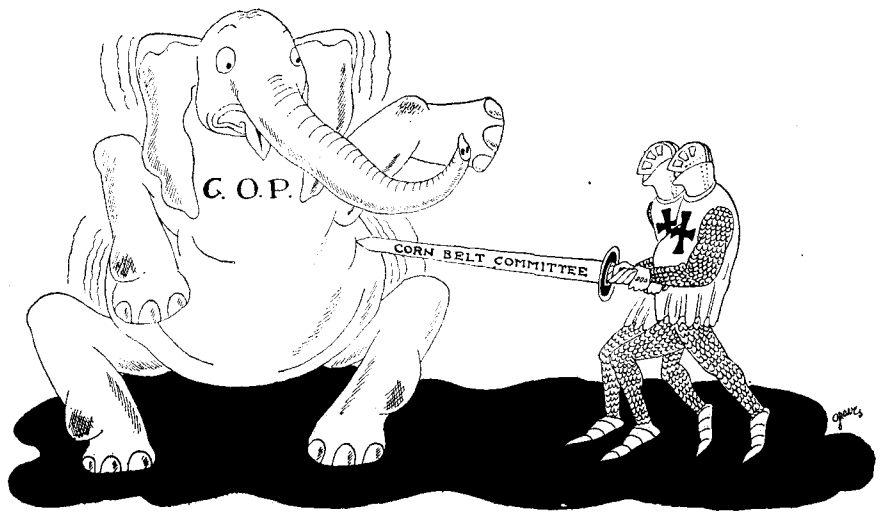

The Corn Belt Crusade

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

TWO business men are the leaders of the farm revolt in the West. If the farmers desert the Republican party in hundreds of thousands this year, it will be largely because of the activities of these two men.

They talk boldly of a change in political allegiances this year, which will not only turn the country Democratic next November, but which will upset the political balance between the two major parties for perhaps a quarter of a century to come.

We shall, if their vision comes true, no longer speak of this country as normally Republican but as normally Democratic.

One may dismiss these predictions as those of men too much carried away by their passion for the movement they lead to see things sanely; or one may wonder just what is going to happen when the farmer folk go to the polls next fall.

These two men are Republicans, or were formerly Republicans. One of them is George Peek, who used to be a farm machinery manufacturer at Moline, Ill. His brother is still a farm machinery manufacturer at that place. Another brother is vice president of the Dawes bank in Chicago.

The other man is Mark Woods, a banker at Lincoln, Neb., a farmer, the head of a big corporation. His business card reads, "Woods Brothers Corporation, Lincoln, New York, St. Louis, Omaha, Sacramento, Chicago and Kansas City." I take it that he is a rich man, a large landowner and a financier.

Peek and Woods are men of about fifty. Both look like farmers, ruddy-faced as if often exposed to the weather. Both are friends of Vice President Dawes—Mr. Woods from early association in Lincoln, where the Vice President practiced law in the next office to William Jennings Bryan, and Mr. Peek through later associations in Illinois.

Mr. Woods is also a close friend of General Pershing's. It was he who promoted the Pershing boom for President in 1920, when the general came back from the war.

Two Adventurous Fighters

MR. PEEK got interested in the farm movement when the hard conditions of agriculture after the deflation following the war cut down the sale of his plows in the Northwest. He strikes you as something of a fanatic, a man impatient of men who do not understand his ideas and agree with them. Indeed, people say that with a little more tact and patience in dealing with Congress, a little more readiness to compromise, he might have got farm-relief legislation passed long before this.

He is the man whom Washington chiefly associates with the McNary-Haugen Bill. He has been the driving force behind it there. He invented the name "equalization fee" for the tax to be imposed on agricultural products to maintain a fund to stabilize agricultural prices.

The word tax is unpopular. The word equalization sounds persuasive. In fact, it turns a tax into a cause, for equality is what the farmers are demanding.

Mr. Woods looks cooler and more practical. But he too is adventurous. As a pioneer in Montana, he started at one time to buy a million acres, and when his partners in the enterprise backed out, ended with the possession, himself, of 200,000 acres there.

He planted the first American macaroni wheat, in a graveyard in Montana—that being the only place fenced against roving cattle.

The Votes of Wrath

WITHOUT these two leaders it is questionable just how far the farm movement would have got: whether both political parties would now be speculating as to whether or not it would upset all calculations in the next election.

In 1924 the farm movement in politics was the dissatisfaction of individual farmers. Today it looks like a crusade. I say it looks like a crusade because Mr. Peek and Mr. Woods have the qualities, the energy, the force, the passion, to make it look like a crusade.

More important than all the farm organizations in the political practice is the Corn Belt Committee and these two men *are* the Corn Belt Committee. There are others in that committee, but these two are the life of it.

Their experience with larger affairs than farmers have had experience with, their resources, their contact with important men, have enabled them to accomplish things which no dirt farmer could accomplish. They have in a measure transcended the jealousies of the older individual farm organizations and made the Corn Belt Committee the political weapon of the farmers.

To take one illustration: their personal contact with Vice President Dawes enabled them to enlist his support for the McNary-Haugen Bill. With his aid they got it twice through Congress. Its passage and veto on two successive occasions have dramatized the conflict between the East and the West in the Republican party.

Mr. Peek and Mr. Woods are teaching the West that the Eastern industrial interests are determined to preserve their privileges at the expense of agriculture. The fight at the Republican National Convention dramatized the issue once more.

Opinions are wide apart on what the farmer will do in November. But the tone of the President's latest veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill is significant. When one side of a controversy raises its voice in anger, the other side is likely to be angry too.

Tom, Tom, the Plumber's Son

Continued from page 28

were terrible. I'd have tackled them in the same ring the same night.

"But in that eleventh round of my fight with Delaney he let loose the biggest stinger I've ever felt, a crack to the face that nearly settled my 'ash."

Always Willing

WITH the possible exception of Luis Angel Firpo—who quit choking bulls on the Argentine pampas to give Jack Dempsey his most thrilling moment as champion by knocking him completely from the zone of operations—no heavyweight fighter has ever forced himself to the front as recognized challenger in so brief a time and after so few fights.

And the real reasons for Tom's success are two. Dickens named one: Barkis is willin'. The other is supplied by Tom's British tradition of twenty-round bouts. He never haggled over terms; he has always been ready to meet anybody at any time. And in America, where ten and fifteen rounds are the limit, his instinctive husbanding of resources to cover the British Empire's twenty-round route has given Tom the quality of perseverance as contrasted with brilliance. He is always the stronger man in the ring at the end of a fight.

"Two good meals a day is the secret," says Tom. "Beef, vegetables, stewed fruit and ale when I can get it."

Ten months in America found money in his kit and a yearning for the ale pots of old England. Tom took a jaunt. In Paris they notified him that he had been elected to fight for the championship of the world.

Tom went out and bought a tuxedo. But when he left Paris they found the tuxedo in the wastebasket of his hotel room.

"What's the use!" he commented. "I'm a rough-and-ready fighter, not a pink-tea guy."

And this he says without any intent to compare merits with the socially accepted Gene Tunney. Gay lads inveigled Tom into permitting himself to be billed for a lecture in Latin at a fraternity club. Tom went. And on the faces of those present was anticipation of a gag. Tom arose, gazed on the dining-room wall and saw a shield bearing a motto: Dum vivimus, vivamus. (While we live, let us live.) Tom pointed to the first word: Dum.

"That's all the Latin I know," said he. "And I'm not dumb enough to try to bunco you chaps into thinking I know more."

Later he explained to me: "I'm not a reading guy. About the only book I've read in my life is the story of Ned Kelly, the New Zealand bandit who shot more coppers than any other outlaw in history.

"Gene talked with me after my fight with Delaney," says Heeney. "He said I had acquitted myself well, and when I figured out what that meant I asked him if he thought I stood any chance for a crack at the title.

"'Every American native son,' said Gene, 'has a chance for the Presidency and every foreign fighter has a chance at the heavyweight crown.'"

Tom Heeney may be the next heavyweight champion. Charley Harvey, his American manager, thinks he will. Perhaps is spelled with a large P. I don't think he much cares.

"All I want," says Tom, "is enough money to do what I want. That isn't getting married; I'll never marry. I want"—he paused to add the conventional cockney "bloody well"—"to have enough to go big-game hunting in jungles somewhere where they have jungles; to shoot lions and tigers, not kangaroos.

"And that means," he added, as his ledgelike chin protruded with cheery belligerence, "that I shan't have to shave every day."

And So to Bedlam

Continued from page 6

little sleep will fix you up. Please lie down. I'll call you when they're ready."

"Well, I look every day of my age. Thirty-six terrible years. And that's fatal enough."

There was a knock at the door. Helen peeped out, closed it, and said in a low voice, "It's Jim."

Jim was Miss Joy's husband. She'd married him a dozen years back as a means of escape from her mother. He was a newspaper man who seemed to have an intellect; and Miriam, then in her early twenties, worshipped what she supposed to be brains. She leaped up, brushed Helen aside, and herself opened the door. Jim came in—a hesitant, cowed man, with an oddly unmarked, babylike face and evasive eyes.

"What do you want?" Miriam asked brusquely. "You look seedy, Jim. Can't you take better care of yourself? I can't have you going round looking like an out-of-work. It reflects on me."

Jim drew his wife into a corner of the room. "I was thinking of speaking to you about that, Miriam. I was thinking if I could get a new suit—"

"Helen," Miriam said crisply, make out a check for a hundred dollars." With which she dropped again on the couch.

"There's another thing," he remarked, looking about in his hesitating way, looking everywhere except at Miss Joy. "I ran into that author fellow. Over on the corner. He's pretty mad. He didn't like your writing in a new scene."

"Didn't like my—" Again Miss Joy was on her feet.

"That man is impossible!" She was steaming up dramatically. A real scene was in the making. "What does he think I'm going to do? Wait around till he gets a bright idea? My word, we've got money in this piece! Do you know what it's costing us to rehearse here today? Just about one hundred dollars an hour! Does he know or care anything about that? *He does NOT! He* didn't put any money in! I spent the entire night writing a scene . . . *the entire night!* . . . to save the play . . . why, he admitted yesterday that something had to be done. . . ."

THERE was another knock at the door. Or more of a bang. And again it was Miss Joy herself who opened, brushing both the others aside. When she was strung as tight as this you had to get out of her way. They knew.

The assistant stage manager stood there, holding out an unstamped letter. She snatched it from him and tore open the envelope.

"Well, guess I'll trot along," murmured Jim, to nobody in particular.

Miss Joy burst out in a frenzy: "He's at his lawyer's, the swine! Little Mr. Foolish-Face! The nerve of it! . . . 'You have no right to introduce new matter without the written consent of my client . . . regard it as a breach of contract if you—' . . . Why, the—" She was too angry to speak coherently. She tore the note to small bits which she flung to the ceiling.

"Go out there!" cried the personage. "Find out what the idiots are up to. Telling me I can't write a scene in! Who thought this play out, anyway? Who wrote two thirds of it! Who's rehearsing it, playing it, shoveling money into it! Stop me, will they! I'll show them! I'll breach and breach!"

Miss Hatfield didn't hear all of this, except as a distant outcry. She had rushed off on her errand.

(*Continued on page 33*)

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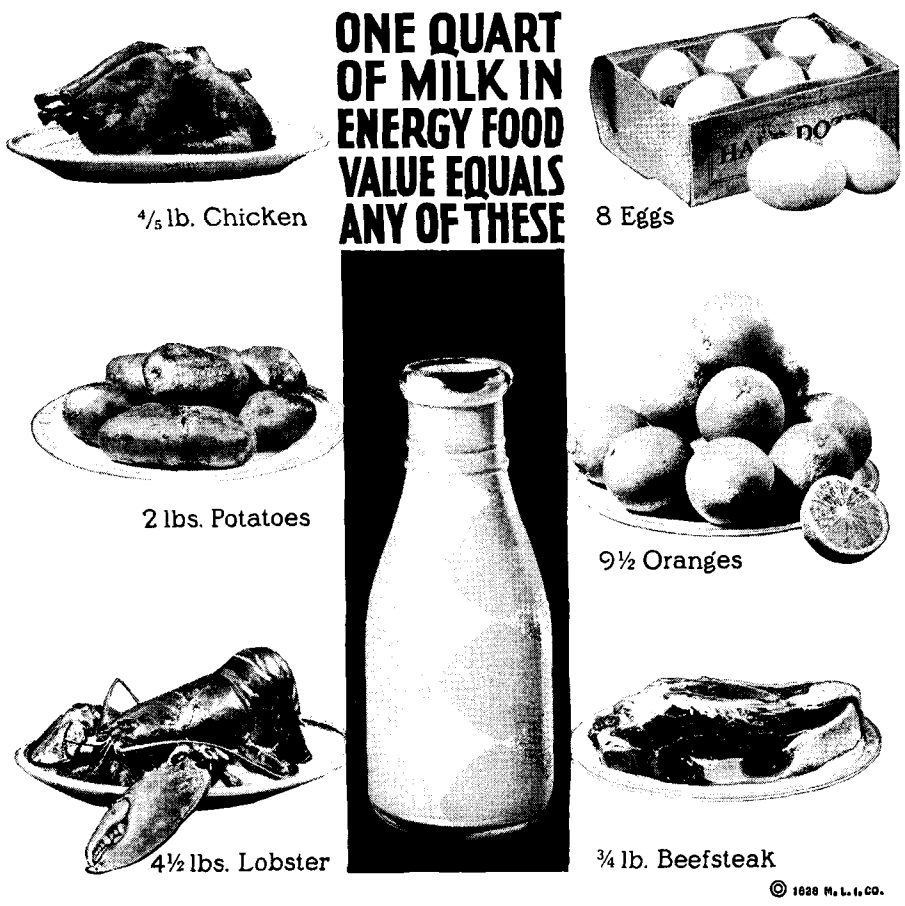
Milk—the Builder

FROM the moment baby's eyes open upon a strange world his demand is for food—food that will build a sturdy body and help him grow. Nature provides milk for his needs. In milk are found in right proportion all the many kinds of food required in the business of body-building. Throughout babyhood and youth the elements contained in milk are essential to sound growth.


ONE QUART OF MILK IN ENERGY FOOD VALUE EQUALS ANY OF THESE
4/5 lb. Chicken
8 Eggs
2 lbs. Potatoes
9½ Oranges
4½ lbs. Lobster
¾ lb. Beefsteak
© 1928 M. L. I. CO.

Each of these foods has its own value. The comparison is only for "energy value"—the property which gives the body strength and power to carry on its activities.

As a general rule, milk should not be regarded as a beverage to be taken when thirsty, like water. It is a food and should be sipped (eaten) slowly. In milk are found a greater number of the materials required by the body than in any other one food.

Milk contains minerals from which the bones and teeth are made, elements which produce strong muscles—as well as vitamins to assist growth and to ward off disease. There is no part of the body which it does not nourish.

The boys and girls who have milk regularly all through childhood have a better foundation of health—more rugged bodies to carry them through life—than those who have little or no milk. They will have more reserve strength with which to fight illness.

A quart of milk a day, in some form, should be the rule for every child all through the growing period. A few children have a real or imagined aversion to milk. But even with them, the doctor may find that they can take it and enjoy it if served as cocoa or in soups, sauces, custards, puddings, or frozen desserts.

Encourage your boys and girls to appreciate milk. Make them understand that for most people it is the finest all-around food in the world. Tell them what it will do for their bodies. Children love games. Teach them the game of body-building. Protein "bricks" for strong muscles; lime "bricks" for bones and teeth; milk sugar "bricks" and fat "bricks" for energy and warmth. All these and other building materials in milk.

Not only is milk a builder—it is a repairer, as well. That is why it is important that adults also should have a regular supply—not so much as children—but a glass or two a day or the equivalent amount served with other foods. Milk is a great help to men and women who want to keep strong, vigorous and youthful. But remember that milk has so much food value that when added to the diet a smaller quantity of other foods may be sufficient.

To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

Give milk to the children and—take it yourself.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company wishes to emphasize the importance of getting clean milk and keeping it clean after it reaches the home. Much of the difficulty in bringing babies safely through their second summer comes from the dangers which lie in impure milk or milk improperly cared for—milk left uncovered or without sufficient ice-protection.

Find out whether or not the milk you buy comes from a dairy where every scientific precaution has been used to keep the milk free from contamination—from the time of milking to its delivery.

Many of the great dairies, realizing the difficulties of safe-guarding every bottle of milk during the hours in transit, take no chances and pasteurize it. Many cities and towns demand that practically all milk must be pasteurized. In some cities special certificates of quality are issued upon convincing evidence of clean and safe handling and the testing of cattle for tuberculosis. Dairies which have such recognition are glad to show copies of dairy reports upon which their special certificates are issued.

If your milk supply is not pasteurized or certified, it is advisable that you pasteurize your milk at home. Complete and simple directions together with other valuable information will be found in our booklet, 88-C, "All About Milk". It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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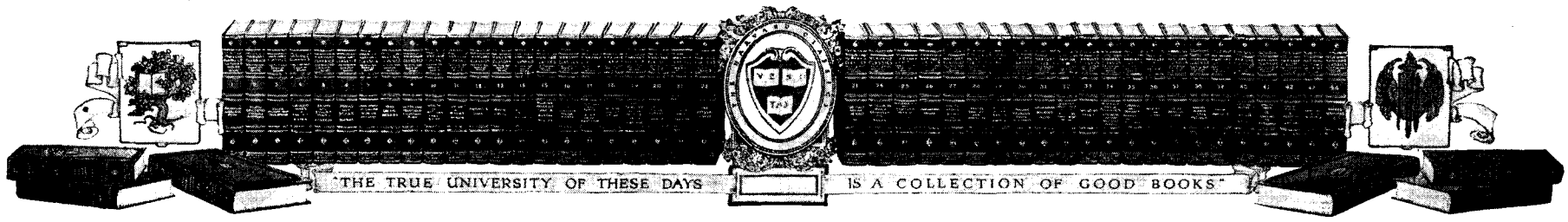
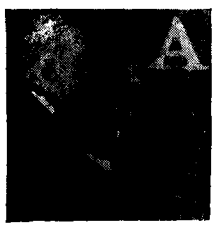
50 HANDSOME VOLUMES—READY REFERENCE INDEX TO 76,000 SUBJECTS—DAILY READING GUIDE



Now where can I find out about that?



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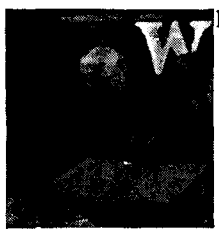

WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depends principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

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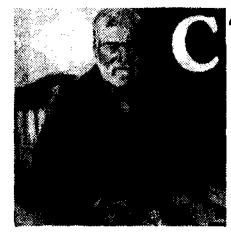

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

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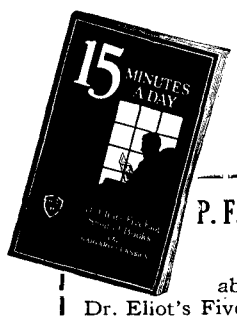

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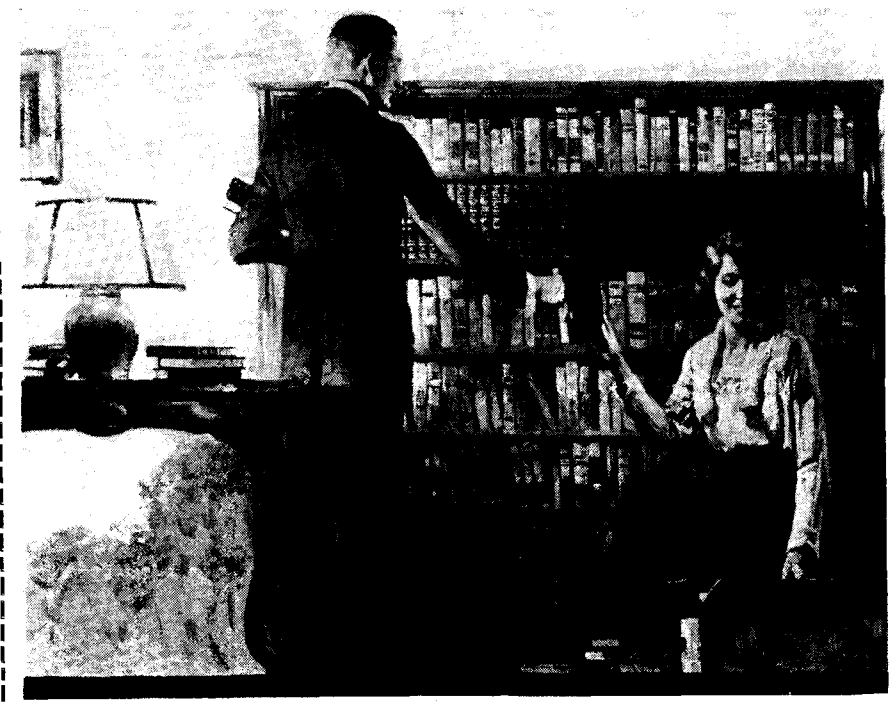

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And So to Bedlam

Continued from page 30

The stage manager returned with her, wearing an unhappy expression.

"What's the matter out there? Why are they keeping me waiting?"

"The difficulty is, Miss Joy, that Mr. Andrews—"

"Say it! Say it!"

"Well, I asked him about the new set, and he says it's out. He says—"

"Ben Andrews tells you my scene is *out?* Without a by-your-leave?" She swallowed convulsively. "Where is he? *Where is he?*"

She rushed from the room. Miss Hatfield looked despairingly at Jim. He compressed his lips.

"Been going on long?" he asked.

The girl nodded. "Quite a while. And it gets worse. She simply won't rest."

Again Jim remarked, "Well, I'll trot along." This time he did.

THE actress descended upon Ben Andrews, back there in the shadowy depths of the auditorium, like an avenging fury. "What do you mean by cutting out my new scene!"

Ben didn't remove his hat. Or his cigar. Just talked around the latter. He'd slouched down comfortably in the seat.

"It's out, Mimi," he said laconically.

"It's in!" she cried, not caring who might hear.

He moved his head in a slow, firm negative. "It's out. We won't spend another cent. That's that."

Miss Joy, catching her breath, considered. Ben didn't often show his hand. When he did he meant business. Heedless, in her genuine excitement, of the unconvincing abruptness of the transition, she tried wheedling: "Ben, now really . . . you can't spring a thing like this on me. Sending word by the stage manager too. Look at the position you're putting me in. It's not fair, Ben. It's raw."

"Sorry, Mimi. But that's how it is."

"But, now, Ben, really, there's Mortimer Dewey. He's actually here, waiting for work."

"He's out too."

A heavy silence fell. Miss Joy sighed. Tears glistened in the dark mystery of her eyes. Her posture suggested a pleading femininity.

"Ben, you could buy the new set for what this delay is costing us."

His jaw set grimly. "Nothing doing, kid."

She stared down at him. For a nickel she'd stage a scene that would make the little flare-up in the dressing-room look like summer stock. But she reconsidered. Scenes were wasted on Ben.

"All right," said she acidly. "I'm going to see that it costs you a lot." And left him.

She tore back to the dressing-room, freshened her make-up, got into her street things, and marched out through the stage door, to the taxi stand. She waved a graceful hand at the taxi driver.

"I've got to have some air," she said sweetly. "Somewhere . . . I don't care . . . oh, through the park."

They were passing the obelisk when she remembered that Jane Jones was throwing a tea. She rapped sharply on the glass and called out the address.

It was just the thing to buck up her drooping self-respect. All of them at Jane's would be lesser folk than she. She could stage an entrance. Dominate.

It wasn't difficult. The little pause in the doorway was enough. They squealed at her. People were brought up and introduced. Swiftly her spirits rose. A good hunch, this. Tonic. Better than a bath and a massage.

Her sloe eyes rested on a man. One who hadn't been brought over. A number of the women were fussing about him. Indeed, he appeared to be staging a little party of his own, over there on the other side of the fireplace. That rather nettled her. He was tall, blond, handsome in a way, a little bald, with fine eyes and a sensitive mouth.

The tall Jane came hurrying up with a cocktail. They chatted brightly. Great girl, Jane. Had the comic spirit. Doing very well too, in her musical-comedy way.

Miss Joy, who had decided to break up that party beyond the fireplace, asked, carelessly, "Who is that man? Do I know him?"

"Sidney Sloane? If you don't, you shall . . . Sidney! Sidney Sloane! Break away from those designing females and come straight here!"

Sidney Sloane. The novelist. Hm! . . . Miss Joy had just enough of a flair for writing to feel a touch of awe in the presence of a real craftsman. She'd never really outgrown that girlish feeling toward intellect.

He proved surprisingly nice. She liked the way he started when his eyes rested on her. Real admiration in that long look. And a delightful frankness. The man, apparently, was simple and real. And more than a little abashed. She liked that. He didn't look a day over thirty-three or -four. When she did finally get him to talking—about his books, of course; she'd read two or three of them—he exhibited a boyish eagerness that was really rather stirring. And he simply couldn't keep his eyes off her. She maneuvered him to a sofa in a corner. A little later, when some of those women came over with, "This won't do, Miss Joy. We simply can't let you have him all to yourself," she coolly replied, "Run along, now! We're busy getting acquainted."

He said, soberly, "Thank you."

"Then you do really want to talk with me."

"At this minute more than anything else in the world. You don't know it, Miss Joy, but I'm a devoted admirer of yours. You're such an artist! Oh, I do wish we could get away from all this gab. Look here . . . it may sound a bit sudden . . . but could you, possibly, slip off and have dinner with me?"

She gave an honest little gasp of delight. "My word! You do move rapidly."

"Apparently I have to. Yes or no?"

"Well . . . yes."

She laughed softly, and their eyes met. He didn't laugh.

"What I can't seem to believe," said he moodily, "is your amazing youth."

She actually colored a little. This was stirring indeed.

"Look here, if you don't want these people to know, we could meet somewhere. Say Voisin's, at seven."

"Not for a minute," said she happily. "Do you think I'd miss this chance to carry you off from all of them!" Another exultant thought was of the hard-boiled Ben Andrews waiting. Just waiting. With expenses piling up. Nobody'd know where she was. She'd just let 'em all wait!

He colored now. And lowered his eyes. Her breath went a little short. He was acting like a man in love. Incredible! And tinglingly delightful. "My word!" said she. "It's almost like love at first sight."

"It isn't first sight," he muttered. "I think I saw your Rosalind twenty times."

SHE wondered if he'd try to kiss her in the taxi. But he didn't. Didn't even reach for her hand. In a way she liked his somber restraint. It put her almost in the position of a virginal girl. She began to feel like one. A fascinating part to play! And who, in all New York, could play it better, if she really worked at it?

Side by side, against the wall, looking out at the crowded restaurant, they fell silent. He was like a man in a dream.

So she murmured, in her softest, covered voice, "I wonder if you realize what a thrill you're giving me."

He made a queer little sound.

She lowered her eyes demurely.

"You're unbelievable!" It was a bit of an outbreak; low-voiced, husky. His intensity made her shiver. She hadn't supposed she'd ever again feel like this.

(*Continued on page 34*)

The Feminization of Germany

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON *Director Science Service*

ONE of the most striking—and doubtless one of the most important—results of the World War is the rapid fall in the German birth rate. For instance, in Baden before the war an annual crop of 68,000 babies could be counted on. Now the number has fallen to about 48,000. In Germany as a whole there were half a million more births a year before the war than now.

The German birth rate, which stood at 33 per thousand in 1908, is now down to 21. In Berlin it has gone as low as 9.5. The death rate is also falling, but not so fast as the birth rate. Still greater reduction in the birth rate is to be expected in the future until the population of Germany, which was increasing rapidly before the war, comes to a standstill or even begins to fall. The cause is apparent when we look at the last census, that of 1926. There were 2,230,000 surplus females. The disproportion is still more disquieting when we see that the inequality is greater among men and women of 30 to 35 years of age. In this age group there are 1,325 women to every 1,000 men.

No such social situation as this has been known in historic times, and the effects will be worth watching. The women of Germany cannot only vote like the men, but they can outvote them. In France the women cannot vote and apparently do not want to.

In the wild surmises made in America after the war it was often prophesied that polygamy and concubinage would be officially recognized and reinstated in Germany. But no such results appear in the statutes or statistics. The marriage rate remains at about the same point as before the war.

The Aura of Onions

FROM the growing tip of the onion plant an invisible radiance, discovered by Professor Alexander Gurwitch of Moscow, has the remarkable property of stimulating the growth of living tissue at a distance. He found that if the tip of one of the rootlets of the onion bulb in water is fixed so as to point at right angles toward the side of another rootlet, though not quite touching, the part of the root at which the root tip was directed grew more rapidly than the other side or than the section of the root above or below this point. This effect could be observed when the root tip was more than a quarter of an inch away from the root affected.

A thin sheet of glass interposed between the roots prevents the influence, but a sheet of quartz permits the passage of the activating agency. This indicates a similarity to the ultra-violet ray and Gurwitch proved that the rays can be reflected and refracted like light rays but have a wave length shorter than any we receive in sunshine. Hitherto such ultra-violet rays have been known to be thrown off only by intensely hot bodies. The Russian experiments have been repeated, confirmed and extended by German chemists. Beans and turnips act the same as onions.

Bacteria exposed to the radiation from the points of growing roots multiplied more rapidly than before. This shows that the growth stimulant acts the same on all kinds of plants, though the effect varies greatly with the age of the cells. Cells that have become old and ceased to grow are rejuvenated by the rays, but the young and active cells are little affected, doubtless because they are growing as fast as they can already. It may turn out that all actively growing cells, animal as well as plant, are giving off these growth-stimulating rays.

Sugar from Coal

TAKE a ton of coal. Burn it. Add water. Expose to light and you can get two and a third tons of sugar. No, no! Not yet: perhaps some day.

Maybe all sugar is made that way. But chemists who have watched the green sugar factories at work (cane, beets, etc.) could never discover how they did it.

Recently however, chemists are getting a clue. Professor C. C. Baly of Liverpool has found it possible to make sugars of several sorts by running a stream of carbon dioxide through a vessel of water illuminated by a common tungsten lamp, provided—and here is the new trick about it—a colored powder is suspended in the water. Carbon dioxide is the gas you get when you burn coal. Dissolve the gas in water and you have plain "soda water." The light supplies the energy necessary to accomplish the conversion of the soda water into sugar.

In this experiment Baly gets a mixture of sugars. Among these sugars are glucose and levulose. Combine these two and you get the ordinary sugar that we extract from cane or beet. It is easy to break up our ordinary sugar into these two components. You do it unconsciously by the pleasant process of eating candy. But nobody was able to reverse the reaction and make ordinary sugar artificially out of glucose and levulose until this year, when a couple of chemists in the University of Geneva, Ame Pictet and Hans Vogel, announced that they had accomplished the feat.

They did it by making compounds of all three of the sugars with acetic acid, the acid of vinegar, a difficult, roundabout and costly process.

But it is something to know that every step of the transformation of the black carbon of coal into a white lump of sugar has actually been accomplished in the laboratory, even though it cannot be done as cheaply as in the field.

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And So to Bedlam

Continued from page 33

He went on. Poured it out, really. "Probably you think I'm mad to talk this way. . . ."

"Oh no, Sidney!"

". . . And maybe I am. I don't seem to care. I'm perfectly wild about you. You see, I never dared dream you'd be so nice. So young and keen. So fine. So real. That's the word—you're real! It's too much. I've dodged a hundred chances to meet you. Afraid of some possible disillusionment, I suppose. Even today I didn't want to come over to you. But now that I've met you it's all over."

"What's all over, Sidney?"

"I'm a lost soul, that's all. Mad about you. And I don't care who knows or what happens. All I know is I'd go plumb to hell for you."

WHEN they left the restaurant he gruffly ordered a taxi man to head up Riverside Drive. And then, before they were round the corner, he kissed her. No doubt about him now. He was quite as mad as he'd intimated. She really had to fight him off.

"Please, dear—we mustn't lose our heads. I'm going to ask you to take me home."

"But I can't let you go now."

"Really, you must. Just for tonight. I'm all in. You don't know what a strain I'm under. An artist's life isn't easy. I've been through weeks of battle, and I'm unstrung. We can meet again."

"When?"

She didn't reply then. But in front of her apartment building, after he'd handed her out of the taxi, with an Old World courtliness that was the pleasantest touch of all, she stood looking up at him, with a breathless little smile. "How about tomorrow? For dinner."

"Wonderful, Miriam!"

"I'll meet you at Voisin's. Seven o'clock." Impulsively she kissed him.

"It's the way love should come," said he. "Sort of a blow."

She ran into the building like a girl.

Head high, eyes snapping, she breezed into the apartment. Helen Hatfield sat there, sewing.

"Well," Miriam said, throwing her hat on the couch and energetically stripping off her gloves, "what happened?"

"Nothing, really. The people just stood round for a while, and finally the stage manager sent them all home."

"Hasn't Ben called up?"

"No."

"He hasn't even tried to find me?"

"No." The girl put down her sewing now and looked up, meaningly. "Miriam, the telephone hasn't rung once."

Miss Joy knit her brows. This wasn't flattering. What could Sam and Ben be up to, anyway? They'd always hitherto seemed interested and friendly. They'd better be, considering the money they'd made out of her. She stood there, swiftly thinking, a vital, beautiful creature. "I'm going straight down there. I'll show them they can't ignore me."

"I don't know as I'd do that," said Helen. "Maybe it's just what they want you to do."

"I'll show them they can't play fast and loose with me! Believe me, I know him!"

"Yes, but he's pretty keen. If you—"

"He's not too keen for me!" The famous eyes snapped angrily. "We'll have this out now, tonight!" She was a blaze of fury. Helen sighed. Couldn't the woman even stay tired? What could have happened to key her up like this? . . . "I'll buy 'em out! That's what I'll do! Buy their damn' show! Then where'll they be!"

She pulled on her hat with a jerk and rushed out. And, sitting nervously erect in the taxi, holding on, she experienced a wholly new thrill. A title for the play suddenly hopped from nowhere into her head. Ben had growled a lot about The Lady of the Island. It *was* rather long. She'd have to admit that. But . . . The Siren! There, now, was a title: simple, direct, packed with lure. Just the two words. In her mind's eye she saw in lights—"MIRIAM JOY IN THE SIREN."

Of course! She chuckled aloud. How she was going it! She'd show 'em. It meant new paper, but what of that! They hadn't had much made for those weeks on the road . . . One thing, she wouldn't tell Sam and Ben; she could be as cagy as they.

The K. & A. offices were busiest in the evening. Sam and Ben seldom left before midnight. The dragon of a boy let her in with a grin.

The pair of them were in Ben's office. And the grave, quiet-spoken Kerstow, too, sitting on a corner of the desk.

"Hello, Mimi! Have a chair!" said Ben, pleasantly enough. Not a word about her walk-out. Which was puzzling. She decided to be very guarded.

"Ben," she said crisply, "what'll you take for your half of this piece?"

"Oh, come, Mimi; we're not selling a Joy show."

"What'll you take? I've decided I want this to myself."

Ben turned to Kerstow. "What'd we make outa Winter Sun last year?"

MISS JOY, who hadn't sat, tapped the floor with a prettily shod toe. "Oh, come, Ben, you know perfectly well you don't believe in this piece. It isn't worth anything like that to you."

"You'd carry any show for a while, Mimi, and you know it. It's worth something. But what do you want to buy for?"

"Because I don't propose having more of the sort of thing you did this afternoon. I won't have you changing my plans without even consulting me. It's humiliating. I won't stand for it! Come, name a price!"

"Well . . . I guess we could let you have it for fifty thousand, Mimi."

"Don't be silly, Ben! I'll give you ten. Take it or leave it."

"If we don't take it, what'll you do?"

"Walk out. For good."

"How about your contract with us?"

"That for the contract!"

"Oh, I guess we could hold you."

"Try it!" Wonderful, this glow of exuberant power! She could sway men as well as crowds.

"There's such a thing as the law, Mimi. I guess we could hold you. Anyhow, we could stop you making a cent anywhere else. And I guess that would slow you up a little."

Their eyes met. Hers were as hard as his. Sam's cigar was bobbing about between his wide lips. The imperturbable Kerstow quietly watched.

Ben, then, caught her by surprise. He grinned, not unpleasantly. "Look here, Mimi," said he; "your heart's set on producing this thing yourself, ain't it, now?"

"I'm going to produce it."

"Yeah. That's how it is. Now, listen here, sweetheart. I know what's in your mind. You've got an idea that all we're thinking about here is the money. Well"—he brought down his flat hand emphatically, convincingly, on the desk three times—"well, that—ain't—so! Let me tell you, I don't care one sou about the money. Friendship's got to count for something. If this was nothing but a business proposition, I'd show you the door. But what is it that I say to myself? I say to myself, 'Here's Mimi with her heart set on running her own show.' That's all I need to know. If Mimi wants something, and if there's any way we can help her to it, we're there, kid. We ain't all business, you know. Not by a damn' sight."

"Sure!" Sam put in doubtfully. "We stand by our friends. Every time we do this! Maybe you succeed. Maybe the customers they like this funny stuff. How do I know? Maybe you play a year on Broadway. And where are we then? I ask you!"

A boy poked his head in at the door, saying, "Mr. Silberstein's here now, Mr. Sam."

Sam got up, hesitated a moment; glanced uncertainly at his partner; grinned shrewdly at Miss Joy, and went out.

Ben, when the door had closed, resumed: "Just to be human, Mimi, I think we'll let you have it. Understand, it's a gift. As a business proposition the thing's absurd. But a favor to Mimi Joy—that's something else again. Understand, there'll be other charges. The cash we've put up already. And all the bills payable."

"I'll take care of all that," said Miss Joy. "I've got money enough."

"That's the point. Why, dearie, if I thought you'd be risking all you've got, I'd never let you try it. We've always taken care of you. Now, haven't we? . . . Just have a chair, kid. We're all friends here. I'll see if Izzy Green's in his office. It won't take twenty minutes to fix things up. And if you want to put in your rehearsal calls from here, Kerstow'll be delighted to look out for you. We want to do everything we can to help you. Never forget that."

Before another half hour had turned she was gone; sailing out on a radiant wave of success. The freshly signed contract lay on the desk.

Kerstow said, "That author's still hanging round, you know. Wants his name taken off the piece. Seems to think we can do something for him. Queer bird."

"Let him rave," said Ben, studying a backstage plan.

"Think he'll make trouble?"

"Who in thunder cares! Let him *sue* Joy. The more trouble she has the sooner she'll be back with us. Let her go broke. When women get all hellbent, like she is now, the only thing you can do is let 'em have their head. She's going to give a rotten performance. And, anyway, Heaven itself couldn't put over a piece with that title. She'll never carry it through. Too vain. And too crazy in the head. She'll drop what little money she's got, and then she'll be back."

MONDAY and the New Haven opening were only three days off. Three chaotic, brimming, appalling, wonderful days! With the thrill of unlimited power to carry Miss Joy to the heights! There was a business organization to be created. Jim really helped with that. A dogged, faithful soul, Jim. And by no means a fool. Publicity work had to be pushed at desperate speed. Rehearsals, with the new scene and all, ran from ten in the morning to midnight and after, with costumers, photographers, designers, and all the ragtag and bobtail of a theatrical enterprise hovering in the wings and cluttering the dressing-room.

The Sunday dress rehearsal in New Haven lasted twenty-two hours. One of the two baggage cars of the scenery went astray. And some of the stuff was too big for that New Haven stage. The work was endless and frantic. But everybody said Miss Joy was wonderful. She simply drove it through, somehow, anyhow.

And The Siren opened on time to the minute, before a packed house, and went across with a great big bang. That was the unanimous feeling backstage. And the facts seemed to bear it out.

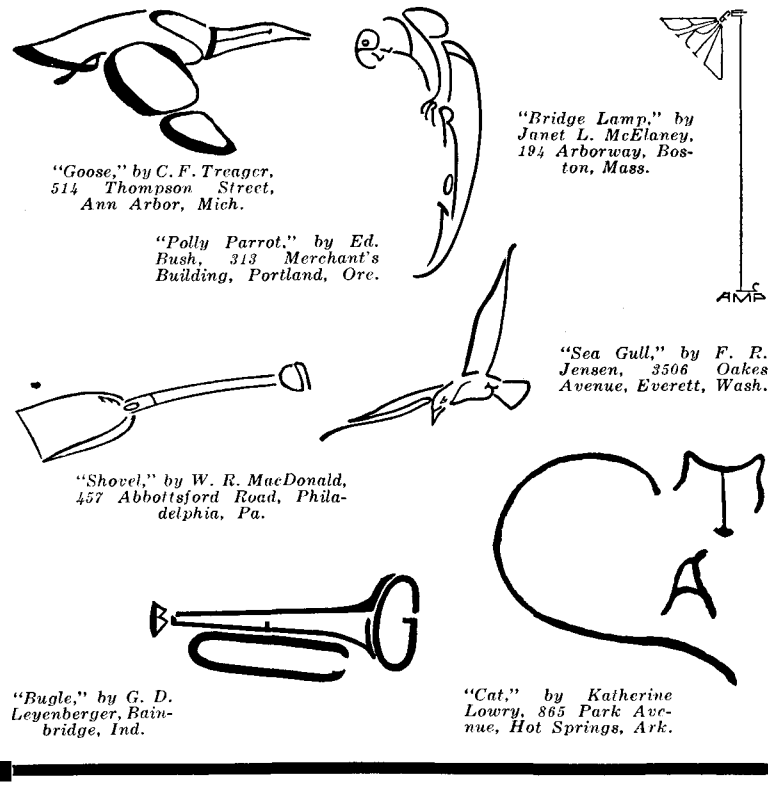
After the final curtain they came thronging back. Two or three of the critics, even, made obeisance. The house manager actually had to call for extra policemen to clear the alley. And there was a thrill! Miss Joy was in heaven. Glowing with that amazing vitality: sweet to everybody; the light of acknowledged genius in those wonderful eyes!

Suddenly, through the encircling throng—this was out on the stage, for her dressing-room didn't begin to be big enough for them all—she reached a friendly hand, crying, "Why, Ben! How awfully nice of you to come up!" And she drew him to her and kissed him.

The whisper ran around the circle, "It's Ben Andrews! Andrews, the producer!" (*Continued on page 37*)

NAMEOGRAPHS

PRY apart the letters in any word. Make an appropriate picture of them. And what have you got, Magnolia? A Nameograph! We pay $5 each for acceptable ones. Address Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. You can get a book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs from your bookseller or Reilly & Lee, Chicago, for $1.35.



"Goose," by C. F. Treager, 514 Thompson Street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

"Polly Parrot," by Ed. Bush, 313 Merchant's Building, Portland, Ore.

"Bridge Lamp," by Janet L. McElaney, 194 Arborway, Boston, Mass.

"Sea Gull," by F. R. Jensen, 3506 Oakes Avenue, Everett, Wash.

"Shovel," by W. R. MacDonald, 457 Abbottsford Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Bugle," by G. D. Leyenberger, Bainbridge, Ind.

"Cat," by Katherine Lowry, 865 Park Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

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Long Beach, Calif.

"I am eleven. Nearly all my life I had a breaking out on my skin—it was awful because I couldn't swim much—and we lived just two blocks from the beach.

"But now that I've been eating Fleischmann's Yeast my skin trouble is practically gone and I have lots of pep and feel fine. Now we go to the beach every day—my dog and I—it's great fun. I won't forget that Yeast made me well."

ROBERT S. SWANSON

"They thought I couldn't keep the job"

Plymouth, Mass.

"My family thought that business was the last thing I should go into, in my run down condition. But at that time (shortly after my mother's death) I never needed anything so much to occupy my mind. So finally the doctor said that if I was determined I should at least build myself up by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating it every day.

"Well, I got the position I had set my heart on and was later made manager of the office. Thanks to Yeast, I have energy enough to work all day and go to lots of dances in the evenings."

OLIVE A. WILSON

EVERY time you resort to drugs and exhausting cathartics you merely put off the day of reckoning. All drugs are a temporary measure at best—that is how they differ from Fleischmann's Yeast. Yeast is a *food*—fresh as any garden vegetable.

As your intestines are strengthened by eating yeast, food wastes are got rid of promptly, completely. Digestion has a clear track ahead! Appetite revives. Your very complexion—now radiant, smooth—proclaims a body internally *clean*.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. E-57, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Milwaukee, Wis.

"For seventeen years I was in such a condition from constipation and stomach trouble that every part of my body seemed affected. I was weak from the pains and dizziness—and steadily growing worse. Fleischmann's Yeast seemed such a simple means of relief that I had little confidence in it. But a friend's urging finally induced me to try it. In three months' time my elimination was regular. My appetite is now very good, and I am again able to sleep well."

MRS. ENNIE C. CLEVELAND

(RIGHT)

Cleveland, Ohio

"After years of suffering, I was finally being compelled to take a laxative every day. I did this to reduce as much as possible the frequency of my attacks of indigestion and headache.

"Naturally, with my condition as deeply seated as it was, I waved aside the advice of friends who urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. But nine months ago I was prevailed on to try it. Three weeks later I was able to discontinue laxatives. My indigestion has disappeared. Headaches likewise."

JOHN V. ROWAN

***So simple*—this new way to health:**

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals: just plain, or in water or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in hot water—*not* scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Harsh, habit-forming cathartics can gradually be discontinued.

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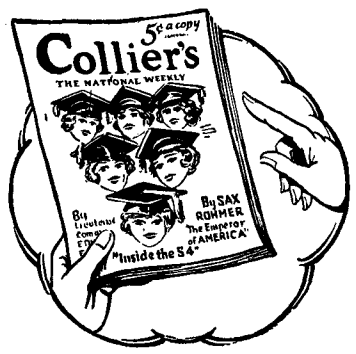

A MANUFACTURER TO HIS DEALERS

The manufacturer of a high-grade motor oil was convinced that the best way to help himself was to help his dealers. As he put it—

> **"We owe it to our marketers to place (our) advertising in magazines that reach motorists of the type who realize the economy of buying the best motor oil available.**
>
> **"Investigation showed that the more than 1,600,000 families reached by Collier's are ideal potential users of (our) Motor Oil. They are families of proven intelligence. They accept high-grade products and are influenced to a great extent by the messages found in their chosen magazine—Collier's.**
>
> **"In 1928 we have placed the main burden of our selling on the able shoulders of Collier's, knowing that it could carry (our product) to a dominant position."**

This manufacturer, like many others, recognizes that Collier's editorial policy automatically weeds out the haphazard, "give-me-a-quart-of-oil" type of buyers. Its brief but widely varied articles, fiction and short departments appeal to vigorous, fast-thinking people, who buy intelligently—whether the purchase be made at the filling station or at the newsstand. And acceptance by the leaders means dominance for any product.

Manufacturers say Collier's vitality is proved by its growth to over 1,600,000 circulation—with a 357 per cent increase in newsstand sales in less than three years.

And they testify to Collier's value in reaching the people who set the pace of national life . . . men and women who crave new ideas and new conveniences . . . the doers, the sellers and the buyers . . . Collier's—for ACTION!

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Collier's ~ *for* ACTION"

***Now more than* 1,600,000**

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And So to Bedlam

Continued from page 34

"Mimi," he said—and he was frankly excited—"you've got a knockout. It's immense. I'll give you two years in New York. And the title's a wow."

Miss Joy beamed, and kissed him again.

Finally Helen Hatfield, who had been anxiously hovering, reached her and fairly pulled her aside. She had in her hand a card and a letter.

"You may have to take hold of this. The man seems pretty desperate."

"But, child, I can't be bothered now!"

"Here's his card."

Miss Joy took it. Glanced at the name, Sidney Sloane. A thoughtful pucker appeared between her brows. All she said was, "Oh!"

"Now look at this. You simply must! There may be trouble, for all we know."

Miss Joy took the letter and glanced at the signature, "Esther Sloane." Who could that be? . . . Oh, the man's wife! Or so she said in the letter. What was all this? Offering to give him up. "He has frankly told me that he is mad about you. What can I do? He has always been honest and fine. I must face it."

Helen Hatfield was saying something: "The letter came Saturday. In that last mail before we went to the train. I felt I oughtn't to trouble you with it then. You were carrying so much."

Miss Joy said, "Quite right, Helen." Her brows were still puckered. After a moment she saw her way. Called: "Jim!"

Jim came over.

"Talk to this man for me." She gave him the card, but not the letter. "He's under some hallucination. Seems to think I'm in love with him. Handle him somehow, there's a dear."

A moment later she heard his voice—heard it somehow, faintly, through all the babble: "Is this Mr. Sloane? Well, I am"—a clearing of the throat—"I am Miss Joy's husband. . . ."

BEN got into New York at noon on Tuesday. When he reached his office Miss McGarry, his secretary, remarked, "Mr. Sam's been in half a dozen times looking for you, Mr. Ben."

Ben grunted, and settled himself at his desk.

Kerstow appeared. "That damn' author's round again, Ben. Getting wilder every minute. Says if you won't ask him in here he'll force his way in. Perhaps we'd better just throw him out."

"No. Wait a minute!" Ben was thinking intently. "Better go out and see if you can't do something for him."

"You saw the opening, Ben?"

"New Haven? Yes."

"I see she's changed the title."

"Yeah."

"How'd the thing look?"

"Good. Great. You could 'a' knocked me down with a wave of the hand."

"You don't say." With which Mr. Kerstow slipped out toward the reception-room.

A moment later Sam came hurrying in, a morning paper in his hand. His cigar was bobbing about. Beads of sweat stood on his forehead. His eyes shone with excitement.

"Maybe you see this!" he cried, striking the paper with a trembling hand. "Joy, she is a knockout! The Siren, it is. And you tell her maybe we sell. Friday night so you tell her."

"Oh, sure!" Ben was studying those plans. "Let her have it for ten thousand."

"Ten thou—!" Sam sank into a chair. Pressed his hands against his anguished temples. "You sell . . . two hundred—three hundred thousand we give up! For ten! Oh! Oh! Soon I am in Bellevue!"

"Miss McGarry," said Ben. "Let me have the agreement with Joy. The new one . . . . There you are, Sam." He resumed his study.

Sam, as his quick brain devoured the familiar legal phrases, relaxed perceptibly. He nodded as he read. "I see. If it is a hit, we buy it back."

"What's that? Oh, sure! For ten thousand. Any time within three months after the New York opening. And no bills to pay. She stands all the expense. She didn't have a lawyer along, you see, and I knew she'd never read it through. Too impatient. So I slipped that clause in."

Sam's cigar bobbed about. He nodded approvingly.

Kerstow came quietly in. "Well," said he, "I fixed that author bird, Ben. Bought him out. He was too mad to think. If he ever does think. And he hadn't seen the report from New Haven." He added impressively, "One thousand. I thought you might find it amusing to have Joy paying all his royalties to us." He chuckled.

Sam blew out a long arrow of smoke. Watched it break up and drift around the room. Settled himself comfortably. "Yeah," said he. "That ain't so bad. She pays the bills. We get half the piece and half the royalties. That ain't so bad."

Alien

Continued from page 23

fire, there was hate in the old woman's voice. But when Lumo interrupted her, her eyes widened with amazement. And Elsa knew the talk had to do with her.

"Tell me, Lumo," she broke in. But he ignored her till he had finished. Then he said, "I am commanding that no one interfere with you; that you do as you like. And I am telling about customs in your country." Presently Rok spoke to Djania. "He is telling her," Lumo explained, "to teach you our language. When you can talk, things will be easier."

True, it began at once to be a little easier. Djania was such a dear little thing, with her grave "this is salt," "this is lamb," "this is fire." Elsa had a knack for language; it was not long before real conversation became possible.

But this brought disadvantages too. "Freedom for women," said Lumo's mother one day, "perhaps in your country it is good. But do you know what people whisper of your husband? That you have brought bad luck upon him; that you rob him of the confidence of the authorities for this hospital he would start; that you must be a bad woman to go so shamelessly unveiled."

"It's not true, is it!" she had appealed to him.

"Ignorant gossip must not disturb you," he replied. And she knew it was true.

When next she went out she wore the thick ugly veil. "My portable lattice," she laughed mockingly. "But you need not!" he had exclaimed. Yet she saw that against his own will he was pleased.

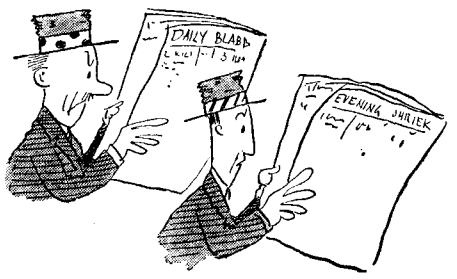
THEY talked often of the progress of women, Lumo and Rok and Elsa. Djania listened wide-eyed, carmine lips apart. Their mother's lips were shut tight over her contempt. Rok—plump, eager, jolly—made Elsa think of a Newfoundland puppy, the way he rushed after a new idea, tumbling over it, but after a clumsy scramble getting it between his teeth. He could even foresee the day when women would vote. "Why not after they become intelligent? Ah, you will see reforms, my sister, in our free country! Progress—just wait!"

"Shall I, Rok? Why not begin your reforms at home? Little Djania here, do you know how pretty she is when

(*Continued on page 38*)

McGoofey's First Reader

By H. I. PHILLIPS



WHO are these men? *They are fight fans.*

What are they doing? *They are reading the announcements of a Tunney-Heeney fight for the heavyweight championship of the world.*

What do they think of the match? *They think it is poisonous to contemplate.*

"It is a colorless, one-sided, unappealing match," they are declaring, "and nobody will go to see it."

Lesson 2. Who is this? *This is a sports writer.*

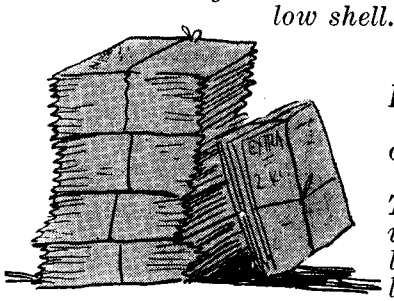
What is he writing? *He is writing that "unattractive as the bout may seem at first thought, Heeney is a much-underestimated fighter and may spring a surprise."*

Lesson 3. Who is this? *This is an "expert."*

Where is he going? *He is going to a newspaper office with an article intimating that Tunney will be unable to enter the ring in his best form after his long lay-off and predicting that Heeney, on the other hand, will be in amazing shape for a grueling battle.*

Lesson 4. *This is another "expert."*

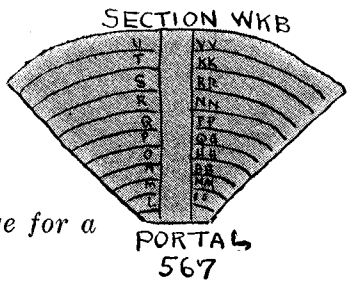
What will he sell? *He will sell the idea that Tunney has become a hollow shell.*



Lesson 5. What are these? *These are piles of American newspapers.*

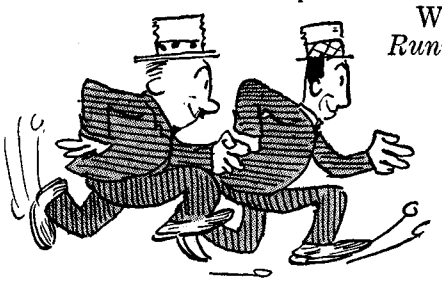
Where are they going? *They are going to the public with big sports-page headlines such as "Irish-Australian Tiger Man May Topple Mauling Marine from Throne," "New Zealand Assassin Plans Quick Finish for Doddering Champion," etc.*

Lesson 6. What is this? *This is a section of the seating plan in an outdoor arena where the bout will be staged.*



What is the price of tickets? *You can get one a mile and a half from the ring in exchange for a touring car.*

Lesson 7. Who are these men? *The same pair you saw in Chapter 1.*



What are they doing? *Running.*

Where? *To "The Battle of the Century," determined to get in early or die in the attempt.*

Didn't they say nobody would go to such a fight? *Yes, but that was before the ballyhoo.*

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Alien

Continued from page 37

her face isn't buried under a coat of paint?"

Rok started at the idea. Then he considered it. "Mmmm . . . why, yes, why not? Wash it off, Djania; let us see."

His mother unlocked her lips: "Disgusting!"

"But no, Mother; see how well Elsa looks—just that little natural color. Yes, Djania; go wash your face."

Now Djania was back, standing in the door, her soft laugh turned into a giggle at the exciting, bold adventure.

"Come, my new moon," said her husband, and when she stood before him scanned her face carefully, gravely. "Yes, I like it. You must never paint again."

Then Lumo and Rok had to go away to their estates in the mountains, to be gone weeks, perhaps. No, it was out of the question, Elsa could not go with them. "Be patient," said Lumo, "it must happen now and again."

Scarcely were they out of sight when their mother turned upon Djania. "While your husband is here, I am without authority. But now go at once and cover your face decently with color!"

"But Rok commanded—"

"It is I who now command."

And Djania obeyed. "But I will watch through the lattice," she whispered to Elsa, "and when I see him coming I will run quickly and wash it off."

The men returned one evening before they were expected. Djania ran with a glad cry to the door. There were kisses in the dim hallway. Only the old woman stayed by the fire and took coolly their delayed greetings. They should first have come to her. As Rok straightened up after stooping to kiss his mother, he turned to Djania, standing now with the firelight full in her face, and gazing at him in a glow of adoration.

But suddenly Elsa saw that glow fade. Djania's hand went swiftly to her throat, fear widened her eyes. It happened so quickly—Rok's low angry "oh," Djania's half sob as she stumbled out of the room before him.

Elsa lifted questioning eyes to her husband. Lumo said, "It must not trouble you too much." Yet he himself was troubled. Presently Elsa understood. The sound of slapping—oh, outrageous! She started toward the door, furious. But Lumo detained her. "You may not interfere."

IN a moment Rok was in the doorway, coming to greet her as if nothing had happened.

"But what have you done!" exclaimed Elsa angrily.

"I have beaten Djania." Impassively he treated her exclamation as a question. "She disobeyed me."

"Oh, barbarous! To *beat* your wife!"

"But"—he was all amazement—"did you not hear what I said? She disobeyed me."

"Why shouldn't she disobey? What terrible crime did she do, that sweet child!

"But, Elsa, you don't understand. I commanded her to be progressive, not to paint her face."

Elsa found herself crying with anger and exasperation. But before Rok's bewilderment anger died in her. "Don't you see that your beating her was just another silly unprogressive custom? And cruel besides? Progress! Progress isn't just not wearing paint or going unveiled—these things don't matter: it's your *attitude* toward women. As if they were your property, as if they had no rights! You talk of their voting—and then you beat Djania!"

Rok sat in puzzled silence, staring into the fire. At length he said, slowly, "I see. Yes. I see. . . . Well, I will never beat Djania again."

But now his mother, who had listened all this while in contempt, roused herself. "Now! Now! A man may not beat his wife! Now my new daughter-in-law forbids! So this is progress, this softening of our proud Albanian men. Sweet, soft customs, gentle customs, this stranger brings! Like rotted fruit! Bah! It is a curse she has brought on this house, your Elsa!"

"Be silent, Mother!"

"No; this time will I not be silent. Too much silence has eaten my days. If a husband may not beat his wife, neither, then, may a son command his mother. Now it is I who will be progressive. Yes, with a curse will I be progressive. You, strange woman in our ancient house, who makes a man to beat his wife—was it not your doing?—then chides him for it—this is no new-fashioned curse of progress I curse upon you, it is an old curse and bitter: May you be childless!"

"Mother!" both men gasped. Elsa looked at them. Was it possible—fear in their faces? "Unsay it, Mother," said Rok breathlessly, while Lumo stood frozen with silence. "Nay, I repeat it, childless, childless!" She walked to the door, her head high. There she turned. "Be not too amazed, my first-born. It is not upon you I curse this curse. It is this woman who at present is your wife." And she stalked from the room.

LUMO came out of his silence. He put his arms about Elsa. "You must not be frightened, my child."

"Frightened!" Elsa pulled angrily away from him. "It is you who are frightened. *I* frightened of an ignorant old woman's tongue!"

"Elsa!" he came at her with arm upraised. But he caught himself. "Allah, what am I doing?" he murmured. Then, "Forgive me, Elsa. But you may not speak meanly of my mother."

That was the worst of her memories. And yet not the worst. It was the most terrible happening, but happenings were less than the day-long aching which soon began to take possession of her like an illness, paralyzing her will. When Lumo was home in the evenings, she could rouse herself. When he held her close loneliness stood aside; her love for him broke through the thick shell of melancholy; there were moments when nothing existed in the world but him and her. But when morning came, even to him she could scarcely speak. She was sick, soul sick.

In the surge and pain of it she could still think, still wish, "if only I could go back to Vienna!"

She was so veiled and blinded by her own distress, so wrapped up in it, that she scarcely noticed what was happening about her.

But one night she noticed blood on her husband's palm, where his own nails had bitten into the flesh. "What is it?" she cried, whipped into life by a sudden host of fears.

"I am grieved for you," he said gently.

"No, that is not all; there is more. I feel it!"

He paused, lighted a cigarette, then threw it away. He took her hands in his. "It will make it harder for you to know. But my wife has a right to know what others know."

"Some misfortune!" She was all alarm.

"No, it is a little thing, it is nothing. Only a struggle—a struggle of the spirit. And it is over. The government, through my friend the prefect, learned of your sickness and my grief for you. And they offered me the consulship in Vienna."

"Darling!"

"Ah, no, my sweet, do not be glad. I have refused it."

"But—refused—and—and you know that I am sick here—sick—with starvation, starvation for life."

"It was a struggle." He held fast her hands that tried to pull away from him. "For days I struggled, I wished, wished almost more than everything else in the world to go, to take you where you could be happy. But, Elsa, this is a new nation, a country almost without doctors. Doctors are needed terribly. Many persons could be consul. It was to become a doctor, to help my country, that I went to Vienna. And now that we have a free country—"

"Oh, stop! stop! How can you talk your patriotism—patriotism, an impersonal thing, when you see how I am suffering! Have you no thought of me? Don't you see that I shall die of this misery, or go mad? But you love me less than your country!"

There was a terrible silence between them. At last he said, "Alas, it is not true. It is my weakness, my tragedy that I love you more than my country. Only honor and duty keep me here. I wish to go away with you. Yet I do love my country. You must not be jealous of that. If you were not ill, I should be angry at your jealousy."

Elsa began to cry. She ignored his words, thought only of the chance for release—the lost chance. "Lumo, dear Lumo, take me away. Accept the consulship!"

"Be silent, dear. I have refused Vienna."

They were standing now, both with their hands clenched by their sides. Lumo's lips were tight, his nostrils quivering in an effort at self-control, in an effort to be hard, hard. But his eyes—now suddenly Elsa saw in them all the pain in the world, pain of pity for her, pain of his own griefs. Her hands unclenched, her arms went around his neck. "Oh, my dear, my terrible dear," she sobbed, her body pressed against him, "I wish, I wish I could hate you!"

Now he was softening, his lips were on hers. But it was not a yielding to passion, rather a yielding to their common pain. "Yes," he murmured as he held her close, "it is our tragedy, your tragedy and mine, my wife, that we love each other."

After that she never begged him for Vienna—knew it was useless. Yet Vienna stood between them, an estrangement in every kiss. As if he had to hold it off with one hand while the other caressed her.

Things grew daily worse. Lumo was growing gaunt under their tragedy. Now again she felt the whole house hostile. To his mother she was a curse upon the house; she was turning the thoughts of her first-born against his country. To Rok she was an unfortunate woman who was breaking his brother's spirit. But to Djania, about to bring an heir into the house, she was just a woman in distress, a woman under a curse—"rootless," childless.

THEN one day Lumo said, "This cannot go on. My dearest, you must go back home. No"—for he saw hope leaping in her eyes—"alone."

"But—but leave you!"

"You have already left me. You are farther now than miles of earth and water can put you. I think you will be nearer when you have gone back to your friends—in America, or Vienna. Perhaps you will find happiness again when you have done with this marriage."

"Done—marriage—Lumo!" She was frozen with fright, with panic. When her voice found its way to her lips, she said, "Then you don't want me any more." Pride—pride! She must get hold of it—her pride.

But Lumo drove away all thought of pride. "I want you more than the beating of my heart. I send you home to keep you. Otherwise you will die of your loneliness."

"Oh, I will go, I will go! Do not be afraid. I will not force this corpse of myself upon you; you shall be free of me, free."

He put his hand over her mouth gently. "I shall never be free of you, nor of wanting you. You, it is only you that I want, and you are free. I shall not try to dream that you will come back, will some day appear in the doorway. Yet my wishes will always see you in this doorway, coming toward me."

The rest was like parts of half-remembered dreams. Leavetakings. The bag of gold napoleons he put in her hand. "There will always be money—through the consulate. . . . Think kindly of me sometimes. . . . No, you must not weep in the street; public grief is unseemly. . . . Plunge into your old interests; it will make things easier. . . . If I were generous, I could wish you might forget me. . . . Never doubt me; you are the breath of my soul. . . . Good-by. . . ."

ALL that was a year ago. Then the terrible year in Vienna. Emptiness, hunger of the spirit, meaningless days, filled with meaningless activities. Life dwindled down to one hour a week—the hour that brought a letter from Albania.

Then there had been four letterless weeks. Pride struggled against fear. When at last a news item told of a revolution in Albania, pride lost. Elsa threw her clothes in a trunk. Lumo in danger! There was an hour to spare before the train started down for Italy, where she would take a boat.

. . . Lying here in the boat, she could almost laugh at the waywardness of it, at the absurdity of being here at all, unless she meant to stay. For at Brindisi, before she embarked on the little boat, the captain had told her that the revolution was over, that Lumo was safe; he had seen him at the Albanian port less than a week ago. . . .

Strange that they had not heard her call from the gate. But no; not strange. Her heart was pounding so in her throat, perhaps her voice had made no sound. They would hear her on the steps. . . . Slowly—there was almost no breath in her—slowly, one step at a time. . . . Perhaps they were not there. . . . Surely they must be hearing her, must be hearing her heart beat. She leaned against the wall. Now she could make it. . . . They must be there, she could smell the fire. . . . Now, the doorway. . . . Yes, there he was—Lumo. . . .

She could not go in, could not say his name, could only look. He was sitting with his back toward her, his straight back was stooped; he seemed crumpled. . . . There was Djania, her hand on a cradle, her eyes, full of pity, on Lumo. And his mother, gaunt still, yet somehow changed. Would they not see her, could they not feel her there? Now they were talking. Lumo—oh, God, how weary his voice was!—Lumo was saying, "Speak of it no more, my mother, I beg you!"

"But see, it is as I said: my strong son is reduced to begging. This thing you name love—it is a sickness. So, if you will not take another wife, go ask her back. I have said seven times I will unsay my curse. I despise this Elsa. It is only the husk of you she has left; she has taken your spirit. But I will unsay my curse—"

"Speak of it no more," Lumo repeated wearily. "I ask only your patience, not your kindness, not your pity." He turned in his chair; now, in a moment, she would see his face. . . .

But his face! Weighted and drawn, hollow with a hunger of the spirit. . . . And she had imagined it was a thing to decide—her staying! His eyes. . . . She tried to say his name. But only her arms went out. . . . And a sob. . . .

Now he was standing up, he saw her. . . . She was in his arms; his lips were giving her back life; he was trembling; she could feel his body trembling. But life had leaped into his eyes. . . .

When they were alone Lumo held her at arms' length. His low voice was troubled. "My hungry lips are timid. Life here—it is the same, my Elsa. Change will crawl slowly through the years. Can you—can you be happy here?

"Ah, happiness—you said once that that was a separate thing. The years. . . . All I know is that tonight, now, I am happy. And Lumo, once in Vienna, I told a friend that love was not enough. But now—"

He was holding her close, his lips stopping her words. Presently he murmured, "Who can say if it is enough? But we know, you and I, that without it—for us—the whole of life is not enough."

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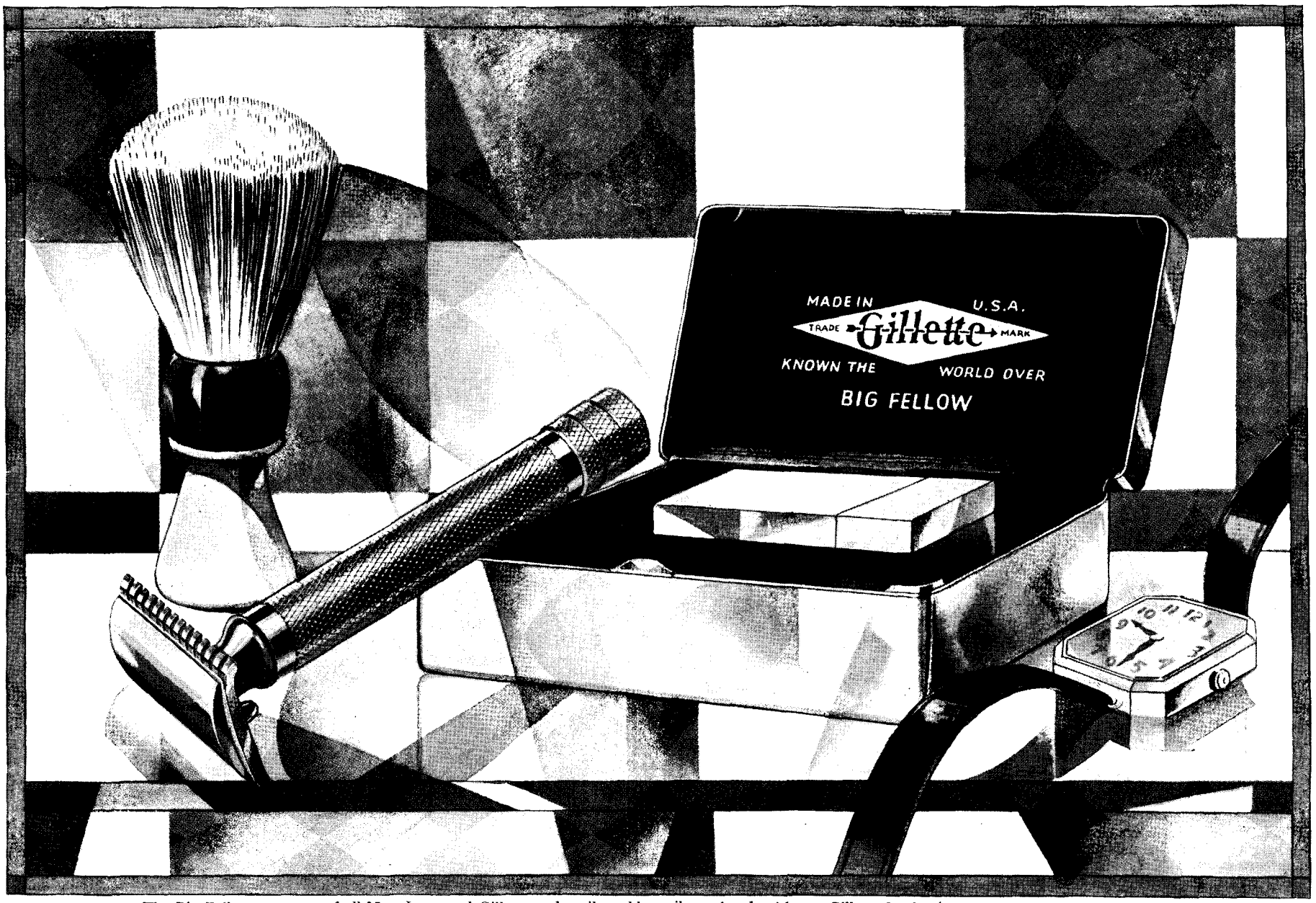
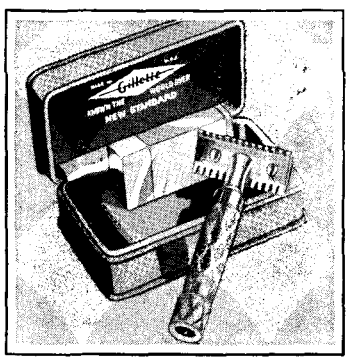
Sturdy-*but gentle*



The Big Fellow—newest of all New Improved Gillettes—heavily gold or silver plated, with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges) . . . $5.00



NEW STANDARD. This remains one of the most popular of all New Improved models. Similar in design to the Big Fellow but with a slightly shorter handle. Genuine leather covered case, lined with purple velvet and satin. Razor and blade box are heavily plated in gold or silver. Complete with ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges). Price $5.00.

THE BIG FELLOW is longer in handle and heavier in head—a man-sized fistful of beautifully machined and finished metal—and how gently and easily it shaves! The extra size and heft add their weight to the smooth, sure blade.

It's time you discovered the face value of the New Improved Gillette. It changes your whole attitude toward your morning shave; instead of a disagreeable chore, it's a sport, an art, a daily ritual of pleasure. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

THE *NEW IMPROVED*

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FIVE TO SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

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The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 26

earful, but I'm not in with anybody at all. Where and what is this shaw prier thing the countess has hidden Miss Hope in?"

"Shaugh Prior? It is—" She paused to look at him. Outside faint clouds drifted by; in their shifting shadows the whole gallery took an opalescent, unreal quality. That gilded idol seemed to weave its many arms in a moving portent, and Valdez leaned against it, so still that he might have been of its actual substance. Exasperation breathed in her tones: "There really *is* something strange about you. And yet you seem so blind. If you would only be one tenth as clever out in the world as you are in the theatre—"

"That," he countered, "would go for most stage people. All I want to be clever about just now is warning Miss Hope about this Krishnaram stuff. Where is this place, and how?"

"You," she interrupted, "haven't answered my question yet. . . . How did you get out of that cell down there?"

"Simply by never being in it at all. That's the real statue, and I was one of the workmen in greasy overalls who came with it. That steward fellow was so pleased about shutting up that box that he never thought to count us as we went out."

"Are all your tricks as simple as that?" she wondered. "After all, simplicity is the cleverest thing of all. . . . How will you get out of the castle?"

"There's a boat waiting for me at the foot of the ivy that I came up last night."

"Oh!" She shot the flashlight suddenly on him, playing it relentlessly over his face. "You mean that you are returning to that houseboat?"

"I've nowhere else to go."

"Nowhere else to go, when—" She clicked the light as suddenly off, and the ensuing darkness made her merely a voice, oddly torn. "The real mystery about you is your blindness to your own interest. . . . Very well, I wash my hands of the whole affair. Find out about Shaugh Prior in your own way. Meanwhile go back to your houseboat. . . . And see how long you can stay in it. . . .

VALDEZ did not want to disturb them too early at the houseboat. The long summer dawn was flushing to sunrise when he stepped on to the counter and rapped on the bolted door. It opened, and Quinta, in that woolly, masculine dressing gown, blinked and yawned frankly at him.

"Oh, it's you! . . . Have you come back to get your things?" she asked.

Valdez stared open-mouthed. "To get my things? Why—I've come back. You might show some interest in where I've been."

Quinta stared back, with big eyes devoid of any expression at all. "When men slip out at night and come back with the milk two mornings later, I *never ask questions.*"

More women stuff; he would never understand it. The best thing was to get away when they were like that. He passed on into Bernadot's cabin; that was safely male, at least. Bernadot sat up, with untidy hair and fever-whitened cheeks.

"Hello," he said, "here's the kind burglar again."

To Valdez that was like an echo from some previous, half-forgotten life. So much had happened since then: Chloroforming; kidnapping; six-armed idols; ancient armor, and a peach-and-silver countess commissioning a Hindu to feed fresh blood to *subfernal* Things. . . . And now two tousled, unshaved fellows whispering together in a houseboat cabin. Oh, it simply didn't hang together! The buttons on Bernadot's pajamas were a relief; they were so nice and ordinary, especially the one hanging loose. But it was so hard to get him to understand all that this night had held. He merely gaped and kept saying, "You mean that you actually got in at Wallingford Castle?"

"Yes, and get this, will you? Miss Hope isn't there any more, and they are fixing up some queer business on something they call an Astral Plane, just to make her speak."

Bernadot was really awake now. "Good Lord, that's got to be stopped, you know! But, before we go any farther, just who on earth, or anywhere off it, *are* you?"

"I?" Valdez shrugged hopeless shoulders. "I don't expect you to believe me, of course, but it's the blasted truth. . . . I really am Vanished Valdez. . . . And," he went on, in quick bitterness, "if you want that hundred-pound prize on my carcass, just send a call to Mastanien."

"My dear chap—" Bernadot goggled at him, shocked that anyone should imagine him capable of that. "Really, you know—why, you're my guest. And after the way you took care of me these two days— Hang it all, man, you're a most infernal ass. Why, I actually like you."

"God help you, then," Valdez breathed. That was settled; he flung himself back on the opposite bench, fumbling for cigarettes, while Bernadot's brain went on spinning investigations.

"Joe, did you pay our e.ectric bill?"

"If you're Valdez, that explains a whole lot. Suppose you tell me all about it."

It was surprising how little it all boiled down to. A conversation in a dressing-room, an impulse for "escape," a queer sequence of unrelated events. Not until the incidents of the night just past did Bernadot stir to speech.

"I've heard of that Krishnaram, and I'm certain he's no swami. I doubt if he's even a Brahman. I've been told he was brought up in one of those nasty little Dravidian temples down on the Malabar coast. All third-degree *Hatha* stuff, regular psychic forcing houses for turning out fakirs, lower-class yogis and that sort of human trash. This chap is a cut or two above all that, of course; but all the same he's an unpleasant brute to meddle with."

"You mean," Valdez asked, "that he could actually do it?"

"He could undoubtedly do something, even if it's only a form of hypnotism, but, then, hypnotism itself has never been really explained. At any rate, we must get Miss Hope out of it. . . . Man, they might drive her insane! Oh, if only I hadn't been so damnably ill."

"I'm going to do all I can," Valdez soothed. "But I want to know something about it first. Is there actually anything to this sleep stuff?"

Bernadot nodded grimly to books on a shelf. "Sir Mannister Hope, ex-president of the Royal Society, complete in twelve volumes. . . . Help yourself . . . or you can wait until my own nursery primer comes out. It's something like radio. If you can get a machine of sufficient receptiveness, you can hear a man sawing on a violin over in Constantinople. Same with other things: the vibrations are right here, but so far only Brenda Hope has been able to attain the necessary negativeness. And that," he went earnestly on, "is where I'm afraid of this Krishnaram beast. Did you ever hear a radio howling with 'static'? Then suppose that, while Brenda is sunk in that defenseless sleep, this brute somehow manufactures a lot of psychic 'static.' Can't you see how it would tear and rend and take horrible shapes in her sleeping consciousness?"

Valdez could; he shivered as there came a flash of that girl, off in some zero land of sleep where a train of monstrous, soulless shapes swooped round her in the light of five purple moons. . . .

"Can't you," he began, "as Miss Hope's nearest friend—"

Bernadot's face set harshly. "Miss Hope no longer accords me that position. I warned her that those public séances would only end in her being somehow exploited, and the proper way to establish her father's name was to give his inventions to the world. She was offered and— Oh, well, I was an ass. Probably I let out some of that while I was wangling this rotten fever—"

He stopped, and Valdez sprang to dismayed feet as a man's voice, deep and oddly resonant, shouted his name out in the saloon.

"Vanished Valdez, for whose discovery the Imperial Theatre offers a reward of one hundred pounds, is hidden in a little gray houseboat at the junction of the River Wallingford and the Thames—"

VALDEZ clutched the bunk's rim for support, his eyes sick as he turned them to Bernadot. The other shouted explanations:

"It's the radio. Quinta must have left it on. That's the man who broadcasts the morning exercises from the London Clarion."

Valdez jumped to the door in a confused notion that by shutting off that particular loud speaker he could stop the voice itself. Then came a sickening realization that those words were being heard in Scotland, in Paris, in Dublin and, worse still, everywhere between. In half an hour all this river district, a hundred pounds hungry, would be converging on that houseboat.

"That," Bernadot grimly nodded, "must be our friend the Countess of Wallingford, paying you out for last night. Probably she suspects you were prowling round the castle, and may have heard something. So she's arranging to keep you busy with your own affairs."

Valdez tore open his suit case, clawing at the contents. "I've got to get out of here, that's sure," he said. The door burst open, and Quinta was there, all long braids, eyes and that woolly robe.

"Did you hear it?" she cried. "I forgot to turn the thing off. Wasn't that lucky? We'd never have known, else."

In a last instinct of concealment Valdez stared and said, "Never have known what?" but she rode completely over it.

"Silly; I spotted you the second day you were in Bloomsbury. You'll have to run—I've got the kettle on, so you can have some tea."

THESE English; probably they sit around hell and make tea on the coals! His mind was working with cool swiftness; this escaping was something he could understand. If he took the boat, there would be people looking for him all up and down the river. If he went by land, there would be those bare fields to cross, probably already watched, and with plenty more coming. "Vawldez . . . it's *'im*. . . ." He shivered at that remembrance. Bernadot spoke:

"You'll need money. There's some five-pound notes in my trousers there."

"You've got to escape, because you are the only one who can warn Brenda and perhaps get her away from that Wallingford mob. They are powerful people too; you see how they can command even the air. If only I weren't a lump of sick tripe— But I'll get up today, anyhow, and manage to meet you or get word to you anywhere you say."

"If I only knew this country," Valdez groaned. "If I can strike a highroad unseen, I'll run along it, back toward here, as if I were coming to hunt myself. There'll be plenty doing it, and if I'm going the same way as they are—see? And there'll be plenty of cars parked while their owners join the hunt, and I can get a chance to 'borrow' one."

"If you can make Reading," Bernadot swiftly told him, "there's a little hotel, the Blue Mitre. Use my name—they know me—and say I'm to meet you there about noon. They'll never suspect."

Quinta called "Tea"; a quick handclasp, and Valdez went. In the galley he gulped hot liquid, and she braided her hair, aloof and accusatory. "Now see what you get for running after that Hope girl. I *told* you how it would be."

He choked on bread and butter and said, "When did you tell me?"

"Stupid, I never said anything *else*, all the time, but you men are so dense. You'd better hurry," she advised. "They broadcasted that with the morning exercises, and all the athletic young men on the Surrey side will be hurdling over the hedges after you in running shorts."

She followed him out to the stern counter, framing herself in the doorway. He wasted more time in a last question:

"If you knew who I was while you were in that Bloomsbury mess, why in thunder didn't you give me away and get the reward?"

Quinta's face was a pink and white mask. Her eyes might have been blue glass, so expressionless had they become. She looked straight at him and drawled sweetly:

"Oh, I don't know. Suppose you take it that I thought I could probably get more out of you later on. *Good* morning."

The door banged a parting shot, and he heard the bolt click home. Nothing lasted, and now this was over! The thing for him was to escape, but which way? The sole cover was in among those bulrushes, and he took a jump that landed him in their midst.

He had been wise not to try to scale the bank; already two men were slithering down it to the river's edge: a heavy-set farmer and a wizened jockey sort of

(Continued on page 42)

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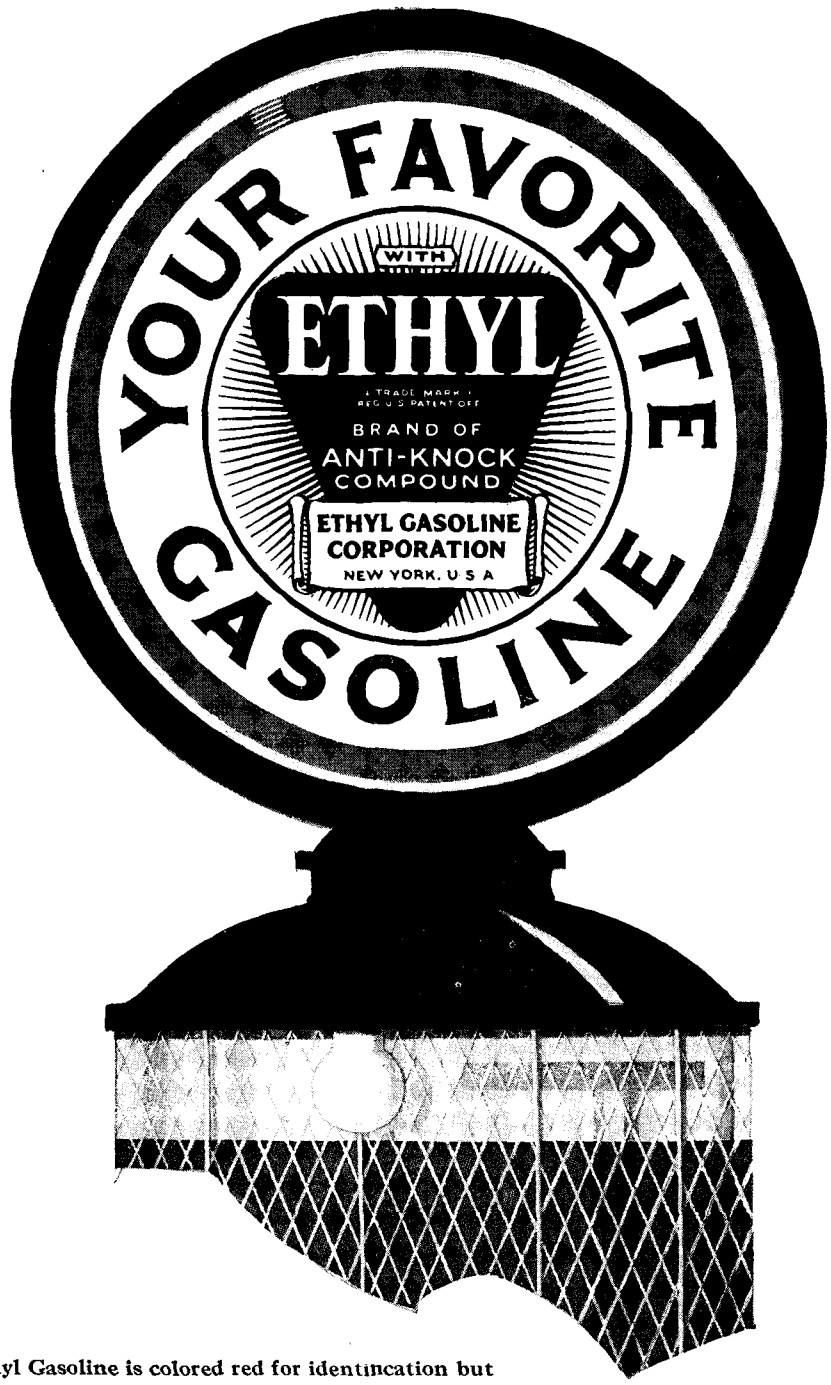
Less than a teaspoonful to the gallon

but what a difference ETHYL *makes!*



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Knocks out that "knock"

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The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 40

youth. The river would have been worse, for two pair-oar skiffs came swinging furiously round the bend, manned by young men of the stockbroker type, clad in screaming bathing suits. As Quinta had warned, it was the early risers who had caught that message with their morning orisons to the god of hygiene. On the opposite bank some shouting boys appeared and an excited, very bald person, who seemed to have little on but a dressing gown clutched about him.

The farmer was shouting, "Hey there, you in the 'ouseboat!" and the stockbrokers banged its sides with their oars.

The best way to escape pursuit is to look like a pursuer oneself. Valdez crashed boldly through the reeds and stood elaborately breathless, as one who had run far. He summoned his best English, and the national, blank stare used when addressing inferiors.

"I say, you know, have they caught Valdez yet?"

The stable boy made rude noises, but the farmer touched his hat.

"Not as I knows on, mister. Yon's the bloody 'ouseboat 'e's in."

One of the stockbrokers shouted to his companion: "Take the oar, you blithering ass, and smash in the door. D'you think I'm going to let a hundred quid slip through my fingers?" On the opposite bank the bald person pranced on bare legs and squeaked excitedly:

"There's someone on board. They're coming up on deck."

THE hatchway to the upper roof deck was opening, and Quinta came through it, her bobbed-looking curls very yellow in the level rays of a just risen sun. Scarlet and white, her best stockings and buckled shoes—and an incongruous tin teakettle in her hand, spouting steam! She tiptoed delicately to the rail and looked down on the stockbrokers, her eyes wide above a prim mouth.

"I thought I heard a noise. Oh, did you *want* something?"

"Valdez—we know he's there."

"Trot him out, little girl, or we'll break in and get him."

Oh, they were coming from all around. The banks of the river were already populous. A babble went up, and Quinta hushed it, stage fashion, with a sweep of her hand. That brought an instant's quiet, and she seized the moment.

"Really, if you all talk at once— Oh, you want Valdez? I'm afraid somebody's been spoofing you. He isn't on board this boat at *all* . . . What? Oh, dear, no! I simply couldn't let you in to look for him. Why, we haven't even been *introduced*."

One of those stockbrokers was scrambling on to the stern counter, an oar poised to attack the door. Quinta leaned anxiously over the rail above him.

"Oh, please don't do that—it makes me so *nervous*—and I'm afraid that I may spill the kettle. . . . There, I *told* you so."

The kettle had tilted. A red splotch came out on the broker's bare shoulder. He danced a little, dropped the oar, misquoted Scripture and dived into the river. Quinta cooed sympathy after him.

"I'm *so* sorry, but I warned you how it would be. When I'm nervous my hand shakes. . . . I've another kettle boiling down below."

She was gallant and gay, standing lonely siege. The growing crowd, already envious of those in the boats, was with her now. They roared delight as she routed another dingy load with a fresh flirt of that kettle. Upon the bank some men were scribbling notes. So the reporters were already there. The movie cameras would be along soon.

Valdez quivered at her next stroke, as she peered theatrically from under a shading hand.

"I believe Valdez is really among you on the bank there. Oh, look." She pointed to the man in the inadequate dressing gown. "I'm sure that's him. . . . Poor dear, that's all the clothes he has since he got out of that box. What lovely, *lovely* legs!"

The crowd roared again, the bald person turned the color of canned salmon, clutched his robe about him, and fled in a shower of personalities.

Not even a pickax could have dug from that throng the conviction that Quinta was standing guard over a Valdez hidden in the cabin beneath her. She would hold them for a while, long enough at least to give him time to get away. After that—looking at the growing throng, at those others streaking across the fields from every direction, Valdez felt fear for her. And these were but the vanguard. He knew the strange beast which lies latent in every crowd.

He wondered what she had meant by that "get more out of you later on." That was a funny thing for a girl to say, and somehow he couldn't believe it. She didn't look that kind at all, yet the memory of it hurt him like a sliver in his flesh.

But there was Brenda Hope to be saved, and to do that he must go while Quinta made his going good. With all eyes centered on that houseboat, none was paying attention to who came or went up on the banks. Looking as much as possible like a clerk who regretfully remembers his morning train to the city, Valdez turned away.

He thrust his hands in his pockets, and icy water trickled down his spine. In the flurry of leaving he had completely forgotten the money Bernadot had offered him. A single shilling and some copper pennies alone met his fingers. There was no possible way, just then, of going back to the houseboat nor of communicating with those on board. A crossroads sign declared "Reading, 18 miles." He must reach there by noon and keep out of sight while doing it.

With that radio announcement, and the reports of the houseboat siege in the afternoon papers, he was big news in England that day.

It was eleven o'clock, with Reading still a smoky blur some miles away. Valdez sat on a bowlder under some pine trees. He had tramped fourteen miles, his shoes hurt and there was a vacuum under his middle. Now he was in the loneliest stretch of all that highway—a tree-clad hilltop, with a slash of empty road.

He lit a cigarette, then let its fire die unheeded as a gray vacancy rolled over him. Perhaps never had he felt so terribly alone. He had always been that, he saw. He had walked his own way, solitary, severely self-reliant.

He had succeeded at it too, and reached the top. At this very instant his name was being flashed across the spaces, and a million men would gladly step into his pinching shoes.

Yet here he sat, chin on hands, when he ought to be up and on his way to Reading and that Blue Mitre Inn.

THERE was a car coming down the road, and Valdez knew he ought to be out of sight. It must be known all over the country by this time that he had escaped from the houseboat. Half the people for a hundred miles around would be squealing "Valdez!" at every chance stranger. But for the necessity of getting to this Shaugh Prior place, he wouldn't have cared. Let them have him if they wanted money so badly. But—there came again that picture of a purple-robed Hindu weaving horrid things in some misty other dimension of time. He dragged himself up.

There was something wrong with his eyes—a strange wetness which made that approaching car dance in watery multiplication. It came on, a woman driving, a man at her side, and a tonneau piled with hasty baggage. They'd be gone by in a moment, never to be seen again. As Bernadot and those scientific fellows said—people were all merely vibrations, drifting about in a shoreless sea of space. . . . That car was stopping; there came a shrill cry, "Valdez, old dear."

He stared, unbelieving; that couldn't be Quinta coming at him. And Bernadot behind, all done up in overcoats. He found himself clawing furiously for a handkerchief while the two talked.

"Poor dear, he's all fagged out, and goodness knows we are too!"

"We were frightfully afraid," Bernadot edged in, "that you might have gone to that Blue Mitre and got nabbed."

"We mustn't go to inns; we're all too notorious. The Mail got out a special extra all about us. Photographs of *me* —awful libels, all of 'em! Photographs of the houseboat, with big black crosses showing where I poured the kettle from! . . ." Quinta sank down on a patch of buttercups with a sigh of relief. "Oh, what a heavenly, peaceful spot this is! . . . I know. . . ." She sprang up, as if struck for the first time by a completely novel idea, all fresh from the forge of creation. "I'll have out the canned-heat stove and make some *tea*."

VALDEZ had always heard that these English were cold and high-hattish. But here was Bernadot's arm about him, while Quinta poked cigarettes under his nose, both seeming to understand why his eyes were so wet.

"We had a regular blue print of hell on that boat after you left," Bernadot told him. "If it hadn't been for Quinta, I don't see how you'd ever have got away. Of course, I was absolutely no use. And if you'd seen the crowds an hour later—"

Quinta's hands waved a drama of oncoming hordes. "They came, and they came, and they *came*. Thousands of 'em, all come out into the wilderness to see you! The river was solid with boats, and the banks were solider still. I got frightened at last. I'd used up all the oil, boiling kettles, you see. But, then, they wouldn't have stood for that any more. They'd stopped laughing.

"Then, thanks be, the police came. I wept at them and said, 'Take us out of this, and I'll marry any of you before sunset.' So they shouldered our baggage and knocked people down and made a path for us, and—well, here we *are*."

To Valdez trees were green again, wind and sun suddenly sweet. Here were cold chicken and tea, people who patted him and didn't want a hundred pounds of his flesh. Bernadot pushed sandwiches at him and spoke:

"We'll have a good rest. Then we must find a plan for getting at Brenda in Wallingford tonight."

Wallingford—Valdez had forgotten that the radio alarm of the morning had come before he had time to tell it all. "The hell of it is," he cried, "she isn't there. She's at some place or other called a shaw prier."

The teapot slipped from Quinta's hands; it crashed on a stone, and she stood above its steaming ruins.

"At *what?*" she demanded.

"That's what that countess woman called it," Valdez said.

"It sounds like a west-country name," Bernadot considered. "There are dozens of different Shaughs down in Devonshire. But Devonshire," he concluded hollowly, "is over two thousand five hundred square miles, most of it standing on end."

Valdez paced restlessly about. "Why didn't I get out of Miss Wrex where it was? I could have if I'd been different. And they said that swami fellow was to get up his tricks tonight."

"We've *got* to stop it," Bernadot said. "Quinta, you know the west—"

Quinta bent silently over the wrecked teapot. When she spoke her words went wide of the mark:

"Haven't you and Sir Mannister Hope proved that all this life is nothing but a lot of kilowatts, or something, jumping about?"

"The latest scientific discovery is that matter is merely a rate of electric force, yes. But science is hardly concerned with ethics. I asked you—"

"I heard you," she said, picking up pieces of broken china. "And I'm going to give you a real scientific answer. I'm from Cornwall, not from Devonshire."

She went to the car, suddenly busy.

Valdez paced again, accusing himself: "I've been an ass all through this affair. I've balled everything up, simply because I was always thinking of myself and my damn'-fool 'escaping.' But the only thing of any importance is to find Miss Hope. So I don't care if they *do* catch me. Let 'em have the reward and get it over with."

Quinta banged down a suit case and came toward him.

"Don't be so silly and noble, throwing away all you've done and been through, and just when it's nearly done. Oh"—she stamped a buckled slipper at Bernadot—"it may all be nothing but electrodes, but you can be thankful I was brought up in an old-fashioned Cornish way. . . . When I see a duty, I've *got* to do it, that's all. . . . As to Shaugh Prior, you can't escape us Pells once you get west of Exeter; we simply permeate the atmosphere down there. And I have a cousin who owns a china-clay quarry up on Dartmoor, not five miles from Shaugh. I know it well; it's an old, old house miles from anywhere, that belongs to the Countess of Wallingford and has been shut up for years."

Bernadot was struggling up; Valdez' shout was one of triumph. Quinta's laugh was a bit hard. "I thought that would stir you," she said. "I notice you never jump like that for *me*." Valdez pushed this aside with a question, and her answer came in cool evenness.

"It's all of a hundred and fifty miles from here, and hard to find. Yes, we could get there easily by midnight, in that car, and I suppose I'll show you the way. But I really don't see," she went crushingly on, "what you two are getting so unscientifically excited about. It's all merely vibrations. . . ."

HOUR after hour the road had slid by; now darkness had fallen and a late moon came up to set on a hilltop. A gray town had cathedral towers about clustered roofs, and spiky, southern-looking things in the gardens. Now the car grunted up grades to a high, limitless waste. There were scents of peat and wild fern, the sound of unseen waters tumbling in black depths, while wandering bars of moor mist drifted like clouds gone astray in the night.

Quinta gave directions: "To the left. Look out, there's a narrow bridge."

A wall sprang up beside the road, its end lost in darkness. Behind it windwarped cedars rose in weird shapes, and deep-throated sounds told of loose dogs.

"That," Quinta said, "is Shaugh Prior. "The gate is down this way."

Valdez swung the car round a corner, then jammed the brakes as an affronted mare reared with pawing hoofs in the road's center. A voice came from a two-wheeled farm cart behind it:

"Hey, what be doin', blast your eyes, runnin' over honest folk with that there machine? Steady now, Vezebel, steady. You've seed they dang motors afore."

Quinta leaned from the car with a cry. "Is that Walter Tall?"

A lantern shed light on corduroy breeches and leather leggings. Above it the Devon dialect rolled richly out again.

"Yess, fay, 'tis me. Who be you?" The lantern swung up to Quinta's face. "Blest if 'taint little Maidy Pell as used to stay up to Pethick's at the Quarry House. What be doin' of, trying to run me down?"

"What are you doing," Quinta retorted, "traipsing the moor at this hour of night?"

"I be taking a pig to Shaugh Prior, if they pesky dogs'll let a body in. A fair dozen of 'em, they is, and all runnin' loose as Old Nick's daughters."

"Taking a *pig*," Quinta echoed, "to the Prior at midnight?"

Above the circle of lantern light showed the dim outline of a man rubbing a perplexed head.

"Yess, fay; a there be a Tall hangin' to that too. 'Twas along about milkin' as a big motor drives up t'farm with a

(Continued on page 44)

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He Has Hit on the Big Secret of Successful Retailing!

Albert DePrez, Successful Merchant of Shelbyville, Indiana Tells FARM & FIRESIDE His Merchandising Secrets

THE big store of the J. G. DePrez Co., in Shelbyville, Indiana, started in business 48 years ago—as a hardware store.

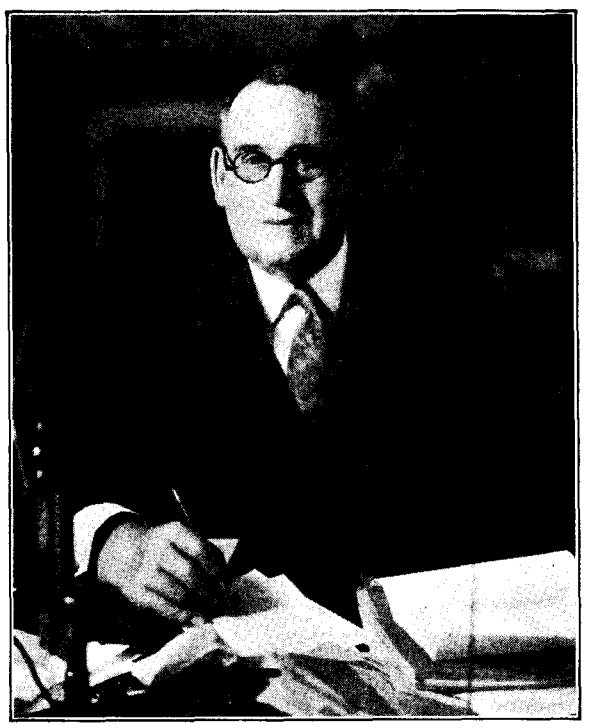
Today it's hard to tell what kind of store it is. For you can buy practically anything there, from a roll of wire fence to a grand piano. Yet it isn't, strictly speaking, a department store.

It's just "Deppry's"—that's the way people who live in the big store's 20-mile trading radius refer to it.

And it's a merchandising institution in a class all by itself—simply because Albert DePrez, head of the store, and a shrewd and farsighted merchant if ever there was one, foresaw the changing trend in consumer buying.

And he organized his store to suit the shopping habits of a *new* type of hardware store customer.

What was the changing trend in consumer buying which he observed? What was the secret—and what did he do to meet it?



He Tells FARM & FIRESIDE

One of the striking things about the DePrez store is the fact that it has built up its present huge sales volume right next door to a big city. Indianapolis is only an hour's trolley ride away.

Yet this unusual store more than holds its own in the face of big-city store competition, a fact that reflects its aggressive merchandising policy.

A Store Newspaper

Advertising, of course, has been a big factor in the store's success. Unlike most retail stores it has an advertising department of its own. Mr. DePrez explains how his investment here has always paid good dividends. And he tells why it pays to get out a monthly newspaper that goes into the homes of 6,500 farm families—a larger circulation than any local newspaper has.

Judging from the quick complaint that comes into the post office when some farmer fails to get his copy on time, the editor of this paper evidently knows what kind of news is most interesting to farmers and their families. Mr. DePrez tells the secret of that, too.

Monthly Sales—and Why

Why does this store find it profitable to run a feature sale once a month? It's interesting to note its experience in this direction—and to see how these sales are planned and carried out.

Mr. DePrez also explains how the cost of increased selling activity always pays its own way—and a profit—if it's handled wisely.

"Of course it costs more to sell more," he says. "But on the other hand it's *worth* more."

He tells also how they sell stoves. This is one of the departments in which they have hung up a real sales record. But most of the credit for this record, he says, goes to a new type of stove which, because it is a *merchandizable* product, has rejuvenated the stove business.

Send the Coupon

These are just a few hints at the rich record of this merchant's successful experience.

Get the whole story in FARM & FIRESIDE's latest successful-dealer interview—now published in a folder, a copy of which will be mailed free to any small-city retailer who sends in the attached coupon.

FARM & FIRESIDE'S Service to Small-City Retailers

This is another interview in FARM & FIRESIDE'S series—which makes available to retailers the tried and proven methods for building farm trade, as used by outstandingly successful merchants.

And this work is just a part of the service FARM & FIRESIDE renders in meeting the obligations of leadership in the farm field.

As every dealer knows, the advertisements in this magazine are a real force in influencing more than 1,200,000 farm families to buy. And a glance through any issue immediately shows why this is so—for here is a hundred-per-cent-*personal* magazine—edited straight to the *individual*—and read with *warmer interest* than any other farm publication.

That's why dealers are finding it so profitable to feature and push products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE—and why manufacturers' advertising in this magazine shows such steady growth.

MAIL THIS

FARM & FIRESIDE
Retail Merchandising Department
250 Park Avenue, New York City

Kindly send me the free folder carrying FARM & FIRESIDE's interview with Albert DePrez, successful merchant of Shelbyville, Indiana.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Farm & Fireside

The National Farm Magazine

READ IN MORE THAN 1,200,000 FARM HOMES

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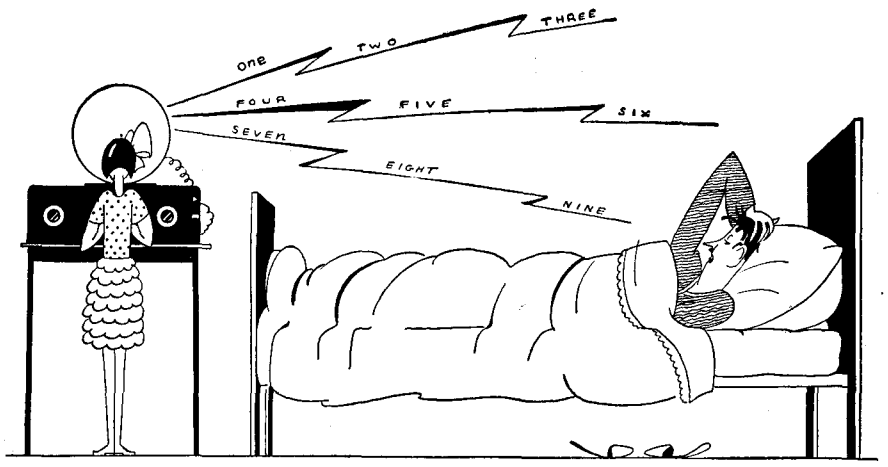

They can't get me up

By JACK BINNS

IF THERE is a lazier man in the world than myself, he must be the other fellow who has a radio set in his bedroom and refuses to turn it on. Every morning one member of the rising generation in my family comes in and pulls the switch on the old stand-by. Then I loll in bed sleepily listening to the strenuous exercise leaders exhorting me to action with their monotonous orders that never vary in phraseology from day to day.

The more I listen to any of them—depending upon which station the old perplexodyne happens to be attuned to—the more I come to the conclusion that what we need in the morning is stirring martial music that will put some pep into sleepy heads.

Can It, by All Means

THE studio directors of Germany seem to be close students of mass psychology as well as the art of showmanship. They have recorded the handclapping of a crowd of people upon a phonograph disk, and at the end of each unusual program they turn this record loose on the air. They probably figure its effect will create a sympathetic feeling of approbation in every auditor tuned to their station.

This scheme looks so good to me that I have no hesitation in recommending it to Mr. Henderson of KWKH, down in Shreveport, La., for use after one of his tirades or at the conclusion of some particularly good record during his regular phonograph programs. Surely "canned" music merits "canned" applause as its just meed.

Beware of Polly

LOVERS of organ music who happened to be tuned in to WOR one night when Emil Velazco was indulging his wizardry at the console must have been astonished at the exclamation: "Wotthehell, Archie! Wotthehell!" which came out of their loud speakers.

The much-used but rarely broadcast expletive did not emanate from a perplexed announcer nor did it come from the accomplished organist. Its author was none other than the parrot that had just arrived in the organ studio as a present from an ardent radio admirer of Mr. Velazco. Unfortunately the donor forgot to state that the parrot was fluent in two languages—English and Profane.

As a result of her linguistic ability Polly is now residing in another room beyond reach of the sensitive ear of "Mike," the radio eavesdropper.

Jazzy Eyebrows

ONE of those interesting persons whose presence before the microphone is "felt" rather than heard through the loud speaker is Anna C. Byrne, who conducts La France orchestra through the Red Chain stations every Friday evening.

Like Sir Thomas Beecham, the eminent British conductor, Miss Byrne eschews the baton and employs a style all her own in leading the musicians under her sway. Where Sir Thomas lifts a warning finger to his lips as a signal for a soft passage, Miss Byrne achieves the same result by lowering her eyebrows. A toss of her head and a shrug of her shoulders produces those musical effects which are normally obtained by a waving arm or extended baton.

She intended to be a pianist, but misfortune overtook her on the eve of her first recital, when paralysis gripped her right hand.

Undaunted she began the cultivation of her voice and later became soloist with the Aborn Opera Company. Her unlucky star was still hovering over her, and its evil influence brought on throat trouble that ended a promising career. She then started all over again and this time organized dance orchestras. Then along came radio and just reward for unusual perseverance and courage.

Miss Byrne's orchestra was one of the first to be applied to commercial broadcasting. She has always shown originality in arranging her programs, as is evidenced by the one she recently presented, wherein the works of three nineteen-year-old composers were featured. Here's hoping that she will continue to toss her head, shrug her shoulders and wiggle her eyebrows before the "mike" for many years to come!

On Their Toes

COMMISSIONER CALDWELL, after a survey in his zone, announced that WOR of Newark was the most popular station. The reason is quite evident. The station has shown more originality and initiative than any of its natural competitors. Its development of unique programs is outstanding, as is especially emphasized in the Main Street Sketches.

Its energy in important events, more particularly in the realm of aviation, has been most noteworthy. Its practical assistance when the Shenandoah broke away from her moorings was instrumental in saving the ill-fated airship on that occasion. It gave splendid service in connection with the epoch-making flight of the Bremen. Its crowning achievement was the success of its operators in getting direct contact with the radio station in Labrador and picking up details from the landing place and then broadcasting the news before the regular news service obtained the same information.

The Prince of Escape

Continued from page 42

thin, black sort of furriner in it. All dressed up like t' Pope of Rome, he was, in a purple gown, and a-wantin' of a live and vargin sheep to be sent to t' Prior tonight. And he had t' pounds to pay for un too."

Bernadot's hand closed on Valdez' wrist; without sound the word "Krishnaram!" sped between them. Something forbidden and obscene was to be enacted under the twisted trees behind that wall. This lonely spot was just the place for it.

But the farm man was speaking on: "All t' sheep we're having is one sixty times a grandmother. 'But,' I tell un, 'I've a young pig as I'll guarantee as vargin as t' Stone Maid Rock up on Burrator. T' furriner, he snaps his eyes and makes a skrellockin' about him, a holy man, touchin' of forbidden pig. But I tell un, vargins, be they maids or pigs, is hard come by these days, and us must take um as we find um."

VALDEZ was already out of the car, slipping like less than a shadow round the farm cart's tail, a monkey wrench in his hand. The cart hung high on its two clumsy wheels, and a pink snout grunted at him over its side. Behind the Prior walls a fiercer barking showed that those dogs already had scent of this virgin visitor.

A twist of the wrench, and one axle nut hung loosely. A slash of his pocket knife severed the rope holding the pig. Then a wandering drift of mist shut it all out in a drab welter.

Quinta's voice came from surprisingly close:

"You aren't going to try to get inside there, are you? Listen to those dogs; they're dangerous."

"I think I've got that fixed," he whispered. "If anything happens to me, you clear right out and don't wait. Listen—"

From the gate came a creak of opening hinges and the farmer's shouts to his mare. Valdez held his breath for the crash: that axle would never stand the sudden turn. The crash came, together with the skirling of the insulted, jolted pig. Instantly every dog behind that wall gave tongue, racing to that one spot.

On a sudden impulse Valdez reached for Quinta and swung her to him. Her face came dimly out of the mist, as though rising through milky waters. "You're one good scout," he declared, and the kiss was surprisingly successful for a fumble in the dark.

She beat on his chest with doubled fists. "I hate the sight of you. You and your silly sleep girl. Go away."

"I'm gone," he laughed, and swung himself over the wall to this Shaugh Prior and whatever it might hold.

(To be concluded next week)

Swift and Silent

Continued from page 21

before he and Wide were to run their match race.

"What d'y' think of him, Lloyd?"

"I can beat him," was the prompt answer which was surely being confident, because Wide was one of the only two men in the world ever to defeat the great Nurmi in a mile. He beat him.

The only other man ever to beat Nurmi was the German Peltzer, and after the Wide race, Hahn was matched to meet him. One day in the Boston College locker-room the coming race with Peltzer came up for discussion. Somebody remarked that Peltzer ought to be a tough nut to crack, being one who could go a pretty fast clip most of the way and yet have a spirit left for the finish.

Hahn was lying face down on the rubbing board, being massaged by Sailor Jones. "How about that, Lloyd?" hailed somebody.

Lloyd forced his chin back over his shoulder and promptly retorted: "Let me take him the first quarter in 58 seconds, the half mile in two minutes flat, the three quarters in 3:06 or 3:07, and he won't be doing any sprinting at the finish."

Hahn took him along at just about that clip, and he had it right—Peltzer was doing no sprinting at the finish. Neither was Hahn. The worn old Madison Square track was in tough shape, good-sized splinters flying up from the boards as the runners bounded around the edges of it, and 3:07 for three quarters was flying. With a good track that night Hahn surely would have given the old 4:12 record a good beating.

Hahn likes his records, but not enough to let them bother him. He surely could have made a new mile record when he ran Wide had he cared to, but, thinking only of winning, he let Wide set the pace until there were two laps (320 yards) to go, when he jumped into the lead and stayed there. Even then he was only one fifth of a second behind the record.

When Hahn ran that phenomenal 1:51 ⅖ for a half mile on an indoor track, it was no surprise to himself or to his coach. Months before that, as anchor man on the Boston Athletic Association team which broke the world's two-mile relay record, Hahn ran his half mile in 1:51 ⅕; and he did that the day after he had run and won a mile in 4:16 in a downpour of rain. Ryder told the locker-room troop that Hahn was good for a 1:50 half mile any time he cared to try.

Hahn should be a tough man to beat in the 800 meters at Amsterdam and not too easy in the 1,500 meters. He can stay up, and he can sprint. Let them try to loaf, and they will have that finish of his to overcome. Let them make the pace hot from the gun and nothing will please him better.

It is frequently a mistake to praise athletes freely before an important meet, but Hahn differs from most of them. He doesn't collect press clippings about himself and he is now a matured man, twenty-nine years. He is shy in manner, sparing of speech and gesture. The stoic, Ryder sometimes calls him. He also calls him the trainer's delight, the man who trains off the field as well as on it. He doesn't use liquor or tobacco, coffee or tea. Cold water is his meal-time drink, varied with an infrequent glass of milk.

The Perfect Olympic Prospect

HE IS the ascetic, and the ascetic with the wallop is always a hard man to lick. Two years ago he inherited an income sufficient to live on, and so can take what time he pleases now for his running.

He looks like the perfect Olympic prospect, but he holds one belief which may react against his success; it is that he cannot put in seven or eight days on an Atlantic liner and run his best within another ten days (pointing to his New Zealand and previous Olympic trip to prove what damage ocean trips do to him).

Hahn recognizes the importance of having Ryder with him. Besides being an unsurpassed trainer of middle-distance runners, Ryder is a good kind to have around. He is a friendly soul; young fellows warm up to him. He understands them. He certainly understands Hahn; and some of us who know them both believe that, with Ryder standing by, the ocean trip won't stop Hahn from running pretty well.

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It's the Timidity

Continued from page 20

now considered groundless. The intestinal irritation so common in summer is attributed to the heat itself, or to infected milk, or to an excessive consumption of shellfish. It is an illuminating fact that colitis, even in its late state with much diarrhea, is now treated with an abundance of fruits and vegetables which supply B Vitamin, and the treatment is highly successful.

Fourth: As heat production is also dependent on the amount of physical work done, very hot weather is a time when exercise can be neglected to advantage and as little actual work done as is compatible with holding one's job. The fear of getting soft is a groundless fear when hot weather lasts only a few months, and one can always swim once in a while.

Fifth: When the temperature of the air is higher than the normal temperature of the body the chief means of heat loss, radiation, is made very difficult. Therefore frequent immersions of the body in a medium cooler than itself are very desirable. A tepid bath can be taken as often as is feasible without bad effects. The very cold bath defeats its own ends when taken to cool the body off; this is because the skin responds to cold by contracting its small blood vessels, and PREVENTING the radiation of heat. Most of us have had the disappointing experience of being hotter after a cold bath than we were before. Swimming in very cold water has the same effect, although the active exercise does bring some blood to the surface to be cooled, blood which is additionally heated, however, by the exercise itself.

Two Things to Remember

THE ideal bath in hot weather is tepid and of not more than ten minutes' duration. The ideal swim is in water of about 70 degrees Fahrenheit, salt water preferred, and should be interrupted at intervals by rest on the shore. Sea water is of nearly the same concentration of the various salts as is our blood, which accounts for the absence of dehydrating, or water-loss effects from even prolonged sea bathing.

Fresh-water bathing, if prolonged, causes water loss to the body, as shown by a shrinking of the skin, which is not desirable at a season when we need all the water we can absorb for evaporation.

As for the injuriousness of bathing soon after eating, experience tells us that reports of it have been much exaggerated. Although complete rest and relaxation after a meal are known to aid digestion, it is no worse to go into the water after eating than it is to go back to the office and continue a hard day's work.

In the matter of sun exposure all educated people are interested nowadays, because so much has been written and said about the beneficial effects of the ultra-violet rays in sunlight and the dangers arising from lack of sunlight. If we remember two things about summer sunlight, we shall treat it with respect and moderation.

Sunlight in summer is not only richer in ultra-violet, or growth, rays, but infinitely richer in the red, or heat, rays.

Sunlight in summer is so abundant and in evidence so much of the twenty-four hours, and we are exposed to it unavoidably so much of the time, that danger from underexposure is very slight. Unfortunately for our ease of heat regulation, the nervous mechanism which controls it is situated in the brain, and the brain is the part of the body nearest the sun's rays when we are exposed to the sun. When the nervous mechanism is overstimulated by direct heat from the sun, it is deranged, and the derangement may express itself in heat stroke (when the temperature goes up above normal and there is headache, great discomfort and sometimes unconsciousness) or in heat prostration (when the temperature of the body goes down and there is extreme chilliness and prostration). Either condition, when once experienced, may recur on slighter exposures to the sun at another time. Therefore it is well to avoid overexposure in the first place.

The skin, if treated humanely in respect to sunlight, has a power of accommodation to light which makes a hot summer easy to bear. If the first exposures are short, and later ones gradually lengthened, so that the skin tans without burning, it is really hard to cause a burn by overexposure. An evenly tanned skin is also, generally, a healthy and resistant skin.

The chief difficulty about the average summer in the greater part of the United States is that it is not long enough for us to acquire sensible summer habits. It is hard for us to learn, when the temperature goes to 90 in the shade, that heat is a sufficient excuse for breaking off strenuous engagements or changing our daily routine. Our bodies accommodate themselves so well that we are inclined to impose on them.

The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 19

range and smoothing one of his eyebrows with a cool finger.

"No, but, my dear—I'm so stupid; I'm so old and stiff and silent for my lovely, lovely girl! Do you know how happy you make me? Do you know that never in my life have I been so happy?"

"Oh, I hope so, Hugh."

"What can I do to make you happier, Bee?" he asked suddenly. "It's such a quiet life for a girl your age; my friends are almost all older persons. What do you miss—what would you like—?"

"Well, I miss having to put quarters into the gas meter," she said whimsically, as he hesitated, looking at her with anxious eyes. "And, of course, I miss dishwashing. I miss going to the butcher for three chops, and finding that lamb has gone up, and standing there, with my old shoes wet and my back aching from the office, and seventy-two cents in my purse, and wondering if Mummy and Marsh would stand for chopped meat again, or whether kidneys —or liver—"

"Then you *are* happier, Bee?" the man asked wistfully, when her half-grave, half-teasing voice stopped, and she laid her cheek affectionately against his.

"Well, Hugh, use your senses! Mummy and Marcia growing absolutely gross at that La Crescenta place, wherever it is, and myself simply lapped in luxury—here. Everyone lovely to me, millions in the bank for me to draw checks against—"

"Only you don't draw them, Bee."

"Well, give me time, mister. Cars and servants and position and clothes—"

"AND me, dear," he reminded her, as she paused, staring into space.

"You, of course, the beginning and end of everything."

"Then you do love me, Bee?"

"Hugh, don't you know it?"

"I suppose I do. But it always seems so astonishing!"

"After all you have done—all you do, for me?"

"But that"—he said, looking up to shake his head slowly—"that wouldn't make you love me."

"Wouldn't! Why, Hugh, what would I be made of not to love you?"

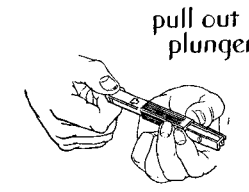
"Perhaps somebody younger, nearer

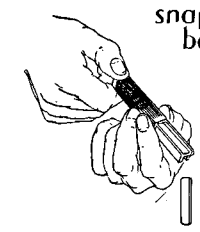
(*Continued on page 46*)

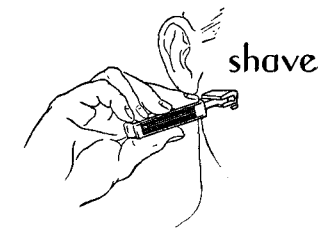
"Son, your shaving will be a pleasure with a Schick Razor"

Simple as ABC to change blades

A smooth shave quick with a Schick







Easy shaving—that's what the Schick means. Easy, smooth and quick. Try it yourself.

Use your favorite soap or cream, and any ordinary razor. Take alternate strokes with it and the Schick. Watch the Schick shave in long, eager strokes—clean to the skin line. The superkeen Schick edge shaves so smoothly that sometimes you wonder if it's really shaving, but when you feel of your face you right well know it's shaved.

No other razor works like the Schick. No other shaves like it. Schick blades are keener and thicker, and there are 20 of them in the handle. When you want to change blades—just a pull and a push of the plunger—simple as A B C.

With a Schick you save time changing blades and cleaning. You save time shaving and putting away. The Schick is compact and convenient—the biggest $5 value in this man's world.

Ask your favorite store or write us direct with $5 for the silver-plated model and 20 superkeen blades. (The gold model is $7.50). Extra clip of blades 75c. In Canada: Silver models with 20 blades, $6.50; (gold-plated, $10)—Extra clip of 20 blades, $1.00.

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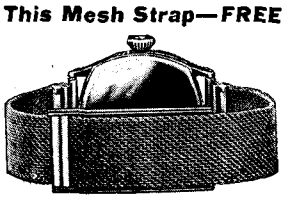

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The Make-Believe Wife

Continued from page 45

your own age—" he began, with uncertainty, watching her.

"Oh, what utter nonsense!" Beatrice commented easily. There was no constraint, no self-consciousness in her clear laugh. "What more could I have, in this world, than I have?" she demanded.

"Your baby, perhaps," he said quickly, in a low voice. "If only I could have saved her for you! You seem such a little girl yourself, to have to face that!"

Her face whitened suddenly, and the gray shadows deepened in her eyes, but she did not move her steady gaze from his.

"You've taken it so magnificently, Bee!" the man muttered.

"Hugh, can you imagine my distressing you about it? Can you imagine my making a fuss?" she asked quickly. "Isn't it enough that you do all you can—so much more than you need—to make me happy? Some day that sorrow—that little, little sorrow that was just yours and mine—" Her voice thickened, and she stopped speaking, her eyes suffused, and her trembling lips pressed firmly together.

"Bee, if I could help you!"

BUT she was herself again, smiling. "Bee," he said, "it seems to me that you are the most wonderful woman in the world."

"Perhaps I am the happiest," she answered soberly.

"Yes," Hugh nodded, "it's partly that. I *know* you're happy. And it's partly that you—that you are playing a part, like a little girl playing house."

"Oh, Houston Challoner, how insulting! How belittling to the lady who fills the proud position of your wife!"

"The time may come when the little girl will find out it isn't all a game, and what then?" he asked.

"But it is, and the nicest game I've ever played!" Beatrice persisted drowsily and affectionately, with her red head butting gently against his cheek. "If having a husband, and wanting a baby," she went on, in a singsong voice, "and running a house and calling on your mother-in-law and going on boards of directors for one sister-in-law and engaging nurses for the other, seems like a game, why, what is there to find out—what's 'pretend' about that?" she demanded.

And immediately, hearing a noise in the hallway outside the door, she straightened up and called peremptorily, "Bert!"

The door had been left a crack ajar; now Bert put his handsome fair head into the room and said reprovingly, "For Heaven's sake, are you people going to sit up all night?"

"Bert, did you close the ice box? Helen spoke to me about it," Beatrice said.

"I did. I mashed my finger to hell, and that's how I know."

"Mashed it! Ought it to be bandaged?"

"Oh, no; it only hurt for a minute. I raked out some pie and some cold kidney stew—"

"Loathsome!" Beatrice shuddered.

"Delicious. And I found some jammy stuff: sort of like pickled pineapple—"

Hugh had left her side and was at the mantel, smiling at her. Bert smiled at her too; her radiant look went from one to the other of her two men; warm and beautiful and young and fragrant, she stretched her slender young body sleepily among her cushions and pointed a finger at the clock that was striking midnight.

"Want me to carry you to bed?" Bert asked, yawning undisguisedly.

"Oh, no, no—Hugh'll fix me beautifully!" Beatrice answered. Her stepson bent down, kissed the ruffled red top of her head, and went on his way.

"Nothing to find out, nothing to find out," Hugh said, in his soul. She had long forgotten their interrupted conversation and her last question; he knew she would not understand. After she was soundly, sweetly asleep, with her disheveled, fragrant young head resting against his arm, the phrase went on and on in his mind: "Nothing to find out, little girl playing lady. Nothing to find out!"

"DID the cat walk in here?" Beatrice asked, at Bert's door.

"Come in, come in!" the tall boy invited her cordially.

"Oh, a million, million pardons! You're dressing—" said Beatrice.

"I'm dressed. Except this—damn—collar—" Bert gritted, at his mirror. "You've seen me in less than this," he reminded her.

"Your swimming suit, certainly," Beatrice conceded sedately. "Every time he dresses your father does that," she commented, seated now on the edge of his desk and watching him thoughtfully. "I wonder why men have gone on so many years wearing such uncomfortable things!"

Bert tore off a collar and dropped its remains into his wastebasket.

"Hugh does that too, every time we dine anywhere," Beatrice observed, unimpressed.

"Which means that he's done it twice since last August," Bert said disagreeably.

Her innocent eyes were fixed wonderingly on his face, through his mirror.

"We hate dinner parties," she admitted. "We don't make any bones about *that*."

"*He* does," Bert muttered, having better success with a second collar.

"And I hate them worse than he does," Beatrice added, puzzled.

"Well, because they're all given by old fogies like Aunt Min and Granny and their kind!" he said scornfully.

"And I suppose we would have a better time at the Belfry," Beatrice suggested amusedly.

"Ever been to the Belfry?" Bert asked, finishing his tie.

"No, but I've been to places like it," Beatrice said, tipping her head sidewise to study his handiwork critically. "Saxophones—dust—noise—perspiration—crowds—racket—tips—trays being rushed about everywhere—and twenty square feet for one hundred couples to dance in!"

"Say, lissen—say, lissen—" Bert protested, a little nettled in spite of himself, "how do you get that way? I'm four years older than you are, you know, and I'm crazy about the Belfry!"

"Well, that has nothing to do with it," Beatrice assured him serenely.

BERT was stunning in his evening dress, she reflected idly. That deep ripple in his chestnut hair—hair so bright in color as to be almost yellow—and the clean-cut hard line of his freshly shaven cheeks, and the firm jaw—no wonder the girls liked Bert, and telephoned shamelessly to him all day long.

"I could take you to the Belfry, my dear young lady," he said now, with a negligent side glance, as he carefully placed a monogrammed handkerchief in his breast pocket, "and you might decide that it wasn't such a bad place after all. You dance, don't you?"

"Of course I dance!"

"Then that's all I need to know," Bert remarked briefly.

"You might take me some night when you haven't anything else to do," Beatrice suggested after a pause. "But, I warn you in advance, I won't like it!"

"No! I won't take you, madam," Bert told her. He snapped open a cigarette case—a heavy, beautiful affair of enamel and gold, inspected its contents, slipped it into a pocket.

"Why not?" Beatrice asked, genuinely curious.

"Isn't that enough reason, that you warn me in advance that you'd not enjoy it?" he asked in reply.

"Well—but I might, after all," she confessed, with her artless smile.

"Then that would be worse!" Bert said, in that authoritative, businesslike, male manner that impressed her in spite of herself. Her color came up; she appreciated suddenly that he was right. It would not do to form a habit of going to places like the Belfry with one's stepson.

"Bert, have you a girl?"

"Here, in North Underhill, d'you mean?"

"Well—" She laughed ingenuously. "Here, or anywhere," she said. And a nod of her red head indicated a photograph on his dresser. "Is that your girl?"

"In a way—yes," he said indifferently. "That's an English girl who was studying in Paris."

"Studying—architecture?"

"No, music. She had a delightful personality and a fine figure and no voice—poor kid! She was always getting herself photographed as Carmen, or Brunhilde, or somebody, and telling us how she could sing it—"

"Did she like you, Bert?" Beatrice, with a faint accent on the pronouns, asked a little shyly, as he fell silent in mid-sentence.

"Oh, kinda. She really liked a man who died, a dirty, lousy Pole who wrote music—"

"Bert, what horrible words!"

"I assure you he was all of that, and then some." Bert crossed the room, and took an oblong, loose-leaved black book from his desk, and put it into her hands. "That's Alekowski," he said.

"The woolly-looking one? And what a fascinating place!"

"THAT was Arthur Reyes' place—Reyes, who does the etchings. You've never heard of him, I suppose?" Bert said, sitting on the arm of the chair in which Beatrice had established herself with the book, and looking over her shoulder.

"No, I never have."

"It's in a little place called the Rue Visconti."

"I never heard of that either."

"You wouldn't have heard of that."

"On the Rive Gauche?" Beatrice asked, looking up with a knowing little laugh.

"Yep," he answered, pleased and surprised. "How'd you know that?"

"Everything Hugh ever did, when he was studying in Paris, seemed to happen on the Rive Gauche," she explained.

"It's a great place—" Bert said slowly, with an ache in his voice.

"Paris?"

"Paris."

"Hugh's going to take me there some day," Beatrice said contentedly.

"To the Hotel Meurice, I have no doubt," Bert supplied lightly. "And to Versailles and Fontainebleau, and to the opera and Ciro's and Cartier's. Go in the spring, and drive in the Bois."

"That's what I thought!" she assented eagerly, looking up. But at the quality she found in his smile her own face changed, she flushed brilliantly, and frowned.

"Were you making fun of me?" she asked quickly, sensitively.

"No, not of you. Look, there's the girl I really liked," Bert said, touching with a well-groomed finger tip the figure of a woman, in a summer photograph. "That was at the races, one day. That's Madge."

"With the dog?"

"With Poum. Yes. Madge Templeman. You can't see her face well—she's very pretty. Here—" He turned pages. "That's a better one of her," he said.

"Oh, Bert, she *is* pretty!"

"Isn't she?"

"Is she there now?"

"No. She's back in England, I believe. Or maybe they're in China. Templeman was to go to China."

"Her brother?"

"No, darling. Her husband."

"Oh—?" Beatrice said slowly, flushing again, and meeting his look with her confused, youthful smile.

"Exactly." Bert ruffled the pages, his arm touching Beatrice's bare neck as he leaned across her. Suddenly conscious of herself, she said in a tone of compunction:

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"Oughtn't you to be going? It's just eight."

"I don't mind being late," Bert said carelessly. "I did something for you today, ma belle-mère," he added abruptly.

"For me?"

"Yes'm. I went over to the Atlantic Electric and applied for a job in their drafting-room."

"You didn't, Bert!"

"I say I did."

"BUT why—why," she said eagerly, squaring about to half face him, and still conscious that his arm rested on her shoulders. "Why leave the firm?"

"Because I don't belong in the firm, and I know it, and Dad knows it. I'm a privileged character there—and it's not only that. It's not only that if I'm late or make mistakes, I'm not called down for it like the rest, because I'm the old man's son," he explained, still with his lazy air of not caring much one way or the other, "but it's also that if I do have an inspiration—if I do anything decent—I don't get the credit!"

"I don't quite get that, Bert. I should think they'd be only too glad to give you any advantage they fairly could."

"That's just it. They've given me such a break already that it only sounds like more graft: of course Mr. Bert's idea is the best, of course it was Mr. Bert who thought of that!"

"I see. I—see."

"So I'm to be over with the Atlantic people, in the blue print too, and see what I can do on my own."

"Does your father know?"

"Not yet."

"Oh, I am glad of this," Beatrice exclaimed. "It will delight him. For I think he's been afraid there would be criticism of this—this crown prince stuff. . . . Come in, Hugh!" she called, as there was a sound at the half-opened door. "Wasn't that your father?" she asked, turning to Bert.

"I didn't see. It might have been Marshall, to say that the Renfrews are waiting downstairs for me. They're to pick me up."

"That was what it was! Well, fly, then."

"Say that I'm a good boy," he said, when they were both standing, facing each other.

"You're a good boy!"

"No, say it as if you meant it."

"You're a wonderful boy!"

"That's better. Did I tell you that your hair is exactly the color of Mrs. Templeman's hair?"

"No." She laughed, confused and reproachful and amused. "I don't think you did. I daresay it's important—?"

"Supremely important," Bert said solemnly. "Good night, my dear old faithful mother."

Unsmilingly he kissed her on the forehead, and they both burst into laughter. Then Beatrice went to her own room, to await Hugh, who had had to take some business associates to dinner downtown and establish them safely at the theatre, and Bert snatched up his hat and overcoat and ran downstairs to join his dinner party.

To her surprise, Beatrice found that Hugh was already at home, lying on the couch, and looking pale and ill.

(*To be continued next week*)

The Fiery Double-Cross

Continued from page 9

I found out afterward that all this talk was a fine 'frame-up'—a lie to deceive me, told by men I trusted implicitly.

"Well, I didn't sleep any more that night. I saw visions of a bloody shambles among the 1,000 delegates the next day."

At 9 o'clock the next morning there was a prayer meeting in the "imperial" cottage. There was the ex-preacher Simmons and Gutzon Borglum, world-famous sculptor. Incidentally, Borglum was listed at that very moment in "Who's Who" as a Catholic and later left the order. Others were Evans, Texas dentist; Lowry, sheriff of the county in which Atlanta is situated; Stephenson, coal dealer and legislative lobbyist; Fred Savage, wise New York City "detective"; E. Y. Clarke, society man and Southern publicity promoter, and a dozen other members of the Ku Klux Klan council, all members of Simmons' cabinet.

During the very same week that Simmons held this strange prayer meeting, two bodies were blasted by dynamite to the surface of Lake La Fourche: the bodies of Daniel and Richard, kidnapped four months before by robed and hooded men.

"I prayed for divine guidance," Simmons told me; "I didn't want any killing in the hall." Killings that came too close to Simmons met his earnest objection, though it is not on record that he ever raised an "emperor's" hand to end the reign of terror in Morehouse Parish, or in other Klan-terrified districts.

After a short talk "Col." Simmons dramatically said:

"Evans is to be the Imperial Wizard." The signal was carried across to the auditorium and within an hour the convention had voted into the hands of Hiram Wesley Evans, a newcomer from Texas, all the power which Simmons had been years in gathering.

"I didn't know at first that my interests had been harmed in any way," said "Col." Simmons, during our talk. "I had complete confidence in all these men. The convention adopted a constitution and adjourned and the delegates all went home.

"When I went out to 'The Palace,' however, within the next few days, I saw Evans sitting at my desk in my office. He didn't get up to give me my place. He said to me:

" 'Col. Simmons, I'm going to put you on a great white throne in this palace. I am planning to make a throne-room for you where you can meet all visitors. You stick to me.'

"But he never got around to making the throne-room.

"Everything used to be very cheery at 'The Palace.' But not long after Evans got in I noticed a coldness among all the office help. I didn't have any office to go to. I just had to sort of hang around the place even though my title was Emperor."

It wasn't long before one of the minor officials at "The Palace" announced to the wandering and throneless emperor that the piece of land known as the "Peachtree Creek Battlefield," on which Simmons had been planning to establish an "American university," had been ordered sold and the money put in the Klan treasury.

"We're going to turn all the property into money," said this official. "It's money that we need."

"Right then and there I saw what was happening," said "Col." Simmons in telling me the story. "A money-making gang had seized my child."

"Let's Get the Money"

AT a printer's, one day shortly thereafter, "Col." Simmons saw a pile of small booklets. He read the cover of one:

"Constitution of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

"I opened it. I discovered that it had been changed in many places. I looked at the paragraph covering the powers and the duties of the Emperor. I saw that every power had been taken away from me and given to the Imperial Wizard.

"Evans and the rest of them laughed at me, when I went to 'The Palace' to complain. Evans had gotten his hands on the original constitution.

" 'Let's get the money, Colonel'—that's exactly what Evans said to me when I protested."

Fighting the Klan was a harder job for Simmons than creating it in the first place.

(*Continued on page 48*)

"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"No; *I Learned it in 6 WEEKS!*"

HER employer laughed aloud. "*Six weeks!* You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks. You have been with us about a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many of our stenographers have studied shorthand ten months or a year or more and still they make a great many errors."

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"Speedwriting? What's that?"

For answer the girl handed the big business man her notebook.

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"Yes, surely. That's how I learned it so quickly. *Any one* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too!"

"One boy I know who studied Speedwriting *in his own home* took *court testimony* at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

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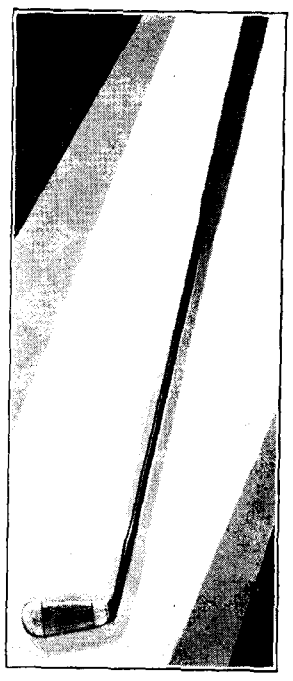

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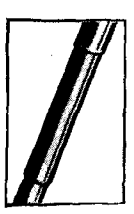

An enlarged section of the True-Temper steel shaft.

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The Fiery Double-Cross

Continued from page 47

"I kept it up until a ghastly murder unnerved me as well as Evans," says Simmons. The throneless emperor started out on a speaking tour, in the spring of 1923. Wherever he went he was served by injunctions, secured by Klansmen. At Kansas City, Mo., he was forced to transfer his address across the border to Kansas City, Kan. At Electric Park in Chicago he talked despite an injunction.

"I tried to tell Klansmen what had happened to the Klan, but I couldn't get a hearing. Klansmen questioned my morals. They got an old man to sit on the platform before 30,000 people in Ohio and play drunk. Secretly they told the people that the old man was Simmons. I wrote a book for Klansmen, trying to get the truth to them, but Evans issued an order banishing anyone who read it. All this time, remember, I was still the Emperor. To this day Klansmen don't know that the Klan is in the hands of aliens who are trying to kill it, for it is dead to every original program and purpose."

No Klansman Without a Mask

FAMOUS and aristocratic old Peachtree Street shuddered with terror, nightly, after Simmons began a court action against Evans, on the grounds of maladministration.

Two sets of armed men guarded "The Palace" and practically camped under the trees in "The Palace" lawn. One was Simmons'; the other, Evans'.

"There would have been pitched battles in Atlanta's streets if I hadn't agreed to arbitration."

An arbitration board was appointed at the demand of prominent Atlanta citizens. Many of the citizens who lived near "The Palace" bivouac feared the prospect of flying bullets. The arbitrators ordered Evans, on behalf of the Klan, to pay Simmons a royalty of $1,000 a month, for life, for his copyright of Klan emblems, ritual and other lodge material.

"Aren't masks dangerous?" I asked Simmons one day as he was recounting past glories. "How can a leader control masked men who hide their identities?"

"Why, there can be no such thing," replied Simmons emphatically, "as a Klansman without a mask. Pick good men; that's what I say.

"DID JESSE JAMES DRESS UP IN A MASK WHEN HE WANTED TO ROB? IF I WERE GOING OUT ON A WHIPPING PARTY DO YOU SUPPOSE I WOULD WANT ANY SKIRTS DANGLING AROUND MY LEGS?

"Masks and robes are necessary for the Klan purposes that I had in mind." Here he has in mind, as always, the Negro. "Why, if I had my way I'd cut out the Fifteenth Amendment giving the votes to Negroes. It never was passed. Ohio rescinded it. New Jersey didn't vote for it. It was a terrible mistake. It was the Negro vote of the South that ratified it."

But in the game that this man and his associates had been playing with human emotions and hates there was danger from other sources than the easy-going Negroes.

There came suddenly in November, 1923, a terrible assassination in Klan circles; one of the most brutal murders in the history of Atlanta.

Capt. William S. Coburn, a lawyer, had begun an action to take the Klan away from Evans and his associates.

"He could have gotten over 5,000 names signed to a petition to the court," said "Col." Simmons.

There was at Klan headquarters, in Atlanta, a newspaper man named Philip E. Fox, editor of a Klan magazine and general publicity man for the order.

"One night," "Col." Simmons told me, "while I was away from home, Phil Fox called at my house late. Some men friends of mine who were visiting my home received him. He demanded to see me but my friends assured him I was out of town. He remained for about an hour, talking excitedly about how he had been forced to compromise his honor in Klan dealings. He kept his hand in an overcoat pocket and eventually drew out a .45 automatic revolver and pointed it at one of the men, saying: 'I was sent here to kill Simmons.' They made him put his gun away. My friends had guns, too. We all wore guns; I wore a pair of them. I'd have had to use them that night, as sure as anything. Phil Fox came there to kill me. He told my friends that both myself and Coburn were marked for death.

"The next afternoon he walked into the office of Capt. Coburn and shot him dead, in cold blood, without giving him a chance for a fight.

"This murder was too much for me. I didn't want to fight men who could kill that way."

This murder, also, was apparently too much for Evans and other Klan leaders who sat in Klan headquarters in Atlanta.

"WITHIN A FEW WEEKS EVANS AND HIS WHOLE CROWD CLEARED OUT AND MOVED TO WASHINGTON," SAID "COL." SIMMONS. "AND THERE THEY ARE TODAY."

Phil Fox is in the Milledgeville, Ga., penitentiary for life.

His bullet ended the fight between Simmons and Evans; it also ended the occupancy of Atlanta by Klan headquarters. Simmons accepted the sum of $90,000 from the Klan, in lieu of his $1,000 a month contract. "And I sank the $90,000 in a new order, the 'Knights of the Flaming Sword,'" he told me bitterly.

In Washington, true enough, I found the headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan.

In an old mansion in Massachusetts Avenue I asked to see Hiram Wesley Evans.

You can't see Mr. Evans at this headquarters; his offices are not there. They are hidden away behind the sign of a life insurance company in a Washington office building.

This may be news to those Americans who are still trusting in the leadership of Klan "emperors," "wizards" and other officials, strangely named, and who do not know the Klan has been moved to Washington. Their latest Kloran says, "Done in the Imperial City of Atlanta, Georgia, January 16, 1928."

The fact is that Atlanta is through with the Klan. "The Klan's moved no'th," they tell you in that once sorely tried city.

"Dr. Evans will see you over at his office," I was finally told.

An altar stands in Dr. Evans' office, in the insurance company's suite. There is a Bible on it; beside it stand the American flag and the Ku Klux Klan banner. Pictures of various Presidents hang on the walls.

Here came Dr. Evans. He is a different man from the fanatical visionary Simmons, with whom I spent several days in Atlanta. Round-faced, smiling, pudgy, he shook hands cordially and threw himself easily into his leather-covered office chair.

I told him that Collier's wished to give him a chance to answer Simmons' story as told to this reporter.

A Presidential campaign is a good time for cashing in on emotion; intolerance is an emotion which seems to promise the highest income and there are signs aplenty that the Ku Klux Klan leaders are taking advantage of the present political contest to add to the honey-pot taken from Simmons. They are also trying to increase Klan activities by dividing America into jealous camps.

What Dr. Evans told me is undoubtedly what he and his associates are trying to tell millions of other Americans in these days of attempted Klan growth.

"They thrust that Wizard job on me," said Evans. "After Simmons had us all get down on our knees while he prayed that morning in the cottage, he got up and rendered me almost speechless by declaring that I should be the Wizard.

"I said that E. Y. Clarke ought to have the job, but Simmons insisted. I didn't know that the boys had told him there might be shooting in the convention hall that morning.

"The first thing I did was to cancel E. Y. Clarke's contract as organizer.

"I had worked under him as organizer and had made very good earnings. As long as I wasn't responsible for Clarke, I was satisfied. I could have made more money going on as I was, organizing. But as soon as I became Wizard I didn't dare take the responsibility of permitting Clarke to make so much money.

"There were some weeks when he took in as much as $30,000. He had a gold mine, and, of course, I made an enemy when I put him out.

"Of course Simmons is my enemy too, I suppose. He was one of the most impractical men I have ever met. He doesn't know to this day how the Klan happened, even though he did originate the idea."

I wanted to get around to the Phil Fox murder, which had marked a turning point in the Klan career, but there were other questions to be asked first.

"Is it true, as Simmons says, that you have unmasked the Klan?"

And here Evans made public his strongest present-day "selling talk" for the Klan.

"Yes, sir. The mask was one of Simmons' crazy ideas. It wasn't necessary. Millions of Americans hate the mask. We've changed lots of Simmons' other plans, too. In the new Kloran we drop the mask entirely. What's more," continued the Imperial Wizard, still obviously presenting to this reporter the newest phase of Klan "salesmanship," "we are arranging an entirely new costume for the Klan. It will consist of a white cotton coat, with a high collar. The edges will be trimmed in black braid. The trousers will be white and they may be either of the riding breeches type or ordinary pressed pantaloons.

"We are going to shift from the pointed helmet to a white cap, with a black visor. Officers of the Klan will carry swords."

"Are you going to do away with robes entirely?"

"Well, those who have 'em will be given a chance to wear them out." New hats, new robes but the same old hates and prejudices will be for sale. Hates don't wear out like cotton robes.

The Truth About a Brutal Murder

I GOT around to the murder. "Simmons says that Phil Fox, one of your assistants, murdered Capt. Coburn because Coburn was bringing a court action against the Klan," I said. "Simmons says that Fox came to his house and planned to murder him, too."

"That's not so," shot back the round-faced man in the chair. "That's not so.

"Coburn had lost his case. The court had already excoriated Coburn. Why should I send a man to kill a lawyer who had already lost his action against the Klan?

"Why don't these people who say that I was behind the Coburn killing go to the Georgia penitentiary and talk to Phil Fox? There he is behind the bars for life, for murder. If I urged him to murder why doesn't he say so? What hold can I have on him now that would keep him silent?

"He was my friend. It is with the greatest reluctance that I discuss his unhappy case at all. I am sorry that Simmons, by his statement to you, has forced me to speak on this matter. It was not a Klan affair. It was a woman scrape between Coburn and Fox, as indicated at the time of the trial. Fox was a fine fellow and as good a newspaper man as we ever had in Texas and I know that he will fully understand why I am making this statement.

"Go easy on Fox. I don't care what you writing men say about Stephenson,

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in the Indiana penitentiary. I don't care what you say about some of the rest of them who have dropped out of the Klan from time to time. But Fox is to be pitied.

"There have been times in this position," concluded Dr. Evans, "when I was like a man in a rowboat, forty miles from shore, in a storm, with no oars. One wave after another would slap up against me.

"I took the job when there were whippings all over the South. I had to run around and stop those.

"Up along the northern border we stopped Bolshevism among the woodsmen, who wanted One Big Union. We gave 'em something else to think about." That something else was religious prejudice and racial hatred.

Not many months ago, in a court action in the state of Pennsylvania, the Klan, under Dr. Evans, tried to remove five men from the state organization; the five "banned" Klansmen, on the other hand, tried to collect $20,000,000, on behalf of the state Klan, which they purposed to control, from the National Klan.

It was an inter-Klan fight. Neither group won. But Federal Judge W. P. Thompson, who sat throughout long days listening to testimony of whippings, killings, intimidation and Klan riots which had happened in the "imperial" reigns of both Simmons and Evans and to long hours of stories of Klan politics and intrigue among Klan leaders, finally said:

"This unlawful organization, so destructive of the rights and liberties of the people, has come in vain asking this court of equity for relief.

"They come in with filthy hands and can get no assistance here."

Remember These Words

I HAVE worked many months to secure the material which has been presented within the past three weeks in these columns. I have talked with many men who have been leaders in the Klan. I have talked with plain members. They all speak to me of their love for their country and their fear of this group or that group or of "alien influences" in general. I have never heard one of them so speak without recalling what Woodrow Wilson said to a group of aliens who were about to be admitted to citizenship:

"My earnest advice to you would be not only to think first of America but always also to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice; not by jealousy and hatred."

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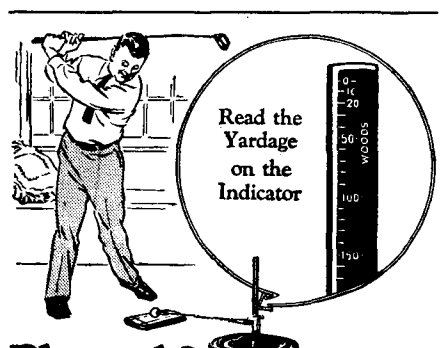

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Thomas H. Beck, Editorial Director
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Drinking and Voting

DEMOCRATS and Republicans seem to think much alike on the subject of prohibition and for obvious reasons. Both parties are divided. The cities generally are wet. The party platforms try to reconcile irreconcilable opinions.

Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith are honorable men and brilliant administrators. Both honestly seek to enforce existing laws whether they approve them or not.

Until Congress authorizes a change the Coolidge policy will be continued by Hoover or Smith. Inevitably, however, regardless of who is elected, Congress will be asked for new laws. Then the difference will show.

In ideals the candidates are alike. Both are against intemperance. Secretary Hoover thinks sobriety can be obtained through prohibition. Governor Smith holds otherwise.

The natural suggestion of the Democrats as states' rights advocates is that prohibition be turned over by the federal government to the states. Under this plan the states would be empowered to define intoxicating liquors and the states would enforce their own laws.

There are objections to this scheme but they are not insuperable.

The Constitution specifies, for example, that a certain method is to be followed in the selection of a President. Actually we choose our Chief Executives by other means. In this matter for one hundred years the Constitution has been twisted to accord with public opinion.

The amendments adopted at the close of the Civil War to give political equality to Negroes have been interpreted by the various states differently. Massachusetts and Georgia don't see eye to eye on this question. Still the Constitution survives.

There is precedent, therefore, for shifting the burden of prohibition from Washington to the states without a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, if a majority want a change.

What facts justify change?

Well, as exhibit A, there is Chicago, or Detroit, or Cincinnati, or any city, large or small, you choose to name.

In none of them has prohibition stopped or even minimized drunkenness. The alcohol trade continues.

Prohibition has had good and bad effects.

Among the good count, in part, our increased prosperity and the fact that liquor is not as easy to get as it was in the old days.

Bootlegging, with its bribery, corruption, violence, crime and contempt for law, is the outstanding evil.

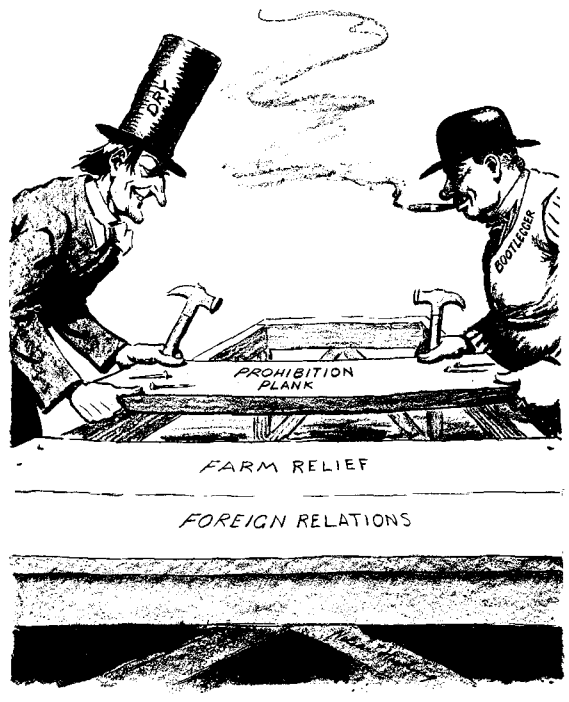
Hardly better is the fact that prohibition has made drinking fashionable. To be drunken before 1918 was a disgrace. Now it is too often considered merely funny.

To balance accurately the gain and loss is not easy. It is plain, however, that present conditions won't continue. Prohibition must be seriously enforced or even the present pretense of enforcement will be contemptuously laid aside.

The question which voters and candidates have to answer is: "Can the federal government end the liquor traffic?"

Do you think agents from Washington can put the bootleggers in jail, stop your neighbors from making alcoholic beverages at home, and in general dam the tide of illicit liquor? In your community will juries convict those who violate the prohibition laws?

If real enforcement can be had without too great a cost the Eighteenth Amendment may be fairly said to have succeeded. If it cannot, prohibition must sooner or later be written down as a failure and another experiment must be tried.



Is this strange alliance to determine our destiny?

Bad as present conditions are, however, return to the saloon is neither possible nor desirable. Something better than the saloon or the bootlegger is wanted.

Other countries, Sweden, Norway, Canada, have made experiments which at a distance seem preferable to legal prohibition and actual bootlegging. So far in this country no party has offered an easy way out of the present evils.

Yet the only people contented with things as they now are are the fanatical Drys and the bootleggers. This strange alliance is unfit to determine the destiny of the country.

It will be a great gain if out of the debate of the Presidential campaign some practical alternative to prohibition is devised. It will be even better if this can be considered on its merits, as a nonpartisan proposal, not obscured by the blinding bitterness of party politics.

Pike's Prophecy

IF YOU are one of the many thousands of automobile tourists who will motor across western Kansas and into Colorado this summer you will some fine morning catch sight in the remote distance of something which the early explorers thought resembled a "small blue cloud."

This "small blue cloud," Pike's Peak, was named after an American army officer who saw and described it in 1807—Zebulon Montgomery Pike.

"From these immense prairies," he wrote in his diary, "may arise one great advantage to the United States; viz., the restriction of our population to some limits and thereby a continuation of the Union. Our citizens, being so prone to rambling and extending themselves on the frontiers, will through necessity, be constrained to limit their extent on the west to the borders of the Missouri and Mississippi, while they leave the prairies incapable of cultivation to the wandering and uncivilized aborigines."

Unless those of us who fare forth in vacation time in our gasoline buggies are to be called "wandering and uncivilized aborigines," Lieutenant Pike was wrong. Railroads, automobiles, airplanes and modern ways of farming have wrecked his reputation as a prophet.

But overhead, in a starlit sky, drones the air mail. Pioneering hasn't ended. It has merely taken new forms.

Tomorrow it may take still newer ones. In the year of 2049 our prophecies may seem as foolish as Pike's.

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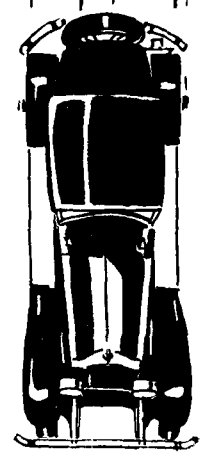

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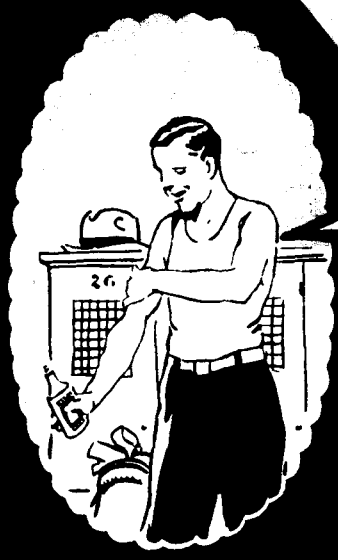

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